

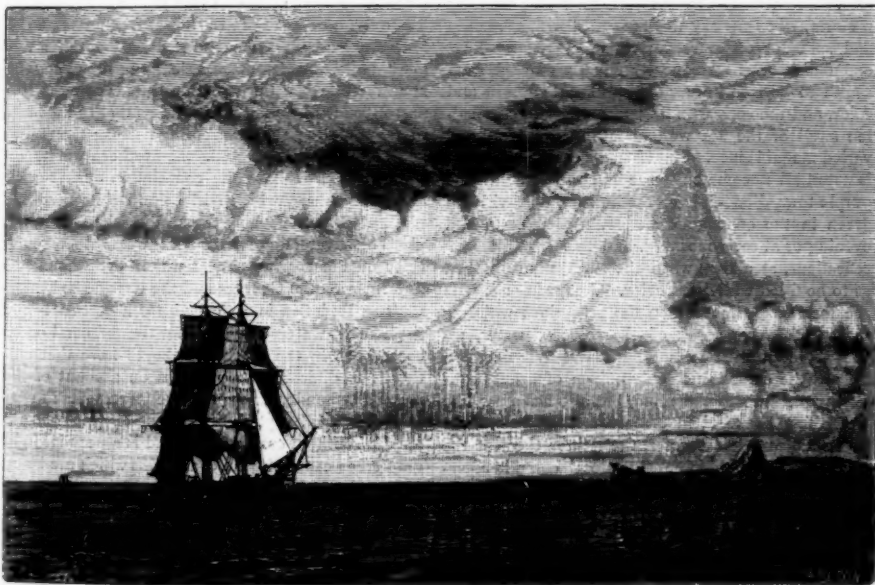
# APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

## "THE MULTITUDINOUS SEAS."

### I.

**S**PURZHEIM undertook to map out the interior contents of the human head, and thus to assist in arriving at a diagnosis and analysis of mental phenomena and a better knowledge of that complex mystery called the intellect. Lavater, by a study of the surface-expressions of the human countenance,

pected and relentless fury, attracting by their coquetry, passion, and the fascinations of boundless mystery, infinite in the variety and novelty of their phenomena, and evermore suggesting eternity—what are all these manifestations but reflections of man made in the image of God, whose powers are won-



MIRAGE.

endeavored to add to our limited powers for reading character and distinguishing the passions; and hundreds of no less noted scientists and metaphysicians have devoted their lives to the elucidation of the baffling nature of man, composed of the trinity of heart, intellect, and soul, and tracing out the laws by which it exists and acts. But does it ever occur to those who revel in the multitudinous phases of the sea that, in its rolling, endless, but seemingly soulless and lifeless depths, we have a visible, physical type of man? Those restless, often unfathomable waters, full of beauty, sublimity, and tragedy, now soothing, now raging and treacherous, sublime in their capacities of power, surprising in their unex-

derful and infinitely various as those of the sea, and whose heritage is immortality?

How few there are who realize that the ocean is aught else than a raging mass of weltering waves lashed by storms, to be regarded only with dread, and avoided with aversion! How many gain from it but one or two one-sided impressions! To one the sea is always blue; somehow that idea early fixed itself in his mind, and he has never cared to observe further, and revise a first partial impression. To another it always looks green. Nothing more fairly indicates the exceedingly limited habits of observation of the average mind in matters out of its beat than the excessively meagre notions which many

have of the sea, even after repeated familiarity with it, as in the case of those who cannot plead the excuse of sea-sickness for their ignorance. How few there are who fully appreciate the matchless suggestiveness of that Homeric passage—"The innumerable smiles of the many-voiced sea!" That line only touches on the countless aspects of ocean, and yet it is the finest definition of the sea in the whole range of literature.

Take, for example, the question of color alluded to above: the sea is like a vast kaleidoscope representing in many combinations all the colors of the rainbow; it is not impossible to imagine that if one were at a sufficient height above the sea, and endowed with the condor's keenness of vision, the round disk of the sea might at once present all these hues to him as in a kaleidoscope; as things are, however, it is not often one sees more than two or three tints at once, except during a sunset of unusual magnificence, when the reflections are very varied. I remember a sunset during a calm preceding a storm, when the sky was festooned with the pomp and splendor of every variety of cloud; the hues and cloud-forms were nearly equally divided from zenith to horizon in four distinct types of form and color, and the corresponding reflections on the swollen swell of the sea were awful in their dread and varied magnificence. But if such scenes are rare, it is not at all uncommon to see half the ocean a deep purple toward one-half of the horizon, dark-iridian green in the opposite direction, especially toward evening or at early morning, and this regardless of reflections, at a time when the surface is so broken as to be filled with local color. And, after all, it is the local color more than the reflections which is meant when we speak of the color of water, although, in an artistic sense, both have a significance. At sea the color is not only a form of beauty conveying pleasure to the mind, but also has a use like everything beautiful in Nature. As a rule, light green indicates shoal water, the lighter the tint the more shallow the depth. The local color is ascertainable by looking down rather than on the surface. Dark-blue water is a sign of great depth—"off soundings," as goes the technical phrase. But, if one looks at blue water at a distance, it is then found to be a very dark green when analyzed and separated from the reflections, which it is sometimes very difficult to do, especially in gray, lowering weather, when the sea is found to give the impression of a sort of leaden purple-gray. But after very careful observation through a long, narrow tube, in order that no conflicting rays of light might disturb the vision, I am convinced that, even in the deepest water, the basal color is some tint of green. In the Bahamas, and among coral-islands in general, where the bottom is a white sand and the water of little depth, it is found to be of the most brilliant, exquisite green, ranging from emerald to the lightest tints of malachite. It is impossible to overstate the vividness of the colors in those waters, and almost as impossible to try to reproduce them on canvas; for, to one who has never seen them, the artist so daring as to repro-

duce those colors would be considered stark mad. The red is scarcely less vivid in the West India waters, being the complementary color of green, and, wherever a rock near the surface or a cloud-shadow obscures the green tint, red is immediately produced, and even the cloudless sky at mid-day is also a soft rose-color. By this means the sponge-fishermen and wreckers are able to navigate their sloops about through the most intricate reefs, which are indicated by purple patches as clearly as on a chart. The Bermudas present similar colors, but with less vividness.

About Madeira the sea when over ten fathoms is like molten turquoise, lovely beyond description, not only in the sea-caves, as in the famous Blue Grotto of Capri, but outside. The fish swimming in it seem to be of transparent blue, and the keel of a ship, seen with perfect distinctness, is like a solid mass of translucent cobalt.

The color of the water in the tropics seems to be shared also by the fish of those regions. The blue-fish, quite different from the fish of that name on the New England coast, looks as if carved out of ultramarine touched with burned sienna in parts, and the mouth fringed with carnation-tinted coral. The parrot-fish is of a scarlet as vivid as that of the birds in the forests of the neighboring shores; the mullet is brilliant brown and gold. In northern waters, on the contrary, we have the cod clad in quaker-gray, and the haddock, which still bears on its head the mark of St. Peter's holy thumb when he squeezed a piece of silver out of its mouth, wears a livery the color of the roaring surges which overwhelm our fishermen on the Georges and the Grand Banks.

The Red Sea is so called for a certain tawny tinge of its waters as well as for the red coral on its coast, but why the Black Sea should have that epithet it is difficult to say, unless on account of the scowling, thunderous appearance it presents in winter, when it is swept by disastrous storms. The sea on the southern coast of England is a peculiar light gray-green caused by the chalk-cliffs which are being constantly eroded and washed away by the ocean-billows. A very striking instance of water colored in this way is seen in Northumberland Strait, Gulf of St. Lawrence, especially after a storm. The soft, reddish shores of Prince Edward's Island are eaten away and absorbed by the sea, which thus assumes a rich coffee-color, very vivid, and, when glistening in the sun, and tinged here and there with reflections of the blue overhead, extraordinarily rich in tone, and strongly resembling polished syenite. It is well known that the Amazon dyes the sea for hundreds of miles beyond the land with the ochre-tinted silt it washes down from the pampas and the far-off mountains of Peru.

The warmth of the water in tropical latitudes seems to have the same effect on the monsters of the deep that the climate has on the temperament of man. The barracuda is savage and aggressive as a tiger, and the cruel voracity of the king of the Cannibal Islands is quite eclipsed by the horrible, treacherous, stealthy nature of that sea-pirate, the man-

eating shark. It is stated, and from what I have heard I am inclined to think it is true, that the shark prefers white men to negroes, and will only attack and eat the latter on rare occasions. An English frigate's crew on the edge of the Bahama Bank killed sixty of these monsters in one day's sport a few years ago, so numerous are they in those waters. This might have been a means taken by the British Government to revenge itself, as on some savage tribe regardless of diplomatic remonstrances and the courtesy of nations, for the liberty taken by the sharks with the crew of an English ship-of-war some years earlier. The Magpie schooner was cruising off Cuba for pirates when she was struck by an "ox-eye" squall—a wind coming without other warning than a small round cloud in a clear sky, rushing with the rapidity of a cannonball. She was over in an instant, and, to make a long story short, the whole crew but two were devoured by a school of sharks which were lying in wait. Gliding in among the horror-stricken crowd of seamen, they played with them for a while as a cat does with her prey. But the first taste of blood was like alcohol to a drunkard, and in a few moments only two of the crew survived in a boat which had floated off from the vessel as she went down. After they had been in the boat several days, parched, starved, and roasted by the tropic sun, a brig hove in sight, slowly passing two miles away with a very light morning air just filling the sails. As she did not seem to see the boat, one of the men jumped into the water and swam off to her. He was followed by two sharks, which kept him company the whole of that long, awful swim. But he scared them off by flapping his jacket—the shark is a great coward. Just as he was about to give up the race in despair, the man at the wheel looked over the rail and saw him. A boat was lowered, and he and his shipmate were saved. Nothing one sees at sea so sends an involuntary shudder through him as to see the edge of the dorsal fin of a shark floating like an upright spar on the surface of the water. You know at once that mischief is lurking there.

I saw a shark of a strange sort one day when we were a thousand miles from land. It had fallen a dead calm. There was not a sign of a breeze anywhere between the north and south poles, so far as

we could tell. It was just the day for turtle, and, sure enough, we sighted a brace of them sleeping on the surface half a mile off. The starboard quarter-boat was lowered, and we went off and picked them



ST. ELMO'S LIGHT.

up. After that, we caught three more, but a breeze springing up the boat was called in. When we were hoisting it up on the davits, it got a little jammed, and, through the clumsiness of the man who was minding the falls, it also caught under the channels and got a little strained. Well, the evening was as glorious a night as ever was seen on the North Atlantic, the moon at the full lighting up the sails that loomed up just like great ghosts against the stars, and the bark jogging along with a six-knot breeze just abeam.

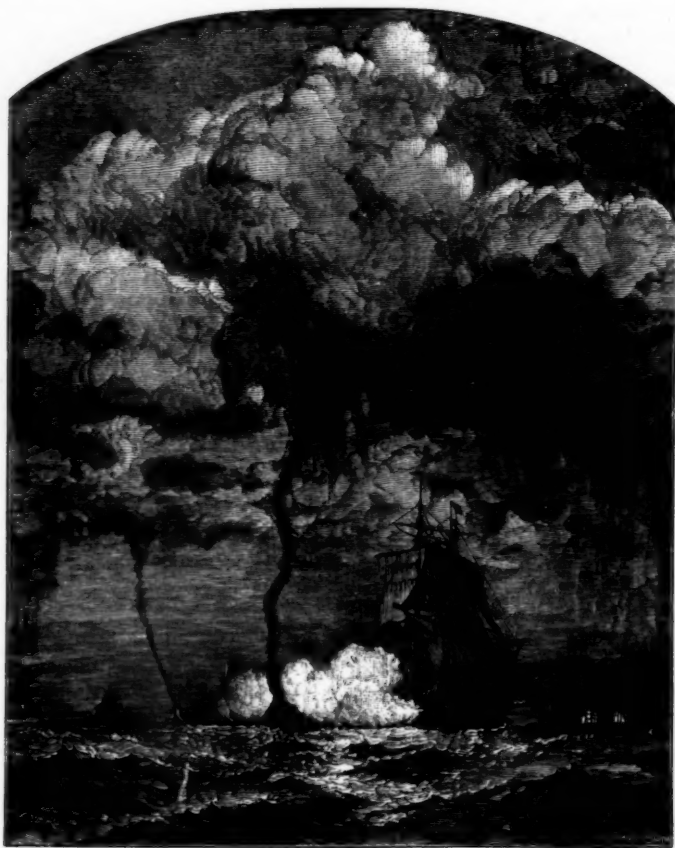
The captain's wife was on deck, looking over the rail and enjoying the scene. Suddenly she called the officer of the watch and asked him if that was a shark under the quarter following the ship. He said it looked "mighty like a shark;" in fact, he thought it was some big fish or other. I looked over the side, and certainly there was something there that looked like a fish eighteen to twenty feet long, following the vessel as sharks often do, and vaguely seen near the surface in the light of the moon. The captain, who was below, was now sum-

moned. On looking over, he unequivocally pronounced it to be a shark, and a rouser at that, and called for a harpoon. To quiet the anxiety of his wife, he stood in-board as he balanced the murderous weapon to hurl it into the quivering flesh of the bloodthirsty monster.

"All ready!" said he to the men who were holding the line attached to the harpoon, to haul in the fish. "All ready, sir!" they replied, taking a firmer grasp of the line, as the harpoon was plunged with accurate aim into the shark. "I've got him!" cried the captain, with enthusiasm, and the men pulled with a vim, and fell flat on their backs as the line came home perfectly slack. They had not got him after all, and this was the reason—because there was no shark there to catch. It was nothing but the shadow of the quarter-boat which had been out af-

in the boat dripped drop by drop in the boat's shadow, just about where the gills of the fish would have been, which only made the shadow seem more life-like. They did not get over laughing in the fore-castle about that shark for some days.

Another terror of the deep is the many-armed prodigy called octopus, devil-fish, cuttle-fish, sepia, or squid, but the last name is generally applied to the smaller species, common in the Mediterranean, where it is dried and eaten. In the China seas sepia for painting is extracted from it; but the larger kind, called by old writers the kraken, has only recently come into prominence as a credible reality. Hakluyt's "Voyages" contain thrilling illustrations of the kraken reaching up its long arms into the rigging of ships, pulling them over or quietly helping itself to the terror-stricken crew; but these have been con-



TWIN WATER-SPOUTS.

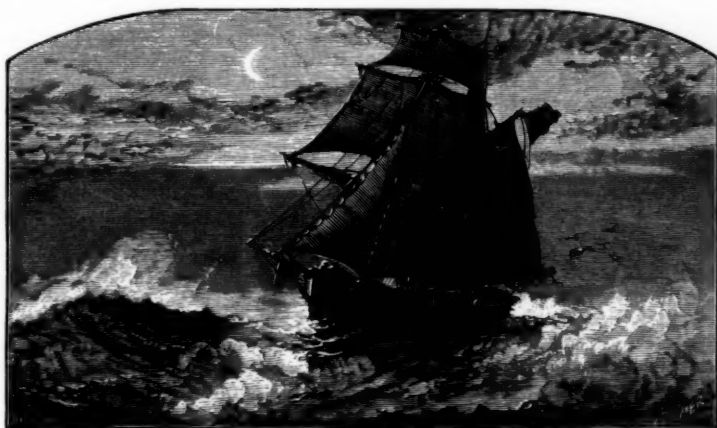
ter turtle that day. When it was hoisted up, you remember, it had been strained, and that made a small leak in two places on each side of the bilge near the stern, and through these holes the water

sidered fabulous representations, and Victor Hugo's description of the wonderful devil-fish in "The Toilers of the Sea" has been accepted chiefly as an example of the exhaustless fecundity of that writer's



imagination rather than an actual creature. But within three or four years too many specimens of the cuttle-fish have been encountered, with a spread of thirty to sixty feet to the arms, to make this creat-

Amphitrite holding festal times in the sea-green caves of ocean, it seems as if there was nothing left but sea and sky, and insphered between them one solitary ship gazing at its own shadow, and held



VAPOR ON WAVES PRODUCED BY ELECTRICITY.

ure any longer the subject of legitimate laughter, especially as it has been found to have a spider-like way of creeping on its victim and drawing it down to its den at the bottom of the sea, as in the case of the poor Indian girl recently caught in the deadly embrace of an octopus near Vancouver's Island.

I doubt not similar certainty will be reached regarding the vexed question about the sea-serpent. There is nothing more absurd than the incredulous levity of the popular mind concerning this mysterious serpent. What is there more impossible about a large water-snake than a large fish? There are small fishes and large fishes, small water-snakes, and why not large ones? What is an eel but a sea-serpent? and are there not water-snakes in every brook? Perhaps the large sea-serpent is a comparatively new creation evolved on the Darwinian theory; perhaps, like the whale, it changes its habitat, and has but recently become common in northern waters; or, as has been suggested, perhaps it is a deep-sea creature frightened to the surface by some great submarine convulsion. The witnesses to this monster have been so many and of so good a character for credibility that the laugh should really be against those who do not believe in the existence of the sea-serpent.

There is a kind of sea-snake seen sometimes which is not revealed to those who voyage in steamers; many are the ocean-phenomena which they lose, seen only by those who go in sailing-ships, for the steamer frightens away many sea-wonders. There are days in mid-ocean—and one need not go to the doldrums or horse-latitudes to find them—when day after day, week after week, the breezes are asleep, and the spirits of the storms having gone below to sport with the nereids, and Neptune and

motionless as if paralyzed there forever on an enchanted sea, while the sun rises and sets in a cloudless sky, reflected on the oily surface of the sea as on a mirror of burnished gold. At night the moon, yellow and full, rises in the east as the sun goes down in the west, like an image of the sun, but throws no reflection from the horizon on the water, so absolutely smooth and glassy is the sea. Only, as one looks over the side of the ship in that appalling and seemingly eternal silence of the illimitable ocean, he sees three or four round balls of silver eerily quivering by the ship, when the moon is at the zenith, which look as if they were magic balls tossed up from the depths below by unseen tricky sprites of the sea. Perchance there is another ship floating in company miles away, and gradually, by an agency that seems supernatural, she draws gradually nearer, although there is never a breath of air stirring. But this is explained from the simple fact that there are always unseen currents moving, and one ship will be more or less affected than another by them according to its draught or weight. It is at such a time that objects float by which one would never have suspected to exist in the sea—not only nautili and lovely Portuguese men-of-war and jelly-fish fringed with long crimson-and-purple hair, but algae of a fairy-like grace that almost exceeds belief, and serpents six to eight feet long, transparent as if made of elastic glass, of a delicately-modulated pearly gray, striped and spotted with gem-like points of green, scarlet, and blue. It is like a revelation of an unseen world; and so it is, for the sea, much as it has been explored, is yet, like the human brain, full of wonders and mysteries yet unrevealed, hidden far, far down where no human eye has yet penetrated. From time to time a fresh discovery is made,

as in the case of the fish brought up by the Challenger Exploring Expedition off the coast of Portugal—a fish living at the bottom of the sea and kept together by the pressure of the water; when brought to the surface, it exploded to atoms.

After the calm has lasted almost beyond endurance, two or three faint, gauzy clouds in the southern board show that the still weather is at length drawing to a close. A line of deeper purple appears along the horizon. The skipper, who has been swearing blue murder during this long interval of enforced calm as the sails hung listlessly on the masts and the tar oozed out of the seams in the decks, gets up, takes a look all around the offing, spits over the side, goes below and takes another look at the barometer, carefully scrutinizes the quality of the whiskey in the bottom of his glass, takes another reef in his suspenders, looks again to windward, and says, this time, "I guess we are going to have a wind at last," and then roars from the quarter-deck, "Brace the yards!"

Toward nightfall the ship is going a "capful," with indications of more wind before morning, and the sun sets in a fiery-yellow glow of a brassy hue, meaning wind. About this time an unlucky dolphin is struck with the grains, a barbed instrument with three prongs, and, as he lies quivering and expiring on the deck, all the colors one sees in a pearl or an opal come and go on his shimmering side as if he had absorbed some of the glories amid which he had dwelt. It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty of a dying dolphin. This fish is a great enemy of the flying-fish. On a fine day they are often seen darting in the air like silver arrows chased by their ferocious enemy, and it is not uncommon for a school of flying-fish to be washed on board a passing ship in a gale.

Porpoises speeding southward are a further indication that the wind is going to blow from that quarter; there is no sign at sea surer than this. When porpoises play about a ship, gambling this way and that without any special earnestness, it means nothing. But when they proceed unswervingly in a certain direction, as if bound on a mission, ten to one the wind will come from the point of the compass toward which they are going. Never shall I forget a multitude of porpoises I saw one breezy morning off Terceira. It seemed as if the deep had emptied itself of all the porpoises in the sea. There seemed to be more than twenty thousand of them—indeed, they appeared innumerable, impelled by a frantic glee, often leaping perpendicularly out of the water or flying from the crest of one wave to another, far as the eye could see to the extreme horizon, a vast, animated, exhilarated multitude. Near the same spot, under the lee of St. George, we sailed toward twilight into a flock of shear-waters roosting on the surface of the sea. They flew up by myriads as the ship sailed in among them, swaying in hundreds through the rigging and around us with the sound of thunder.

No part of the Atlantic is more interesting and prolific in the wonders of the sea than the Azores. They are the centre of the Atlantic storms, and

there is scarcely an atmospheric phenomenon of the sea which may not be noticed there; and they afford an endless variety of studies in the matter of sea-scenery and ocean currents and convulsions. The inexhaustible diversity of the cloud-scenery of those islands I have never seen approached except at Madeira, combining the effects of sea and land clouds. At sea the impression of distance is conveyed as never on land, because no intervening hills or mountains intervene to interrupt the view of the most distant cloud-strata, and no clouds are so full of suggestive forms, of representations of dream-land, as those far-off, low-lying, vapory forms *couchant* along the dim offing, representing phantom towers and Oriental domes clustered on the edge of precipices flanked by ice-clad peaks and overhung by groves of palms. Off Rio I saw, one evening, in the sky, horsemen chasing a stag, and, as they faded away, a triumphal march of knights in gilded armor moved slowly and majestically westward; and, as the imperial hues of sunset shaded into gray, a funeral-procession appeared, noble senatorial forms draped in togas, and matrons veiling their drooping heads in the garb of mourners preceding a corpse borne to the tomb which arose in the distance. No effort of fancy was required to distinguish all these groups with perfect distinctness.

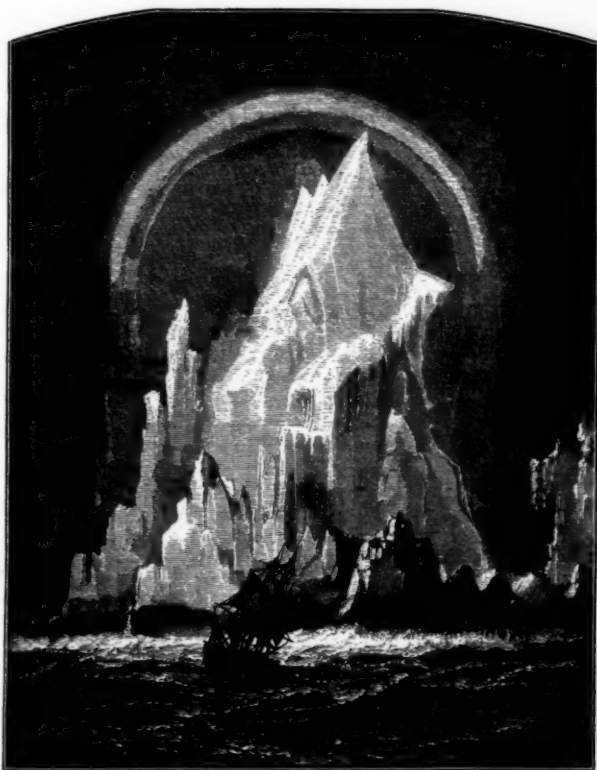
One of the finest effects at sea is mirage, which is confined to no part of the ocean, although the conditions which produce it do not always seem thoroughly explained by saying that it is due to refraction. To see the shore raised above the water and hovering mysteriously in the air reflected in another sea of its own, is a sight that the most threadbare familiarity can never make less wonderful. The Mediterranean abounds in the effects of mirage; it is an every-day sight to see the Sierra Nevada Mountains on the coast of Spain suspended several degrees above the blue waters of the sea. But mirage is also common on our coast, and especially in Long Island Sound in moist, foggy weather. The most singular form of this phenomenon is when ships are seen floating in the air. A remarkable instance of this is related of a ship that during the colonial period was expected from England. On a Sunday afternoon after a violent storm she was seen floating in the air, every spar represented so clearly that there was no question of the identity of the vessel thus painted in the clouds; but that was the last that was ever seen of the ill-fated ship.

One of the surest indications of a storm is what sailors call Cape Flyaway; that is, a cloud or clouds which look so like land as almost to deceive "the very elect" themselves. More or less common in all parts of the sea, we again find that this phenomenon is especially common in the Azores; and this has probably been one reason why the old navigators, who cruised about those waters in olden times, were continually discovering land, from which they were blown away by a storm, and were afterward unable to find it again, for the very good reason that "he must needs have optics keen who sees what is not to be seen."

Another forerunner of a storm is the water-spout, which is one of the most impressive and awe-inspiring sights at sea. The explanation of its being is simple enough. A whirlwind or gyrating current of air seizes the water as on land it snatches up sand or dust and whirls it up to the clouds, which thus receive some of their moisture of which they are composed. I saw a curious illustration of this once when sailing in a boat near the shore, the wind being about nor'-northwest, and the weather very dry. I observed a thread-like column of dust on the land skurrying toward the water—it was a small whirlwind: no sooner did it touch the water than the column turned as if by magic into water, coming with great rapidity toward the boat. I at once luffed and let go the sheet, and the water-spout passed within two or three yards off, and was perhaps three to four inches in diameter. But a real, live water-spout, that means mischief, is a sublime object, to be regarded with just apprehension by all sailors, for they are sometimes sufficiently large and violent to found a ship. A cannon-ball brought to bear on one will, however, sometimes cause it to break. When there are several in a row, as I have repeatedly seen them in the Black Sea, where they are especially common, they look like a colonnade of majestic pillars supporting the sky. I never shall forget a magnificent water-spout that nearly overwhelmed us one gloomy twilight in the Gulf Stream. It was blowing very fresh about dusk, when the captain came out to take another look before supper. The man at the wheel was looking into the binnacle, and no one else had seen a huge water-spout, which the captain perceived as soon as he put his head above the companion-way. It was advancing with great velocity directly on a line with the ship and was alarmingly near. The captain sprang to the wheel, and, pushing the helmsman aside, put the helm down and kept away several points, and the water-spout passed just astern; another minute of delay and the brave little bark would have carried her crew to Davy Jones.

That night it blew great guns. The bark was only one hundred and sixty tons, and heavy laden, and it is a wonder she kept afloat. The second night, when the wind shifted into the northwest with terrific thunder and lightning, we had a cross-sea so

mountainous and irregular that the decks were full of water half the time, and about midnight the vessel dove into a sea and buried herself to abaft the foremast; we did not expect her to rise from it, but when, after what seemed an age of suspense, she finally lifted her jib-boom again in the air, the water swashed in the gang-way, even with the top of the bulwarks, and set everything afloat from fore-castle to the cabin. The following morning the gale broke, but a tremendous sea was still running, and as one huge wave boarded us I was completely lifted off the deck and carried over the rail; no one can ever



LUNAR RAINBOW.

tell exactly how things happen at such times, it is all so sudden; but while I was floating there a second's time, between the incoming and the reflux wave, as it were, the mate, who was by the five-rail, swung off, holding on to a rope's end, and caught me in the nick of time.

The Gulf Stream, whether off Hatteras or in the Roaring Forties, is probably the most capricious, treacherous, and phenomenal part of the Atlantic, the most trying to encounter, excepting possibly some of the regions in the vicinity of dangerous coasts. Nowhere else are the phosphorescent effects

of the sea so distinct and beautiful, so full of the colors red, blue, and green. It is not infrequent, especially near the Florida Banks, to see the phosphorus rushing past the ship in a band of light so brilliant that one can easily read the time on his watch on the darkest nights, while the rudder is bathed in masses of prismatic flame, as the sparks meet and dash together in the ship's wake. In the North Atlantic, when the wave-crests flash like torches and emit an electric vapor that kindles the vast expanses of ocean with mysterious light, heavy weather may be expected within twenty-four hours. It is very remarkable how many of the glories and attractive effects of the sea are like barometric forecasts of the weather. The different tints of green in the sky at sunset, for example, indicate unerringly calms or storms, according to the tint.

The Gulf Stream is noted for its electrical phenomena. These are always far more common as a rule at sea than on land, and nothing can be more appalling than the periodical electrical storms of the tropics, especially in the Indian Ocean with the change of the monsoons, or equinoctial hurricanes of those latitudes. But for a continuous, chronic, inexhaustible supply of fireworks, the Gulf Stream has no rival. It brings them forth on the slightest occasion, and it is doubtful if ever a ship crossed that fierce-tempered current without seeing lightning. This is easily accounted for: the prevailing winds of the North Atlantic are southwest and northwest, except certain local winds near the English Channel, and the northeast trades blowing from Cape Finisterre to the Cape de Verdes. When the southwest wind has been blowing awhile, it has a strong inclination to shift into the northwest, and the longer it blows the more it wants to get around, and the more sudden and violent is the change when it comes. Now, the meeting of the warm current of the southwest air with the cooler air from the northwest results in a discharge of electricity; and, although sometimes lightning is seen in the southwest for many hours before the wind changes, yet, when it does shift, it always does so with a tremendous rain and vivid lightning, often attended by what are called *corpos santos*, or St. Elmo's candles, electric lights which without any warning are seen suddenly perching on the end of every spar, producing a most mysterious and beautiful effect. They do not always come in heavy weather, although generally seen at such a time, and many seamen consider it a bad omen to have one shine on a man's face when he is aloft; but this superstition is wearing away. Another electrical phenomenon at sea is a round ball the size of a full moon, but brighter and redder, passing slowly from one cloud to another, sometimes succeeded by a terrific explosion of thunder. One is surprised that ships are not oftener struck by lightning, but, although the bolts sometimes fall in quick succession directly around the vessel, they are generally attracted by the water. I may mention here a remarkable flash of lightning that I saw once in a most unexpected manner. In the far distance was the constant flicker of forked lightning out of a dense curtain of

cloud which the dusk of evening made all the blacker, and the roll of thunder was incessant, and, although very distant, gave an indescribable impression of vastness to sea and sky. All at once there came a flash which seemed to shoot out of every part of the heavens and to spring from every part of the horizon, bars of white light crossing and recrossing each other, interwoven into a network of ineffable glory, seeming to inclose and inlace the whole of the visible universe. Every one on board was blinded for some moments with the fervid splendor of the heavens. It is well known that there are two kinds of lightning—the red and the white—the latter darting with ten times the rapidity of the former, and far more dangerous. But the red lightning is far more common at sea than on land, and is oftener what is called sheet-lightning, pervading the whole sky with a lambent rose-color. I remember seeing it almost a deep purple one night in a gale off Hatteras. At another time, to the eastward of the Grand Banks, we had baffling winds for weeks, and the crew were becoming exhausted with the constant setting and furling of canvas and bracing and squaring the yards. Finally the captain came on deck one day, when they struck eight bells for noon, with a pair of old shoes in his hands. "Now," said he, "I'm going to throw these shoes over the quarter for a fair wind. What shall it be? Don't all speak at once!" Some one cried out, "A northeaster!" as the shoes went over the taffrail. After dinner I turned in and slept until they rang for four o'clock. When I came on deck there was a change in the weather, or rather a change of some sort was brewing. There seemed to be a battle in the sky: a more varied, confused, threatening, lowering array of tumultuous clouds, frantically driven this way and that by adverse currents of air, never was seen; but the wind was aloft far above us. Near the water there was only a little air stirring; the sea was swayed by a languid swell that seemed to be heaving up with increasing grandeur—but what most attracted my attention was the lightning which from some unseen laboratory swept in great sheets over the whole sky without coming from any particular quarter, and it was of a vivid rose-color, which seemed to render the dun hue of the clouds and the livid gray of the sea still more wild and impressive. And, sure enough, after the winds had met in a severe aerial conflict as to which should have the precedence, a steady gale finally came out of the northeast, but one not more than we could stand, and it took us right alongside of India Wharf, in Boston Harbor.

But the Gulf Stream, aside from the rough treatment it offers to those who navigate on its waters, and the more occult offices it performs in the amelioration of the climate of Northern Europe, possesses also the more obvious quality of softening the rigors of the sailor's life in mid-winter when he comes on the coast of North America and battles with the terrible northwesterners which seem as if intended to drive away all who would land on our shores, and savagely turn the waves into ice as they break over the struggling ship. Of all the hardships which



bristle through the mariner's career there seem to be none so severe as this of wind combined with intense cold succeeding rain and snow. Sky and sea seem alike pitiless, for it is generally with a clear sunlit blue overhead that this fearful tempest of cold scourges the devoted ship, a sky cruel because beaming with the smiles of golden sunsets, and gemmed with the throbbing magnificence of argent constellations, while the mounting surges cover bow, bulwarks, decks, and rigging, with glittering ice that more and more overlades the foundering vessel with each succeeding wave, and so stiffens sails and cordage that the freezing crew find it impossible to work

The icebergs which come down from the north-pole and lie in wait for vessels crossing their path also find their grave in the Gulf Stream. Northward and eastward runs this fierce current, yet below it is a stealthy polar current gliding ever southward, and the mighty berg whose bottom reaches many fathoms down is seized by the lower current and borne against the Gulf Stream, until the heat of the upper current melts and disintegrates it, and allows it no longer to be a menace to the mariner—a siren indeed, the very embodiment of poetry in its splendor, but treacherous and remorseless as a fiend. Several times have I seen icebergs at sea,



FOG-BOW.

the ship. To stand on slippery foot-ropes in slippery boots and with stiffening fingers to reef and furl canvas studded with icicles in the teeth of a fierce, pelting wind—there is toil indeed, and perchance despair, which he who sits by the cozy fire-side, with his slippers on and his rosy children about him, wots not of. Then it is that they put the helm up and bear away for the Gulf Stream. Its warmer water, its balmy air, thaw the ice, and once more bring warmth to the sailor's congealed blood and stiffened frame. The order in which the phenomena of a winter-storm on our coast succeed each other is forcibly put in the sea-saying, "First it snowed, then it thawed, then it blew, and then it friz."

generally looming suddenly, startling and ghost-like, out of a dank fog, but once robed in imperial magnificence. It was the 4th of July, and the sky was without a cloud, but the air was cold and keen as winter, and we knew what it meant. As the sun arose the horizon was studded with glittering points like the serried spears of a great host; here and there a loftier mass flashed back the rays of the sun from some berg towering above the field-ice. There was nothing to be done but to keep on our course, for we were nearly surrounded by the ice, but we had a leading wind, a good top-gallant breeze, and felt our way without much difficulty through the broad channels. What lovely pale greens and blues were revealed in the caverns of the immense, cathedral-like icebergs into which the waves broke with a far-off, eerie boom, and how exquisite was the roseate blush which the icy pinnacles assumed when kissed by the setting sun! The full moon arose soon after and shone on the silvery bastions and towers of an iceberg scarcely half

a mile from us, which was not less than four hundred feet above the sea and nearly four times the height of our masts. Next morning the polar fleet had disappeared in the southern board, and, on the whole, we were not sorry to part company with it.

But the Gulf Stream, if it dispels ice, is also responsible for a very disagreeable and dangerous amount of fog, which serves to make it far more difficult to avoid the ice, and adds greatly to the romance, and the vigilance required on the part of the navigator. With southerly winds, warmed by passing over the Gulf Stream, comes a damp, dripping, melancholy curtain of vapor where the sea is shallow, as on the Grand Banks or in the Vineyard



Sound. Without any apparent visible cause, suddenly the amorphous, almost opaque mist closes around the solitary ship and shuts it in, and isolates it from the rest of the world in its spectral folds. Then begins the dismal blast of the fog-horn on the ship's bow, lasting sometimes for days. It is a popular error to suppose that fog is always attended with absence of wind. I have often seen the reverse, there being sometimes a very stiff breeze of wind, and the fog all the time so dense that we could not see a ship's-length, although growing thinner overhead occasionally for half an hour, so that we could see the sun sufficiently to try getting an observation from an artificial horizon formed by a bucket of tar, swung so as to oscillate freely. A curious thing about a heavy fog on soundings is, that the swell immediately rises when the fog shuts in, even if the wind is light, and there is no better time to study or analyze the forms of certain kinds of waves than when a fog of moderate density effaces the innumerable lights and reflections which tend to take away from the individuality of waves on sunny days. Many interesting prismatic effects are produced by sea-fogs, such as fog-bows, and sun-dogs, or parhelia. The former are seen when the fog precedes clearing weather, and is somewhat thin. The parhelia also

accompanies a cloudy sunrise or sunset, and is really a reflection of the sun in the clouds, like another sun, but less brilliant. Sometimes several are seen at once, but this is chiefly in polar seas.

One of the most poetical of fog-effects is when the mist lies low and the upper spars of neighboring ships or the topmost crags of the land are seen above, touched with the rosy flush of morning or silvered by the light of the rising moon, while below all is hushed and gray. It was a fog of this sort that enabled the famous old frigate *Constitution* to escape from the clutches of an English fleet during the War of 1812. She was anchored in the port of Lisbon; a heavy fog was lying low on the water, when Commodore Stewart saw above the fog the masts-heads and royals of three frigates moving up to an anchorage close to his ship. With a seaman's experienced eye, he recognized them at once as British ships, on the principle *ex pede Herculem*, and, although in a neutral port, was well aware that would be no obstacle to his capture when discovered. He acted without a moment's delay: sheeting home his topsails and slipping his cable, he glided past the enemy's ships in the fog; when the fog lifted, he was well past the fort of Belem and beyond their grasp.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## THE KING'S KISS.

I.

"HOW long," he asked, "will you remember this—

How long?" Then downward bent  
His kingly head, and on her lips a kiss  
Fell like a flame—a flame that sent  
Through every vein  
Love's joy and pain;

"How long," he asked, "will you remember this?"

II.

"How long?" She lifted from his breast a cheek  
Red with her sacred love,  
Yet when her redder lips essayed to speak,  
And when her heart did move  
To answer grave and sweet,  
Somehow a smile unmet  
Broke waywardly across red lips and cheek.

III.

"How long, how long will I remember this?  
Say *you*," she murmured low—  
"Say you"—and while she trembled with her bliss,  
That smile went to and fro  
Across her flushing face,  
And hid a graver grace—  
"Say you, how long will you remember this?"

IV.

He bent above her in that moment's bliss,  
He held her close and fast:  
"How long, how long will I remember this?  
Until I cross at last,  
With failing, dying breath,  
That river men call Death—  
So long, so long, will I remember this!"

V.

But, when apart they stood, did he remember  
His words that summer day?  
Did he remember through the long December  
The warmth and love of May,  
The warmth, and love, and bliss,  
The meaning of that kiss,  
When kingdoms stood between—did he remember?

VI.

Ah! who can say for him? For her we know  
The king's kiss was her crown;  
For her we know no agony of woe,  
No other smile or frown,  
Could make her heart forswear  
That summer morning there,  
Beneath the forest-trees of Fontainebleau.

## A HIDDEN TREASURE.

I.

THE winds of March were still sweeping around the shoulders of the great hills, and rushing through the limitless forests that crown the highlands of North Carolina; but there was a breath of spring on the gusty air, the trees had put forth their buds, the streams sang a song of rejoicing that their fetters of ice were gone, and in the woods the arbutus bloomed, as a first herald of the wealth of flowers to come.

These things struck the observant eye of a stranger who was journeying slowly upward through one of the gaps in the mountain-chain which encircles this elevated region. It was a comparatively unfrequented road along which he was traveling, and its roughness made the ascent peculiarly labored and slow. A Jersey wagon, drawn by two mules, contained the traveler and his trunk, and a half-grown boy, who was driving him. The mules did all that could reasonably be expected of them, but, what with rocks and ruts unnumbered, and two feet of mud besides, their rate of progress was not great.

"How much farther have we to go?" asked the traveler, presently, after a long interval of silence.

"About eighteen miles," the driver replied.

"And do you expect to make eighteen miles before night?"

"Well, it ain't very likely. I don't think we'll git more than five miles further afore dark."

"A pleasant prospect! And is there any good house on the road where we can spend the night?"

"There's a house about five miles from here, if we can git there."

"There is no if in the matter—we *must* get there. Why, it is only four o'clock"—glancing at his watch—"do you mean to tell me that you can't travel five miles before dark?"

"Five miles in the mountains ain't like five miles anywhere else," observed the boy.

The gentleman by his side—a fair, graceful man of thirty three or four—had abundant cause to realize this in the course of the next two hours. The progress which they made was of the slowest possible description, and at six o'clock Larry (the driver) reported that they had gained exactly three miles. Mountains, both near and remote, bounded their vision on all sides; and behind the violet crest of a patriarchal peak the sun had gone down to his golden bed some time before.

"We've got about the wust piece of road we've had yit just ahead of us," Larry further remarked, by way of cheer. "I hate to go over it at the best of times; but it'll be a hard pull to git through it now."

"I'll relieve you of my weight," said his passenger, with the air of one prepared for the worst.

He sprang over the wheel into the muddy road

as he spoke, and plodded along behind the wagon as it entered a narrow pass, where the deep, black mud was little better than a treacherous bog, and the road was made of deep descents and abrupt ascents. At one of these last, a shout of distress from Larry informed his passenger—who had taken to the shelving hill-side, and was now some distance ahead—that the threatened misfortune of a breakdown had at last occurred.

Retracing his steps, he found the wagon in a very bad plight; and Larry, half up to his knees in mud, taking the mules out.

"I don't know what we are goin' to do," said the latter, in a despairing tone. "We may splice things together so as to git out o' here, but it's a bad chance to go two miles further afore dark."

"Is there no house nearer than two miles?"

"There's one over the hill there—but it's the place of a widow, who won't never let nobody stop."

"At any rate, if you'll tell me how to get there, I'll go and ask her to let us stay. She must be uncommonly hard-hearted if she refuses when she learns our condition."

"There's no harm in trying, I s'pose," said Larry; but he was plainly not sanguine of success as he gave the direction.

The gentleman started off at a brisk pace, and, having emerged from the defile, followed a path which led around a projecting shoulder of one of the great hills. Winding farther and farther among the heights, it presently brought him to one of the small sheltered valleys which abound among the folds of the hills. Here a low, plain farmhouse stood, through the windows of which a cheerful glow of firelight shone.

As he entered the yard, a dog started up, and ran barking toward him; immediately upon which the door opened, and a child's voice said:

"Duke, be quiet! What is the matter?—Oh! do you want anything?"

The latter words were addressed to the stranger, whom she now perceived. He, on his part, saw by the light of the fire behind her the dainty figure of a little maid of eight or nine years, with a curl-crowned head.

"Yes," he replied. "I want to see the mistress of the house, and ask if a belated traveler cannot stay here to-night."

As he spoke, he saw on the wall of the room within the shadow of a woman's figure—a figure that suddenly started and clasped its hands at the sound of his voice. In what subtle things do memory and recognition dwell! The figure alone would probably have suggested no association to his mind, but the gesture of the clasped hands had something so familiar in it that his heart for an instant seemed to stand still. As if fascinated, his eyes remained on the shadow, which, in turn, was perfectly motion-

less, with the head bent in a listening attitude. Meanwhile, the child turned and said:

"Mamma, a man wants to know if he can stay here to-night."

The answer was so low that it was not audible to his ear, but in the shadow he saw the quick, nervous movement with which the head turned, and—was he dreaming, or did he know the outline of that profile?—while he still gazed at it, the child addressed him again:

"Mamma says no—you can't stay; but what is your name?"

He saw a quiver of suspense pass over the shadow as the childish tones asked the question, and he answered with clear distinctness:

"My name is Julian Thyrle."

Instantly—as the last words left his lips—the clasped hands were flung out into the air, and then the figure turned swiftly and was passing from the room.

There was no time to lose. It was a moment's work to put the astonished child aside and push open the door. A few quick strides carried him across the apartment, and he laid his hand on the retreating woman's shoulder.

"Helen," he said, "what reason have I ever given you to fly from me like this?"

She turned with a low cry, and they faced each other in the firelight—he inwardly agitated, but outwardly pale and calm; she quivering like a captured deer, with a mobile, passionate face, trembling lips, and large, dark eyes.

"How have you found me?" she asked. "I thought, I hoped, that nobody would ever find me again!"

"It is only by accident that I have found you," he replied. "When I approached this door, you were the last person on earth whom I should have expected to meet. But, though I saw only your shadow, I knew it for yours at once. My cousin! my dear cousin! don't tell me that you are sorry to see me—at last?"

He was holding both her hands, and, as he spoke, she looked up in his face with a gaze that touched his heart to its depths.

"Sorry!" she repeated. "I should be unworthy to live if I were sorry to see you, the truest friend I have ever had; but it is best that I should live as if I were dead—alone and unknown."

"It is *not* best," he said, "and so I will prove to you. I have been searching for you for months—searching vainly in all directions—and when I was thinking of you least, I walk in upon you in this remote spot—for which thank God!"

"Oh, thank him for something better than for finding me who have done you so much harm," she said, with a sudden burst of tears.

"I could thank him for nothing better," he said, quietly. "But you must compose yourself—try to believe that I have come not to disturb but to comfort you. You can give me hospitality to-night, can you not?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, with the air of one

recalling the mind by an effort to common things. "There is a man here—an old farmer who takes charge of matters for me.—Meta, speak to Mr. Harris."

"Meta has not yet been introduced to her cousin," said Thyrle, bending to look at the child with eyes which were sad as well as kind just now.

The child in turn looked at him with curiosity.

"Are you my cousin?" she said. "I am glad of it."

"Glad enough to give me a kiss? Thank you. Now we will go and find Mr. Harris."

When these two people, whom chance had so strangely brought together, met again, it was very much as ordinary friends might have done. It was true that they did not exchange any of the greetings which long-parted relations usually reciprocate; but the presence of strangers may have accounted for this reticence, since it was only after supper that they were left alone.

Then the changes which time had wrought could not but occur forcibly to both, and as Thyrle's glance wandered over the room, with its humble appointments, and returned to the sad-faced, black-clad woman before him, he found it difficult to realize that this was indeed the same creature whom he had last seen glowing with beauty, among surroundings of wealth and luxury. She divined his thoughts readily, and her lips curved with a mournful smile.

"Do you feel as if it were retribution, Julian?" she asked. "I have felt so for a long time."

"I feel as if it were almost more than I can bear to see you like this, and to know what you have suffered," Thyrle answered. "Tell me how it is that I find you here."

"You find me here because it is the most remote spot to which I could go, and therefore the safest place for me to be in. Since I have been here I have felt for the first time a measure of peace. 'I am buried,' I have said to myself; 'in this wild region no one will ever think of seeking me—no one can chance to find me.' Yet see!—you have come to my door, and why may not that presence which I most dread on earth follow you?"

She trembled as she uttered the last words, and her dark eyes dilated as if from sudden fear. With the gesture which Thyrle had recognized, she lifted and clasped her pale, slender hands.

"Before *that* comes, may God grant that the hills may fall and cover Meta and me!" she said.

Thyrle leaned forward and laid his hand gently on hers.

"Do not fear," he said—and the very tone of his voice was reassuring. "I will stand between you and all annoyance from that which you dread. Helen, it would have been better if you had sought the protection of your friends at once, instead of burying yourself like this."

"My friends!" she repeated. "What friends had I? Who was there that would not have bidden me—as I felt that I ought to—reap what I had sowed?"

"You have surely forgotten your father."

"No, I did not forget. But what right had I to trouble my father after disregarding his wishes, and defying his commands?"

"He would have forgiven you if you had gone to him. He did forgive you before he died."

She turned her face toward him with a low cry.

"Before he died!" she repeated. "Do you mean to tell me that my father is *dead*? And I—I left him to die alone! O my God!" she cried, lifting her passionate hands again, and bursting into tumultuous sobs, "I have been a sinful creature, but this is punishment for all—all!"

Thyrle knew that there was nothing to be said until the storm of grief was spent, so he remained silent. At last, having in a measure regained control of herself, his cousin lifted her face.

"No doubt you wonder why I should weep," she said. "I wonder myself. Death can make no wider separation between us than my act had made already. Yet it is terrible to think of one whom we have wronged as gone forever beyond the reach of our repentance or regret; but I cannot think, I dare not think—" She broke off, as the sobs began again to rise. "I must not distress you more than I can help."

"There is no need to think of me," he said, in the gentle tone which had a tranquilizing effect upon her. "I am only anxious that you should believe that your father forgave you before he died, and that his last words were of you."

"I am grateful for it," she said, brokenly; "and grateful that you were with him to take the place that I left vacant—for, after all, he loved you best, and he was right to do so."

"You are mistaken," he said—"you were always mistaken in that. God knows how often I have reproached myself that I should have been one of the forces which drove you to the fatal step that has wrecked your life. If you had trusted me, Helen, I would have served you as your brother; and I feel that I owe you any reparation which it is in my power to make."

"You owe *me* a reparation—*you*!" she said. "Is this irony—or generosity beyond all bounds? I knew long ago that, if I had trusted you, my life would be a different thing from what it is! To look back and consider how little would have changed its whole meaning is the bitterest thing I have to bear. But I must not think—it is useless, hopeless, utterly wretched! Has it been long since my father died?"

"It has been nearly a year, and with his last breath he bade me find and care for you. Ever since then I have been seeking you; but my utmost efforts discovered no trace of you until to-day."

"And were you coming *here* in search of me?"

"No. I never dreamed of seeking you here. I have been sent to this region by a mining company to examine and test a gold-mine which is offered to them, and I am on my way to meet the owner of it."

"But I do not understand," she said. "Why should you need to work in this way, when my father's fortune—"

"Your father's fortune," he interposed, "belongs, as it should belong, to you—and you only. You have reaped a bitter harvest, my poor Helen, but I hope the worst is over, and peace, at least, is before you. Your husband is in Europe, a fugitive from justice, and cannot, if he wished to do so, trouble you again. There is no further need that you should bury yourself in these wilds. You can reënter the world to-morrow if you like, and take your old place in it."

She gazed at him, with steady incredulity in her dark eyes.

"You are kind—you are generous—but you cannot deceive me, Julian," she said. "If my father's fortune is mine, it is only so in the sense that you would give it to me. He was not a man to indulge in idle threats, and he told me, not once, but many times, that on the day I married Edward Huntley he would leave everything which he possessed to you. I am sure that he must have done this, and it is *you* who would give me what you think should be mine, but which I cannot take, for I forfeited all right to it."

"You will take it because it was your father's wish that you should do so," Thyrle answered, quietly. "Listen to me: I have no proof of what I am about to tell you, but I am sure that you will ask no proof beyond my word. When your father was on his death-bed he told me that he had made a will leaving his fortune to me; but he simply intended that I should hold it in trust for you and your children. If he had left it to you openly it would have been to leave it to your husband as well, and that—for your sake, chiefly—he would not do. It is nominally mine, but it is really yours; and, whenever you think it safe that it should be settled on you, it shall be done. Meanwhile I ask that you will use it as if it were legally, as well as morally, your own."

Before he could imagine what she was about to do, she caught his hand and raised it to her lips.

"Was ever folly and madness like mine?" she cried. "O Julian! if I gave you pain, believe that I have suffered, suffered, suffered in expiation of it! For Meta's sake, I will take whatever you choose to give me; but I do not deserve anything."

"It is not I who give, but your father," he replied. "His last words were, 'Find her—care for her—say that I forgive—'"

"And do *you* forgive?" she asked, passionately. "I wronged you deeply, and you have been untiring in your kindness; but kindness is not always forgiveness. Tell me, can you forgive?"

"I forgave long ago," he answered.

But, even as he spoke, something—was it the touch of her lips on his hand?—waked such a rush of old memories, that he was forced to turn and pass quickly away to the calm majesty of the outer world, where the radiant stars and steadfast mountains kept watch together.

## II.

THE sun had sunk behind the great peaks, leaving the cove at their feet in almost twilight shadow,

though a glow from the golden west still rested on the crests of the eastern heights. The evening air had all the purity and freshness of a mountain atmosphere, together with the chill keenness of early spring, but Annot Lawlie did not appear to heed the last as she stood leaning over the low gate of her father's home, with her eyes fastened on the faintly-outlined crescent of the new moon which hung in the pearly sky just above the summit of one of the mountains which inclosed the little valley known as "Lawlie's Cove."

In this attitude she made a pretty picture, for her figure was charmingly rounded, and her face, without possessing any particular grace of feature, was exceedingly fresh and fair. A blooming complexion, a piquant nose, a mouth which, with its cleft scarlet, was so ripe and tempting that few people paused to consider that its expression was not altogether pleasant; large blue eyes under sunny lashes, and an abundance of auburn hair so much inclined to curl that the shorter hairs made gold-tinted rings and tendrils on the white forehead and neck.

Thus endowed with personal gifts, it was no wonder that Annot was the belle of the neighborhood as far as belleshyp was possible in the secluded mountain-region where inhabitants were few, and social customs, generally speaking, of the simplest possible description—as far, too, it may be added, as she would accept the admiration which every eligible man was ready to offer her. She had been brought to this highland country in her early childhood, but she had never learned to like it, and the tradition of other things—of another life, to which she felt she had been in a manner born—was so strong with her that, as she grew older, her spirit rose in rebellion against the simple forms in which her life was cast, and the mountains that in solemn repose looked down upon the scenes where her childhood and youth had been spent wore to her the aspect of prison-walls.

She had not yet taken her eyes from the crescent, which was momentarily growing brighter, when the tramp of a horse's feet broke the stillness which reigned over the scene. A moment later a horseman rode out of the forest-arched road, which, together with a small river, came through a pass of the hills.

A better type of the handsome, stalwart mountaineer than Ellis Kane it would have been difficult to find. His athletic figure, with its broad chest and firmly-knit limbs, had not a pound of superfluous flesh; and his frank face, with its strongly-marked features and clear, brown eyes, indicated honesty and daring in equal proportion. It was a face which won liking and inspired trust, yet which conveyed warning as well; for no one could look on it and doubt that, under provocation, the man would prove a dangerous foe.

As he emerged from the shadow of the forest, and saw the girl leaning over the low gate, his eyes brightened with an expression of pleasure, and, riding up to her, he sprang from the saddle.

"Good-evening, Annot," he said. "I am glad to find you here."

"Good-evening, Ellis," she answered. "Where do you come from?"

"From the post-office, and I have your father's mail," he replied, drawing a newspaper and two or three letters from his pocket. "None of them are for you," he added, as he glanced at the last.

"I did not suppose they were," she said, carelessly. "Nobody ever writes to me, and I am glad of it. Letters must be a nuisance, I think."

"Do you?" said the young man. "I think they must be very pleasant, when one cares for the person who writes them."

"Oh, I suppose so, *when* one cares for the person who writes them. But, you see, I don't care for anybody—who is away."

The pause before the last words was full of coquetry, and so was the upward glance which accompanied them; but Kane was well used to such glances, and did not derive great satisfaction from this.

"I wonder if you care for anybody who is near?" he said. "I've heard that it takes a wise man to tell what a woman means, but I think it would take more than one wise man to tell what *you* mean, Annot. However, I have some news for you—I am going away."

"Going away!" she repeated. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to Georgia to look after some property which has come to my mother from the death of a brother."

"Indeed!" cried Annot, with an accession of interest. "How nice to be going away!—and to look after property makes it still nicer."

"I can't say that I think it nice," Kane answered. "It is not convenient for me to leave home, but it can't be helped. Only—I did think that you might be a little sorry, Annot."

"Of course I am sorry," said Annot, promptly. "I don't know how I shall get on without you—but then, you won't be gone long?"

"That depends on what you call long. There will be other heirs, and the property will have to be sold and a division made, so that it may be a month or two before I get back."

"So long!" said Annot—and now her face *did* fall a little. "I am sorry."

"Are you?" said Kane, in a tone of pleasure. "I wish I could hope that it would be sooner. I'll make it sooner if I can. And now about the letters—you'll write to me, won't you?"

"I don't think so," she replied. "What is the good of it? You can hear of me, and I can hear of you, through your mother; and when we see each other again we'll have all the more to tell."

Kane's face grew darkly overcast.

"If *that's* how much you care for me," he said, "it's high time I said good-by to you for good, I think. If it is enough for you to merely know that I am alive, I'll not trouble you with any further news of me, you may be sure."

With this he was turning away, and it is probable that he would have mounted his horse and gone, if Annot had not laid her hand on his arm.



"Now you are angry," she said, "and, because you are angry, you are unjust. I did not mean to vex you—I only meant that I have never written any letters, and I do not at all know what I will write about; but if you insist—"

"I don't insist," he interrupted. "If you cannot do it of your own will, I had rather you did not do it at all."

"You may be sure I would *not* do it if I did not do it of my own will," she said. "But if you really want to hear from me, I will write—only, I give you warning I shall have nothing to say."

"You can have the best thing of all to say—if you will. Say that you love me, and I shall not care if there is nothing else in the letter."

"Shall you not? That makes the matter easy, then. I shall simply say: 'Dear Ellis, I love you. Yours truly, Annot Lawlie.' Will that do?"

"That will do very well—but it will be better if you add, 'I am ready to marry you when you come back.'"

"But I shall not think of adding that—for it would not be true."

"But I want it to be true, Annot, dear Annot—and why should it not be?"

"Ah! we want a great deal that we can't get," said Annot, saucily. "Don't begin about that stupid matter of marrying, or I shall be glad you are going away. Do you know that we are expecting father this evening, with the gentleman who is to see about the mine? I came out here to look for them—not for you!"

"I didn't suppose you came to look for me. But, as long as you are here, you'll wait while I go in the house and give Mrs. Lawlie a message from my mother, won't you?"

"If my step-mother once gets hold of you, there is no telling how long I may be obliged to wait, so I won't promise; but give me your rein, and perhaps you'll find me here when you come back."

He placed his rein in the hand she extended.

"If Mrs. Lawlie keeps me more than five minutes she will have to do it by force," he said. "I'll trust you without a promise—for once."

He was not gone longer than the five minutes of which he spoke. Indeed, it was hardly so long as that when Annot, though she did not turn her head, heard his quick tread behind her. Reaching her side, he paused and looked at the fair face with admiration, fondness, and reproach, mingled in his gaze.

"I am not afraid to give a promise or to keep it, either," he said. "There's nothing in my power I wouldn't promise to do for you, Annot; yet you wouldn't promise to wait five minutes for me."

"But I waited five minutes without promising," she answered, with a smile. "There's nothing I wouldn't rather have as a free gift than because it was promised—that is the difference between us."

"A promise is a free gift, isn't it?" he asked. "Surely, if you have given me your heart, Annot, a promise to marry me would not be a bondage."

"Yes, it would," she said, hastily. "I should

feel bound hand and foot if I promised—anything. I don't know why it is, but I have a dread of binding myself. I always have had."

"But you must bind yourself some time," said Kane, "and why shouldn't it be now—now, when I am going away? I have told you again and again how much I love you, and you have made me believe that you love me, yet you will not promise to be my wife. Why do you act so? Why are you not open and honest? It seems strange that any woman should like to keep a man in such suspense."

Annot did not answer. She turned her face away, and her gaze rested once more on the moon, now poised like a silver boat just over the mountain's brow.

"Have you seen the new moon?" she said, abruptly. "I was looking at it and making a wish for good-luck just before you came."

"Was it about me?" he asked. "If I made a wish, it would be about you. Was yours about me?"

She uttered a laugh which was clear and ringing, yet not sweet.

"No," she said; "my wish was not about you. It was about something nearer my heart than anything else."

"And what is nearer to your heart than anything else?" he asked, in a tone of jealous pain.

She turned her head and looked at him. The handsome, honest face, the frank, anxious eyes might, it seemed, have touched the heart of which he spoke; but Annot only smiled again—the bright, coquettish smile which had baffled his earnestness often before.

"My wish was this," she said, "that the mine may turn out all that father thinks it. If it does, oh, if it does, do you know what will happen, Ellis?"

A dark cloud came again over her companion's face.

"You have never been like yourself since that"—a pause—"mine was discovered," he said. "I don't know what would happen if it turned out all your father thinks it, but I do know that it will never turn out anything except a place to sink money in."

"We shall see about that," said the girl, with a nod of defiance. "The gentleman who is coming will tell us all about it, and it was thinking how much hangs on his coming that made me wish for good-luck as soon as I saw the new moon."

"Then I will wish for good-luck, too," said the young man, and, putting his arm about her, he drew her closer to him. "I wish for the good-luck that you may learn that there are better things in the world than money," he said, with a passionate vibration in his voice; "that you may find it isn't often a man loves a woman as I love you, and that you may have done with fooling, and give me a faithful promise to be my wife. That is *my* wish," he said, with emphasis, as the moon sank out of sight behind the dark mountain-crest. "Isn't it better than yours, Annot?"

"I—don't know," said Annot. She did not shrink from his embrace, but there was a passiveness

in her manner of receiving it which almost amounted to indifference. In fact, she was thinking as he spoke—thinking with curious coolness for one so young—that he was bound fast by his devotion to herself, and that she liked him well enough to marry him if Fate offered her no better chance. He was the best match in all the country-side—the richest, handsomest, most popular man—but her ambition leaped beyond that limited world, and longed for a wider field. If this wider field was not to be attained, she would not reject the next best gift of Fortune. The odds were greatly in Kane's favor, but there was one chance—one slender chance—against him, and while that chance remained, Annot was firmly determined to bind herself by no pledge. He might believe anything that pleased him—she would listen to his wooing, and accept his caresses—but give a definite promise she would not. With this intention fixed in her mind, she lifted her eyes again and looked up in his face.

"The moon has gone down, carrying both our wishes with her," she said, gayly. "We must wait now, and see what comes of them. We shall know, perhaps, by the time you come back."

"I haven't much trust in the moon," said Kane. "She is too much like a woman—never the same thing twice."

"It's a dull thing that never changes," said Annot—and, though the dusk was deepening, he saw the dimples which her smile always brought coming and going about her mouth. "Would you change women if you could?" she went on. Then her voice sank, and grew yet softer. "Would you change *me* if you could?" she asked.

Kane caught his breath quickly.

"God knows it might be better for me if I could say 'Yes!'" he answered, with a vehemence she was not expecting. "But I can't—you know I can't! I would not change you in little or great, if I could. I love you just as you are. Annot, *do* you love me?"

It was no time for fencing, and Annot felt as much. All the passion of the man's nature was roused, and found utterance in that direct question. Like many another woman, she shrank from the fire she had awakened—but shrank too late. The arm around her tightened its grasp, until she found herself strained against the broad chest.

"How can you ask such a question?" she said, half thrilled, half frightened. "Would I be here with you like—like this, if I didn't love you? Oh, you should not!—you should not!"—he was kissing her repeatedly—"I hear the sound of wheels. Father is coming. Let me go!"

The instant his arms unclosed, she sprang away from him, and darted with the speed of a deer to the house.

### III.

THE wheels Annot had heard were those of a buggy, which was approaching the house in a direction opposite to that from which Kane had come. The latter, knowing whom it contained, and being in no mood to meet Mr. Lawlie and the stranger ac-

companying him, mounted his horse and rode away at a brisk pace as the vehicle appeared in sight.

Two masculine figures were seated in it, one of which was considerably larger and stouter than the other. Beyond this fact, the twilight rendered the personal appearance of both very much a matter of conjecture.

"Here we are, Mr. Thyrlie," said the larger man, as they drew up before the gate. "I'm afraid you've found the day's travel very hard."

"A little hard, but quite interesting," answered the other. "Is this your home? A pleasant place, so far as I can judge."

"It's not such a place as I'd like it to be," answered Mr. Lawlie, descending to the ground, "but I hope we can make you comfortable in a plain way.—Hurry up, Tom, for Dolly has traveled well to-day, and deserves the best you can give her."

The last words were addressed to a boy, who came from a stable which they had passed.

"My second son, Mr. Thyrlie," the speaker went on. Then he opened the gate. "We'll walk in," he said. "The boys can attend to the baggage."

They walked in, and followed a narrow path toward the house, through the open door of which the leaping blaze of a wood-fire showed with bright effect. As they advanced, Thyrlie wondered what manner of place this would prove, which seemed buried so far in the recesses of the silent hills. All day he had been journeying toward it, amid scenes of constantly-increasing grandeur. As afternoon waned into evening, the road penetrated farther and farther into the heart of the great mountains. Forest-clad heights inclosed the way, while deep abysses, where flashing streams plunged and roared, lay far below. The end was this—a peaceful cove, dark sentinel-peaks, unseen water murmuring over stones, a fire shining through an open door.

Into the apartment thus revealed, Mr. Lawlie introduced his guest.

"Sit down," he said. "I'll find somebody to show you your room."

As he went out, Thyrlie looked round a little curiously. Already he had been struck by several incongruities in the man who had become his host, and he was not mistaken in the expectation of finding these incongruities reflected in his abode. Evidently the record of two existences met in this unpapered and unpainted room. A few engravings on the walls, a bookcase full of well-bound books, and three or four articles of old-fashioned furniture, attested past refinement, probably past prosperity, while, with these exceptions, everything spoke of the laborious simplicity attendant upon the life of an ordinary mountain-farmer.

By the time he had finished his survey, and drawn his conclusion, Mr. Lawlie returned, accompanied by a middle-aged woman of angular appearance, whom he introduced as his wife.

"I'm glad you've come at last," she said to Thyrlie, as if he had been expected a long time, and had deliberately failed to fulfill that expectation. "I hope you'll put Mr. Lawlie's mind at rest about

the mine that's set him crazy. He's been no good at all since he found out there's gold in the mountain, and if it hadn't been that the boys kept their heads a little steadier, I don't know what we would have done. I don't believe in mines myself—except for selling. I've never known any good come of 'em any other way. As I've told him all along, if he can sell it—"

"Mr. Thyrlie would like to go to his room, Susan," suggested Mr. Lawlie, "stemming the tide of words."

"It's all ready for him," said Mrs. Lawlie. "The room on the piazza, next the boys."

Half an hour later Thyrlie met the family at the supper-table, where a number of young Lawlies were presented to his consideration. Supper had been in progress several minutes when Mr. Lawlie said:

"Where is Annot? I have not seen her."

"She'll be in after a while, I suppose," Mrs. Lawlie answered. "If she wasn't at the gate when you came, she hadn't been gone from it long, for Ellis Kane was there. He brought the mail, and a message for me from his mother, but rushed off in such a hurry, that I'd hardly time to send an answer. I followed him to the door to make him hear me, but I saw Annot standing at the gate, and I knew *then* there was no use in trying to talk to him."

A general laugh followed this, and, before it subsided, a slight noise made Thyrlie glance up, and he perceived a girl standing in the open door just in front of him. She evidently understood the cause of the mirth, for her face was set in a look of unmistakable anger.

"I was not thinking of Ellis Kane when I went to the gate," she said—her ringing voice taking every one else by surprise—"I went there to look for father, and Ellis came—I could not help his coming."

"I don't expect you would have tried to help it, if you could," said Mrs. Lawlie. "Come in to supper. Here's your father and the gentleman you've been so anxious about."

"Come in, Annot—no harm was meant," said Mr. Lawlie.—"My oldest daughter, Mr. Thyrlie," he added, as Annot advanced.

Thyrlie rose and bowed. Unconsciously he felt—even in this first minute of their meeting—that Annot, like the old furniture, was part of her father's former existence, and out of place in his present life.

Annot, on her part, saw a man whose appearance fascinated her at once. She did not think him very handsome, but the refinement which characterized him had for her a charm greater than any degree of personal beauty. Her swift glance took in and scrutinized every detail of his appearance.

"He is a gentleman!" she said to herself in astonishment; for it had never occurred to her that the man "interested in ores" would prove anything like this. After she sat down to the table, her eyes wandered to him again and again—full of a curiosity

she could not repress, and which presently attracted the attention of its object.

"A pretty creature," he thought, "with evident signs of gentle blood. Is it a pity for her that her father's life has sunk to such obscure conditions? Who can tell?"

While thinking this, he was amused by Mrs. Lawlie's manifest determination that the subject of Ellis Kane should not drop. In the first lull of the mineralogical conversation which her husband had been sustaining, she addressed him:

"Have you heard the news about the Kanes, Mr. Lawlie? There's nothing like some people's luck! There's Ellis, with the best land in the settlement, and I don't know how much money, and here's his mother's brother died out in Georgia, and left her ever so much more."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Lawlie, with interest.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. I never grudge my neighbors their luck; and there's not a better young man in the country than Ellis Kane."

"It's no wonder you think so," replied Mrs. Lawlie. "He'll make the best kind of a son-in-law, *that* I always said. But if Annot don't take care"—and here she nodded warningly at the girl, whose brow was like a thunder-cloud—"she may lose him at last. There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, and, while she's playing with Ellis, there's any number of other girls ready to take him at a word."

"They are perfectly welcome to take him," said Annot, haughtily. "If anybody supposes that I care—"

"Never mind, never mind!" interrupted Mr. Lawlie, who had no taste for a domestic breeze. "Things will come right, I dare say—young people must be young.—Now about that ore, Mr. Thyrlie—"

Mr. Thyrlie was not so much interested in the ore but that he felt able to be amused by the interlude just passed. It seemed to him like a glimpse of an old story—the obnoxious suitor, the reluctant maiden, the mercenary parents—a group of characters whom rhyme and prose have made familiar to us.

"How human nature repeats itself in all grades of life!" he thought. "There is no variety whatever in its combinations. The play called existence would be more interesting if it contained more novelty."

Having a taste for the study of character, he was not sorry that an opportunity to address Annot occurred after supper. The fire in the great chimney of the sitting-room was leaping and sparkling, and with its brilliant light making of small account the lamp which was supposed to illuminate the apartment. The family was gathered round the hearth in a large half-circle; and Thyrlie had been talking to Mr. Lawlie, until the latter was called away. Then the young man rose and walked to a shelf which was covered with specimens of ores, and near which Annot was sitting—the ruddy fire-light falling over her bent head with its crown of sunny hair, her rose-tinted cheek, and graceful fig-

ure, over her small sunburned hands, and the heavy gray stocking which she was knitting, while the light flashed back from her steel needles. It was a pretty picture, and struck Thyrle as a bit of *genre* painting might have done. Feeling his gaze, she glanced up, and, meeting her eyes, he spoke:

"I was just wondering if you are Scotch, Miss Lawlie! Your name is distinctively so."

"I believe my father is of Scotch descent," she answered, "and he gave me his mother's name; but I do not consider myself Scotch, because *my* mother was of pure English blood."

He hesitated a moment, then said:

"You do not speak of your father's present wife?"

"No"—and he saw her lip curl—"my mother died when I was a child—soon after my father came here to live. She could not endure this rough, hard life. It killed her—which was not strange, I am sure."

The bitterness of her tone, the swift, disdainful glance of her eye over her surroundings, spoke volumes to Thyrle, and waked his interest and sympathy at once. In fact, these qualities of his nature were generally ready to be waked, and might be accounted the weakest points in that armor with which every man instinctively girds himself to fight the world. The gentleness of his voice was very marked as he said:

"I can fancy that such a life as this might prove very hard to one of delicate rearing; yet it has not killed *you*."

She flushed, and sent a doubtful glance at his face before she answered.

"My rearing has not been delicate—I think you must see that. I was very young when my father came here, and I have been brought up among rough people, and accustomed to rough ways. I have never grown reconciled to the life—I never shall, I suppose—but things are as they must be, and they are never likely to change—unless the mine turns out right."

"Are you, too, counting on the mine?" said he. "That is a pity."

She looked up at him again—anxiety in her eyes, the breath half hushed on her lips.

"Why do you say that?" she asked. "What do you know about the mine—as yet?"

"I do not know a great deal about it," he replied; "but I have seen the disappointment of so many hopes based on things of the kind, that I never expect very brilliant fruition for them. Moderate expectations are best—if only because no terrible disappointment can follow."

"It is cruel of you to talk like this!" she said, in a quivering voice. "How can you know?—how can you tell? I have looked for your coming with so much hope; and now—"

"Now," he said, as she paused, "I am only giving you a friendly warning. I see, however, that it comes too late. You have set your heart upon the treasure which the mountains may yield."

"It is my only hope—my only hope!" she said,

passionately. "If you could know—but I can't tell you—how much hangs on it! You may think me foolish, but I feel that I was intended for a different life from this, and the mine is my only hope of reaching it. If that comes to nothing, I must live and die here."

She clasped her hands, from which the knitting had fallen, and looked at him as if the power to produce gold from the mountain had been at his will. He was a man of quick feeling as well as quick perceptions, and he understood all that she implied.

"We will hope for the best," he said, kindly. "Perhaps the mine may realize all your expectations. From what I know, I have great hope of it."

The conversation ended here, for Mr. Lawlie reentered at the moment; but the passionate earnestness which Annot had displayed impressed itself deeply upon the recollection of her listener, and his last thought on going to bed that night was:

"For her sake, I trust the mine may prove all that Lawlie thinks it."

#### IV.

WHETHER it was fortunate or unfortunate for Ellis Kane that he took his departure for Georgia without seeing the man who had come to examine Mr. Lawlie's mine, can only be determined by deciding on the truth or folly of the aphorism which affirms that where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise. He was jealous of the mine (which, if it proved valuable, would, he felt well assured, divide Annot from him); but such jealousy did not greatly disturb his peace of mind, while there can be no doubt that this peace would have been entirely shattered if he had even faintly imagined what manner of man was domesticated in Mr. Lawlie's house, talking to Annot, walking with Annot, altogether advancing very fast along the path of intimacy.

That he did *not* know, was a fact on which Annot greatly congratulated herself. What he would say when he returned, it did not require any great stretch of imagination to determine; but hers was essentially an epicurean nature, and she enjoyed the sunshine of to-day, without troubling herself with regard to the clouds which to-morrow might bring.

It was very bright sunshine—such as had never shone upon her before—which seemed kindling all her familiar world to glory at this time. In the first place, Thyrle's decision upon the mine was very favorable. After spending several days among the rocks, armed with an exploring-hammer, he ended Mr. Lawlie's suspense by declaring that he thought the mine well worth working.

"So far as laid bare, the veins do not seem very rich," he said; "but there are indications which lead me to believe that they will become more valuable as we advance."

On the strength of this opinion, the company which he represented entered into an arrangement with Mr. Lawlie, and before many weeks had rolled round men were at work digging into the heart of the great mountain—on whose face of shining cliff



the veins of precious metal had been found. For more than a thousand feet this cliff rose perpendicularly over the peaceful valley nestling at its feet, and seen from a distance presented the aspect of a sheer precipice, though, when approached more nearly, many escarpments and ledges of rock were revealed, by means of which ascent was practicable.

The massive rocks were soon reverberating with explosions which tore them apart, and as time went on, and the ore began to be taken out in quantities which gave promise of justifying Thyrlé's prediction, the Lawlie star rose higher and brighter, until it attained full meridian splendor in the eyes of Mr. Lawlie's friends and neighbors. Up to the present time they had regarded "Lawlie's gold-mine" with stolid incredulity—considering it one of the many "notions" of a man by no means fitted for practical purposes; but they opened their eyes at these energetic proceedings, and came in numbers to handle the bars of metal which the ore yielded. The first of these Thyrlé carried to Annot, and smiled at the rapture which shone in her eyes.

"The mountain is giving up its treasure," he said. "Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied!" She lifted the bar of gold and kissed it. "That is how well I am satisfied," she said.

"You are at least open in rendering homage to that which the world worships," said Thyrlé—only half jestingly.

Catching the rebuke in his voice, she looked at him with the air of one who is wholly misunderstood.

"I thought you would know why I kissed it," she replied. "It was not because it is money, but because it means freedom."

'Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys'—

and I feel that I have my golden key at last."

Thyrlé smiled again. He had learned to know Annot, and Mr. Lawlie's library, well enough not to be surprised at her quoting Tennyson.

"Give me your golden key," he said, "and I will have it cast into a more enduring form for you. In the days to come you will like to have a souvenir of the first-fruits of the mine."

He carried the bar away, and Annot did not demur, though she would have liked to keep the metal in its first crude form as a proof of the reality of her dreams.

She did not regret that she had parted with it, however, when, a few weeks later, Thyrlé placed a sealed package in her hand and bade her open it. When the wrappings were removed, one of the morocco cases in which jewelers keep their wares was revealed, and, when the top of this flew back, there was a shimmer of gold before her eyes which presently resolved into a delicately-wrought necklace with a pendant in the form of a key.

"Oh!" said Annot, drawing a long breath. "O Mr. Thyrlé! this is surely not for me?"

"For whom else should it be?" he asked. "I hope it pleases you."

"Pleases me! I should be a strange person if it did not please me—should I not? It is lovelier than anything I ever saw before—in fact, it is far too lovely for me! What can I do with it?"

"Can you not wear it?" asked he, with a laugh.

"Not here—not now. You must see that it does not suit—anything."

"But it will suit everything. You will find it a very simple ornament when you spread your wings for flight to the world where you belong."

"Do I belong to it?" asked she, wistfully. "I wish I was sure of it; but sometimes I feel as if—as if I shall never be able to shake off this life here."

"Nay," said he, kindly, "have more faith in your golden key—have more faith in me. You shall belong to the world of which you dream some day—that I promise you."

She looked up at him gratefully.

"How good you are!" she said. "And how glad I am that you came! I was almost ready to despair, but now—Here is my step-mother," she broke off, quickly, as Mrs. Lawlie's voice sounded at the door. "I must show her what your conjuring has done for me."

"And I must go to the mine," said Thyrlé, seizing his hat and making his escape.

"Poor girl!" he said to himself, after he had gone out into the soft, bright beauty of the spring day. "Her desire for the world is plainly no vulgar longing for wealth, but a strong natural yearning for grace and refinement. I, too, am glad, for her sake, that I came here. Whatever happens, she must be released. If the mine does not fulfill our expectations, I will ask Helen to take charge of her."

Annot, meanwhile, found in her step-mother an admirer of her new possession as ardent as she could desire.

"I have often heard," said Mrs. Lawlie, "that it's better to be born lucky than to be born rich; and, if you are not a lucky girl, Annot, I don't know who is!"

"I have not found any luck in my life so far," said Annot, "but I'm willing to believe that it's coming since I've seen *this* made from the gold of the mine."

"I wonder if you believe all that was made from the piece of gold Mr. Thyrlé sent away?" said Mrs. Lawlie, holding up the glittering ornament.

"Mr. Thyrlé says it was," replied Annot. "He knows best."

"He knows best what he has a mind to spend his money on," said Mrs. Lawlie; "but then he has plenty to spend, so it don't matter to him, I reckon."

"Has he plenty?" inquired Annot, curiously. "How do you know?"

"I heard Mr. Murphy" (this was the superintendent of the mine) "talking to your father," answered Mrs. Lawlie. "It was only the other day he said that Mr. Thyrlé is as rich as can be, and that it's a queer thing what he wants to be examining rocks for when he has more money than he knows what to do with."



"I don't believe Mr. Murphy knows what he is talking about," said Annot. "If Mr. Thyrlle was rich, why should he come here?"

"There's no accounting for people's tastes," replied Mrs. Lawlie, sagely. "Your father says he's so fond of rocks that he'd rather be about them than doing anything else. I don't suppose there's any doubt as to his being rich. Mr. Murphy says he had an uncle who died and left him near a million. So, you see, a little gold more or less needn't matter to him when he wants to give a present."

Notwithstanding the confusion among Mrs. Lawlie's personal pronouns, the drift of her meaning was sufficiently clear; and, although Annot did not speak, it was evident that she was thinking deeply. In truth, an idea darted into her mind which had never entered it until that moment. The mine was all very well, but might not a shorter and better way to the world for which she longed be opening before her? If this story were true of Thyrlle, it was like a romance—a romance specially for *her*. Did Fortune mean to make glorious amends for all her long waiting? Was she, indeed, "born lucky?" It was, at least, certain that she was born fair, and who can deny that beauty is often the best of luck? Then, what had Thyrlle said? He had bidden her have "more faith" in her golden key; he had pledged his word that she should belong to the world for which she yearned. When he spoke she had fancied that he was talking of the mine; but now—was this a wild dream, or was the key on which her eyes fell destined to open another door?

"It seems very strange," she said, at last. "I don't understand why a rich man should come to a place like this; but—perhaps Mr. Murphy knows."

"He knows," said Mrs. Lawlie, with a nod which implied perfect reliance on Mr. Murphy. "He said to me yesterday that he can't pretend to tell what brought Mr. Thyrlle here, but it's easy enough to tell what keeps him. I say again, Annot, that you are a lucky girl, and, if *you* don't see it, you are blind—that's all."

Apparently Annot did see all that was meant, for a sudden vivid blush sprang into her face, and dyed even her white neck.

"You don't know—you can't tell," she was beginning, hurriedly, when a sound of steps and voices approaching made her instinctively return the neck-lace to its case.

Hardly had the top of the case descended, when one of the children appeared ushering in a middle-aged woman, who was no other than the mother of Ellis Kane.

The blush on Annot's face could hardly have deepened more if it had been Ellis himself, but she rose and greeted the visitor with a sufficient appearance of cordiality.

"I thought I'd call in and see how you are all getting on," the latter said, after Mrs. Lawlie—who felt a trifle like a conspirator—had expressed pleasure at seeing her, begged her to sit down, to remove her bonnet, etc. "No, I'm obliged to you; I can't stay long. I've been at my sister's for a week, but I

got a letter from Ellis yesterday saying that he'll be home by to-morrow, so I'm on my way there to get things ready for him."

"You must be glad Ellis is coming," said Mrs. Lawlie. "He's been away nearly two months, if I remember right."

"It'll be two months next Monday," replied Mrs. Kane, "and a long two months it's seemed to me. You've got a husband and a houseful of children, Mrs. Lawlie; so, if one goes, or two goes, it don't make much difference; but, if you was a widow like me, with only one, you'd know what it was to miss him when he went away."

"Yes, I reckon I would," said Mrs. Lawlie, sympathizingly. "But it isn't many women has such a son as Ellis, Mrs. Kane."

"I know that," said Mrs. Kane, proudly. "He's the best son that ever breathed, and I don't believe there's his equal in the world. But I'm a foolish old woman when I talk about him, I know.—What do you think, Miss Annot?"

The keen brown eyes—so like Ellis's own—turned to the girl's face, and if there was something of distrust in them, Annot's own conscience told her how well that distrust was deserved. She held her own bravely, however, and answered with her usual lightness of tone:

"I've no doubt Ellis *is* the best son in the world, Mrs. Kane; but I'm afraid you spoil him dreadfully. If you don't take care, he'll expect his wife, when he gets one, to worship him as you do."

"And she would not be worth my boy's having, if she *didn't*," said Mrs. Kane, who often found Annot too flippant to please her. "He asked me in his last letter if I couldn't give him some news of you," she went on, still gazing steadily at the girl. "He hasn't heard from you in some time, he said."

"I haven't written to him in some time," answered Annot. "It seemed absurd to keep on writing when I had nothing to write about."

Mrs. Lawlie cleared her throat as a warning to the speaker; but, although Annot knew perfectly what the sound was intended for, it had no more effect upon her than the rising anger which was apparent in Mrs. Kane's countenance.

"It's likely you've been better employed also," said the latter. "I hear a great deal of talk about this Mr. Thyrlle who's staying here. People say that he's paying attention to you. That's a fine thing for Ellis to hear when he comes back from Georgia!"

"If people choose to talk about what doesn't concern them, I can't help it," replied Annot; "and if Ellis chooses to listen to them I don't care. What's between him and me is between him and me only, and nobody else has any business with it."

"Not even his own mother, I suppose," said Mrs. Kane. "Well, there are some hard things to bear in this world, and maybe I'll have to look on and see my boy hurt as only a woman that he loves can hurt a man; but one thing is certain—you will have to suffer for it if you do this thing, Annot Lawlie. I'll not be wicked enough to say that I wish you

harm, but I know that God's blessing will never be on anybody who has acted such a false and cruel part."

Despite herself, Annot shrank a little from the gleam of the brown eyes—more like Ellis's than ever in their anger—but she preserved her outward coolness of demeanor unchanged.

"You'd better wait until you know what kind of part I'm going to act, Mrs. Kane," she said. "You are no friend of mine, I know—and if you choose, you can keep Ellis from ever coming near me again—I shall not cry for him or any other man, you may be sure—but you needn't call it *my* fault, if you do!"

"I've no desire to keep him from you," said Mrs. Kane, "and, to prove as much, I shall not tell him a word of what I've heard. But I give you warning he won't stand much more fooling. If you mean to act honestly with him, you'd better let him know it at once."

Annot flung her head back disdainfully. At no time would such advice have been palatable to her, but at present it was positively offensive.

"Ellis must do as he likes," she said. "I shall not change my ways to suit him."

"If you tell him that," said Mrs. Kane, dryly, "I think it will be enough." Then fearing that she might injure the cause of her son, whose happiness was, after all, nearer to her heart than anything else, she added more gently: "But I hope you won't tell him so, for he has a spirit of his own, and, if you once drive him away from you, you'll lose what all the gold in your mine can't replace. But I must be going," she added, rising from her chair.—"I hope you'll come over some day, Mrs. Lawlie—that is, if your new luck hasn't made you look down on your old friends."

Mrs. Lawlie was about to disclaim any such feeling, when, as Annot rose, the jewel-case, which she had for a moment forgotten, fell from her lap to the floor; and, the spring of the clasp not having caught, it opened, and the golden necklace rolled out in full view.

"There now, Annot!—see what you have done!" cried Mrs. Lawlie, sharply, while Mrs. Kane involuntarily paused and stood still, with her eyes fixed on the ornament thus revealed. She did not utter a word, but the expression of her face was so eloquent of her thoughts that Mrs. Lawlie felt called upon to interpose.

"It's only some of the gold from the mine," she said, eagerly. "Mr. Thyrlie had it worked up like this to please Annot. Perhaps you'd like to look at it, Mrs. Kane. We don't see such finery here in the mountains often."

She held out her hand as she spoke; but Mrs. Kane turned away.

"No, thank you," she said, stiffly. "I've seen quite enough."

Then, without a glance toward Annot, she walked out of the house.

v.

It is probable that the sight of Annot's glittering treasure—her golden key to the gate of fortune

—hardened Mrs. Kane's heart, and made her feel that she was absolved from the promise of non-intervention which she had voluntarily given. Not to warn Ellis would be to leave him exposed to the duplicity of this artful girl, who plainly had no honest intentions toward him; and so it came to pass that the first evening which Ellis passed under his own roof, after two months' absence, was enlivened by accounts of the new admirer whom Annot had found; of her careless, defiant manner; and, lastly, of the trinket which a mere accident had revealed.

"That was the worst of all," said Mrs. Kane. "She had those things hidden in her lap all the time, and if there had been no harm in them what would have been more natural than for her to show them to an old friend like me? As soon as they fell, Mrs. Lawlie spoke up and said they'd been made from the gold of the mine, and Mr. Thyrlie had it done to please Annot—but Annot never said a word, so I came away and left her. If you take my advice, it's the way you'll leave her too, Ellis. She's only keeping you off and on until she finds out whether she can do better; and if she can, she'll jilt you—take my word for that."

"I can't take anybody's word but her own for that," said Ellis. "You mean well, mother, I know, and it's likely enough you are right; but when a man has set his heart on a woman, as I've set mine for many a day on Annot Lawlie, he can't give her up. I could fight for her to the last extremity, and then kill her sooner than see her belong to another man—that is the way I feel."

"When she doesn't care anything for you?" said his mother, with indignation which had in it a touch of contempt.

"If she doesn't care for me now, she has changed her mind since I went away—yes, later than that," he answered. "I could show you her own letters in which she says that she loves me. But she is young and foolish, and this mine has turned her head. I always knew that it would, and so—not because I wished Lawlie ill-luck, but because I wanted to keep Annot—I hoped it would come to nothing."

When Annot heard—as she did speedily—that Ellis Kane was back, her heart quaked with a foreboding of coming trouble. Indeed, it was more than a foreboding, it was a certainty which oppressed her, for no one who knew Kane could doubt that he would be no laggard in claiming what he believed to be his own—and what good reason he had for believing her to be his own, Annot was sadly aware. "He has no right over me—none at all," she said to herself, by way of fortifying her sinking courage; but she knew that he had a terrible power of annoyance; and from annoyance, in greater or lesser degree, every fibre of her nature shrank.

Her face betrayed this repugnance of feeling very plainly when she first heard of his arrival—which chanced to be at the supper-table, before the assembled family.

"As I was coming from the mill this evening, I met Ellis Kane," announced Steve, the eldest boy.

"He was on his way home—just back from Georgia. He asked particular about you all, and told me to tell Annot he'll be over to-morrow."

Everybody looked at Annot—Mr. and Mrs. Lawlie apprehensively, Thyrlé curiously, and the children instinctively—but for once she kept her eyes lowered, and said not a word. No one could mistake this silence for the reserve of happiness, however. The gay lights, the soft curves, seemed suddenly to fade out of her face, which darkened and hardened the instant Kane's name fell on her ear. The sympathy which in this very place, and on this very subject, Thyrlé had felt for her once before, he now felt again.

"She is sorry to hear that her obnoxious lover has returned," he said to himself. "She must be relieved from such a persecution—on that I am determined."

If Annot had been aware of his sympathy, it might have comforted her somewhat; but she was too deeply disturbed to gather the full meaning of his glance when she lifted her own at last and met it. In order to be alone, she rose and slipped away from the table, and when Thyrlé went into the sitting-room he missed her from her accustomed seat.

As time went on, and she did not appear, he began to wonder why the news of this man's arrival should concern her so much. Then the idea that she might have been drawn into an engagement against her will occurred to him, and he determined to speak openly to her on the subject. "I think I have won her friendship far enough to venture to do that," he thought. "I think she would not refuse to let me help her if she were drawn into the false position of being engaged to a man for whom she plainly does not care."

Presently, since she still did not appear, he resigned all hope of seeing her that night, and, according to his usual custom, went out for an *al-fresco* cigar. Then, when he had ceased to think of her, he unexpectedly stumbled upon her.

The tender radiance of a "young May moon" was shining upon the solemn mountains and peaceful valley, upon the frowning rocks and rushing river, and also upon a girlish figure pacing up and down the principal path of the small garden. Thyrlé was on his way to the river—the banks of which he liked as well by night as by day—when he perceived this figure, and instantly turned toward it.

"I trust I am not disturbing you," he said, approaching unheard.

With an exclamation, she started and turned, to find the man of whom her thoughts were full standing beside her. Had he come to answer the riddle which was perplexing her? As she looked at his face her pulses thrilled with the thought that such a thing might be.

"You startled me," she said. "I did not know that you were anywhere near."

"You seemed very much absorbed," he answered. "Why are you out here all alone? Shall I disturb you if I walk with you?"

She shook her head, and her lips formed the

word "No," but no sound was audible; so in silence they walked the length of the path and back again. Thyrlé was doubtful how he should begin that which he wished to say, and Annot was like the lover in the ballad, inasmuch as "the beating of her own heart was all the sound she heard"—and that seemed to fill the silence. It was Thyrlé who, after a while, spoke first.

"I fear something is troubling you," he said, in his peculiarly gentle tone. "It is true we have not known each other a long time, but still I think we are friends, and, if you could trust me, and let me help you, I should be very glad."

As he spoke, Annot's heart seemed for a minute to stand still, and then—as she realized that he was not going to utter what she had half expected to hear—she grasped the self-control which had nearly escaped her, and answered, quietly:

"You are very kind. You have been so kind from the first that I think I *will* speak to you of what is troubling me very much. Yet, I do not know how to begin—how to tell you—"

"Let me help you," he said, as she broke down. "Is not your trouble connected with a recent arrival in the neighborhood?"

"I see that you know," she said, quickly. "Who has been talking to you?—my step-mother?"

"No one has mentioned the subject to me; but have you forgotten what was said at the supper-table the first time I met you?"

"I have not forgotten," she answered; "but it seems strange that you should remember. Oh, how angry I was! I feared you would think me a vixen, but I could not help showing my anger."

"Then I am right in my conjecture that this man—Kane is his name, is it not?—is your lover, and that his return is annoying to you?"

"Oh, more than annoying!" she said, stopping abruptly, and clasping her hands. "I am glad that you have spoken of it—I am glad that I am able to ask you, What shall I do? Everybody thinks that I ought to marry him, but how can I? How can I doom myself to endure until I die this life which I hate?"

"Why should you think of such a thing?" he asked, greatly moved by what seemed to him the simplicity and pathos of this appeal. "Surely, there is no need for you to do so—unless he has some claim upon you."

Her hesitating for a moment was scarcely perceptible, but it was long enough for several thoughts. With the recollection of all that had passed between Kane and herself staring her, as it were, in the face, could she affirm that he had no claim on her? The result of her brief deliberation was, that she said to herself, "I never promised, therefore I am not bound," and that she said aloud.

"I have never given him any reason to think that he has a claim upon me, but he has made one for himself."

"But you should not allow that," said Thyrlé. "If you have never given him any claim, he has no right to make one, and you are not bound in the least to recognize it."

"It came in this way," she said. "I have known him for a long time, and he has always been in love with me—so much in love that, before we knew anything about the mine, everything seemed narrowing down for me into the prospect of marrying him. I did not want to do so, but he liked me, and he is rich, and my father and step-mother thought I was mad to hesitate; so I tried to think of it, though I never—never once—gave him any promise. Tell me"—and the earnestness in her voice was here very genuine—"do you despise me for feeling as if it must come to that at last?"

"Despise you!" he repeated. "Surely, you must know better. I appreciate the struggle; I understand exactly how you were placed. Do not fear that I will misunderstand anything."

Involuntarily he took her small, cold hand, and held it in his own, while she went on speaking hastily:

"You see I felt a sort of despair about my life—what was the good of hoping for anything? And if I *had* to live here always, it would, at least, be well to be free from my step-mother. She is good enough in her way, but—well, you know her. So things were till the mine was found. Then I began to hope for deliverance, and then Ellis Kane grew jealous and angry, and said I was bound to him, and I said I was not—and that is the way the matter stands now."

"If that is the way the matter stands," said Thyrie, "there is no question but that you are as free as air—and you should tell Mr. Kane so decidedly."

"Ah!" she said—and the sound came like a long-drawn sigh through her lips—"you do not know Ellis Kane. If I were to tell him so forever, he

would not give me up. He has said that he will not; and what he says he means. I am not cowardly, but it made me almost afraid when I heard that he had come back."

He felt her trembling, and was inclined to draw her to him as if she had been a child; but, remembering that she was not a child, he wisely forbore.

"There is nothing to fear," he said, in a tone of reassurance. "You have only to tell the truth fearlessly, and all trouble will be at an end. No man perseveres in a suit which he knows to be absolutely hopeless. You may naturally shrink from giving pain to one who is attached to you, but you owe it to yourself to set this matter right."

At every word that he spoke, at every tone of his voice, her heart sank lower. What had she hoped for: Certainly not such reasonable friendliness as this. Disappointment, nervousness, excitement of feeling, all together were too much for her. She could not restrain the tears that came into her eyes, the sobs that rose into her throat.

"It is very easy for you to talk like this," she said, brokenly; "but—things are not so plain. I have my life to think of, if—if the mine disappoints us. Ellis Kane loves me—there is no doubt of that."

"Then, perhaps, after all, you love *him*?" said Thyrie, slightly bewildered by this very feminine change of position.

To his surprise, she snatched her hand impetuously from his clasp.

"I don't—you know I don't!" she cried; and then, ashamed of herself and her tears, she turned, and, before he could speak again, hurried to the house.

[CONCLUSION NEXT MONTH.]

## HIDDEN LAKE.<sup>1</sup>

A LAKE shut in by hills,  
Thick girt with tamarack trees,  
Unvisited by blithesome rills,  
Unswayed of cooling breeze:

A lake—and yet no sheet  
Embraced by pebbly strand;  
Without a wave to kiss one's feet  
Who at the verge may stand.

In ages long ago,  
Its quiet waters lay  
Reflecting sky and cloud and sun—  
The mirror of the day.

But once a little moss  
Crept to the water's edge,

And sent its tiny stems across:  
Then nurtured plant and sedge.

Till now a field of green  
And rippling verdure spreads  
From shore to shore, and naught is seen  
But nymph and orchid-beds;

And flowers of brilliant dye  
Shine out like stars at night,  
Too rare to greet the common eye—  
The botanist's delight!

But 'neath that surface fair  
Still lurks the Hidden Lake:  
A wild beast crouching in his lair,  
Some swift revenge to take!

A lake without a shore,  
Without a billow's swell!  
A close, where Nature's daintiest store  
Of flowers is guarded well!

<sup>1</sup> *Sphagnum* and *Hyphnum* mosses invade these lakes, and eventually spread over the entire surface of the water. They do not, however, at all points form a safe floor for man to walk upon.



## A MOTLEY UNIVERSITY.

IT is a lamentable fact that there are many persons in these United States who are not aware that the Scottish city of Aberdeen possessed, until within a few years ago, two universities within a mile of each other, and that it was the only city in the world boasting such a distinction. The deplorable ignorance of my fellow-countrymen on this point was brought painfully under my notice the other day by my accidentally overhearing a sharp debate which was carried on "round the corner" between two working-men, the one an incontrovertible Son of the Mist, the other a self-confessed Bostonian. It was Saturday evening, and both had evidently received their week's wages. I make this supposition, in order, if possible, to account for the fact that the discussion was waged in a more boisterous style, and with the accompaniment of more jerks and grimaces, than we are wont to associate with our ideal of either the Yankee or the "British Yankee." The argument was on the relative merits, *not* of a monarchical and a republican form of government, but of the Scotch and American educational systems! To my excessive delight, I observed that my fellow-countryman was decidedly getting the best of it, when his opponent, who seemed reduced to the last extremity, turned suddenly full upon him with the terrible question, "Whaur hae ye a toon wi' twa *universitys*!" (laying particular stress on this word) "universitys in till't like oor Ayberdeen?" It was a terrible moment, and the Bostonian could not weather it—he was annihilated. I felt strongly impelled to rush to his rescue, and inform him that the two Aberdeen universities are now one; but, since they were both equally ignorant of the fact, I judged it more fair to let the matter rest. I determined, however, on the first opportunity, to enlighten my countrymen on this weighty subject, so that none of them should fall into such a pass again; and, therefore, the aim of this essay is to put an end to any ignorance there may be lurking anywhere on a matter which assumes such portentous dimensions in these days when to be singular or first in anything is accounted a superlative merit. I have intimated that the universities are two no longer; they are united, but their union was caused, not by the decay of either, but from the conviction that their strength would be in union. The queer-looking buildings still remain; the services and recitations in them still go on as before; and to a stranger they still appear as distinct as they were some five hundred years ago. These two universities were named—and are still fondly named by the tenacious Aberdonians—King's College and University, Old Aberdeen; and Marischal College and University, New Aberdeen. It is not wonderful that the citizens should be a little vain of the distinction, and that they look more with a charitable condescension than with contempt upon the inhabitants of England, whom they are still in the habit of regarding

as less fortunate than themselves, because they—the worthy Aberdonians—will *not* recognize the many universities such as those of London, Durham, and other places, which have of late years sprung up to compete with Oxford and Cambridge. New York, Chicago, Boston, Paris, and other cities, have been respectively charged with self-conceit; but, if you will go to Aberdeen, as I have done, and in a quiet sort of way ignore the existence of its universities, you will have a lesson taught you that will make you think the assumption of those other claimants to be but the pink of meekness.

If you wish to find yourself (being in Britain) in the last century; to be for a while in the midst of the things, the people, and the manners, of a hundred years ago—go to the village—do not call it so there, however—of Old Aberdeen. There, as you stalk through the quiet, straggling streets, unroused by the sound of the rattling car or the hum of commerce, you may see the old ivy-covered houses sticking their gavel-ends into the pathway, with the little pigeon-hole windows painted green, crow-steps at the ends, and moss-covered flag-stones on the roofs. There you may see tall, sturdy, weather-beaten old men, with broad bonnets, knee-breeches, and huge, red-velveteen waistcoats reaching almost to the knees; old women with high-topped *mushes*, sitting on huge stones at their doors, knitting the stocking; and, perhaps, some stately old lady of eighty winters, whose high-heeled shoes, as they clatter on the empty pavement, are faintly echoed by the tread of the old footman who slinks obsequiously behind her. Here you may see the grave-looking students wandering about in their *red* gowns, and the professors stalking to their classes in their *black*. And, finally, the place is famous for the bright eyes and rosy cheeks of its young ladies, whose pianos you may hear gently struck, through the honeysuckle of some open window, as you wander about in the cathedral churchyard or the College Square, some fine summer evening.

New Aberdeen is altogether a different sort of place. There are bustle, confusion, distraction. Union Street and Broad Street are crammed with shops; and, where there are not shops, there are banks and lawyers' offices; and, where there are neither of these, there are schools or manufactories; and sometimes the whole of these things are conglomerated into one mass. Then there are no Old-World carlins or stately ladies of the last century. The men have hurry and importance in their looks, as in other cities; and the young ladies walk through Union Street in files, like well-booted grenadiers. The houses are built in regular rows, without projecting gables. They have large, staring windows and blue-slatted roofs. Each house is possessed both of a brass door-knocker and a bell-pull, and a flat, engraved plate informs passengers who is the indweller.



Nor are the universities themselves less distinguished from each other by peculiar outward marks. In the Old Town a turret or two and an ornamented crown peeping modestly over the trees announce the seat of learning; and, on a nearer approach, these form themselves into a quadrangle surrounded by miniature Gothic buildings, old and new, a corridor, a tower or two, and a solemn Gothic chapel, at one end of which is the place of worship for the students, and at the other the library and a museum, which latter mainly consists of a coat-of-mail and a great many curious-looking arrows. The exterior appearance of Marischal College is rather different. Walking along Broad Street, amid the clatter of carts and the clang of voices, among the numberless dark alleys passed, *one* may attract your attention from its being ornamented and dignified by the immediate presence of a street-lamp and from the words "College Court" being written over the gateway. By groping a little, and taking good care how you tread, you may quickly find yourself so far into the court as to behold a building which rustics, who cannot read the dignified inscription, "College Court," generally mistake for the town jail, so much does it possess of that gloomy aspect which sobers the student's mind to reflection. The building consists of a front and two wings, the walls of which are rain-proof, and the roof slated. Exactly in the centre is an architectural ornament, which attracts the eye. Two stones are set upright on top of the mason-work, and between them is set a bell, or at least something very much resembling one, beneath which is a clock, which always points to some hour or other—never to the right one. The centre building contains the great hall, with all its pictures; on the boards of which people are requested to tread lightly—lest they may happen to be lodged in the room beneath. This hall is looked on with great respect; since, notwithstanding its frequent hints of its failing strength, it still contrives to brave out the tread of the students above, and the terrible explosions produced by the experiments of the Professor of Natural Philosophy beneath. Within the same building is a collection of book-shelves, called a library, the museum, and the public school, or students' hall, inferior to that above inasmuch as it is neither lathed nor plastered, having the bare stone walls at the sides, and the rafters above; but superior inasmuch as there is no danger of its either falling down, or being blown up, there being nothing between the feet and the bare earth. The different class-rooms are disposed here and there in the two wings, and are very conveniently situated, excepting the mathematical class-room, which, being placed near one of the professors' kitchens, produces some inconvenient collisions between cookery and literature, very much to the disadvantage of the latter, as it cannot be supposed that the accidental inroad of a few stray students on the cook-maid and her duties can produce such a disagreeable interruption as the unconscious invasion of the butcher's boy with a leg of mutton, or the noisy tumbling in of a fisherwoman determined to know whether any one wants

"caller oo" (fresh haddocks), on the mathematical professor while he is explaining the intricacies of the forty-seventh proposition.

Such, then, are the outward features of the two buildings, which, on a certain day, toward the end of October, appear as if rousing themselves from a long summer slumber. Large, black-looking doors, which have for some months past stood sullenly closed, creak slowly upon their rusty hinges; and broad gaps stand ready to swallow up the coming throng. Groups of anxious whisperers, with books under their arms, gather silently in the vicinity like swarms of bees; a dark, serious-looking figure here and there measures his steps toward the edifice; and figures are seen within hurriedly flitting past the windows. This is a day of no ordinary interest: it is the day of competition for bursaries, a most admirable set of endowments, by which many an industrious youth, whose small means of livelihood would have forbidden the prospect of a liberal education, not only receives that education itself, but generally a small sum along with it, which may allow him to indulge in a little literary property. These bursaries are most honorably acquired; for they are the prizes of a competition so regulated that it would be a difficult matter to favor any particular candidate. The bursars are the proprietors of the respective bursaries for four years; holding them as well-earned property, totally independent of the professors, and therefore not subject to their caprice. The silent competitors for these profitable honors are all seated by long tables along the hall, like a convivial dinner-party, but employed in a very different manner. A death-like stillness prevails among all, from the pale student, whose classical knowledge has been the fruit of labor during the intervals assigned him for his rest on the distant farm, to the healthy, smiling jackanapes, whose parents have had Latin dunned into him privately at home, and have sent him to college for the worthy purpose of gaining a bursary, that he may show his talents, his wealth, and his contempt for his poorer competitors by resigning it. Toward the afternoon the motley competitors, one by one, reluctantly, and with a sort of dread, deliver up their exercises to the clerk, and glide quietly from the hall, where the dignitaries of the university are at last left in solitude. Next day an official bawls forth from an open window the names of the successful candidates; and each blushing and satisfied youth has to hang down his head for a few minutes in the august presence of the dignitaries while he receives a quantity of good advice on the method of continuing his classical and philosophical studies.

Now begin the two towns to receive all at once into their bosoms a new and totally distinct set of inhabitants, possessed of peculiarities which distinguish them entirely from other men. Looking down the vista of a long street, there are distinctly visible several bright-red spots, or masses, scattered here and there among the other soberly-colored people. These spots, on a nearer approach, turn out to be human beings, men or boys, as the case may be; and each man or boy has on a great, clumsily-cut red

cloak. These are of all hues of red, from the deep, reddish-brown, threadbare, tattered, and smeared with ink, to the blushing scarlet whole and untainted. The respectability and age of the student are marked by the tattered and discolored condition of his gown. He who has just joined is an object of compassion or contempt on account of the neatness and cleanness of his robe; and it becomes his own pressing duty, as well as that of his well-wishing companions, to maltreat it as diligently as possible from time to time, just stopping short of total annihilation—a consummation that would involve the worse alternative of buying a new one.

Various as are the hues and consistencies of the gowns, so are the characteristics of their wearers. Here is the tall, raw-boned, red-haired fellow of six feet, who has just rushed down from the hills of Braemar. He has not, let us suppose, got a bursary; but his father is a well-doing farmer, and he wishes to make a gentleman of his son. The monster has just given up a broad bonnet, and something in the form of a kilt, or half-way between that and pantaloons, and has submitted to the restraint of a hat and a pair of trousers—the former of which occupies a curious position on the front part of his head, while the latter, never calculated for such a pair of legs, are drawn tight up the calves, about half a yard from his feet, leaving room to exhibit thick, gray-ribbed stockings, and shoes clinched with nails and plates of iron, like the gateway of a feudal castle. Add to this his gown, which, hanging from his shoulders, only reaches his knee, and resembles something between a surtout and a laborer's smock, if either of these articles of dress can be imagined to exist of a bright-red color and with hanging sleeves. For a considerable period after his arrival in town, the animal wanders about in a state of confused admiration at the grandeur of everything which surrounds him. He stares with horror-struck avidity at the mysterious jail-door, with the shackles hung in front to warn evil-doers; and, with a feeling of instinctive terror, gives place to the consequential step of the grim-looking town-sergeant, whom he considers complete master of the mysteries of that dreary abode, and ready to incarcerate any poor fellow who may offend his dignity. He stares with a longing curiosity at the grand shops, which can only be there for the great people, and which he would feel it presumption to enter. He is startled by the awfully loud striking of the town-clock, and is afraid it has something to do with himself. He goes to take a look at the sea, and finds it to be a very different thing from what he expected. The ships are new objects of wonder. He cannot conceive what use the world has for so many. The multitude of people astonishes him. He thinks they are all staring at him, and that all know he has come from Braemar, and that he has not got a bursary. After tiring himself out with seeing all sorts of wonderful things, he finds his way to his garret in the Gallowgate or the Spittal; thinks Aberdeen the greatest city in the world, and far superior to Castleton of Braemar, though rather more noisy and confused;

gulps his supper of "sowans," and dreams he has returned to his native hills and is herding sheep. A few weeks, however, produce a considerable change in him. His hat is set on his head like other people's. He no longer allows the evil-minded fry on the streets to insult his hat or tug his gown with impunity. He takes terrible strides along the streets, and his great iron-heeled shoes make way for him wherever he goes; and, determined to outdo other people in finery, he comes splashing along the sidewalk on a raw, rainy, December afternoon, in a pair of light-tweed trousers, made by an Aberdeen tailor.

Pursuing your walk down Union Street, you fall in with a noisy, rollicking group of lads, well clad, and well fed, fresh from the city school, adept in constructing, and abounding in "siller." They are the citizens' sons, and would not for the world be seen even to nod to our Braemar friend. And who is yonder square-visaged man with the sandy hair and freckled skin? He has an easy-osey swing with him that seems to say, "I may be a rustic, but I have seen larger cities than even Aberdeen." That is a veritable Celt from the west, Mr. Archibald McDougal, erst "general dealer," whose Australian relative has bequeathed him five hundred pounds—just think of the immensity of it! And Archie, having in his youth acquired a smattering of Latin and waded through oceans of commentaries and "gospel trumpets," has felt himself unmistakably "called" to the ministry, for he was always "an elder, ye ken, and a richt, reelegious kin' o' a bodie." But catch him doing anything extravagant, notwithstanding his wealth! He has twenty pounds deep down in his pocket, and that, with the peck of oatmeal, the stone of butter and the "kebback" of cheese, which he has taken care to bring with him from his Highland village, must suffice for all his wants during the session.

Another species we must have a better look at. He is the pale-faced individual intended for the church from the very beginning. His hopes are, meantime, bounded by a country school or a respectable private tutorship. His nose hangs disconsolately over his unshaven chin. His cheeks are ashen-colored and dirty, and his hair hangs lankly from beneath a seedy hat, which has seen long service. His gown is adjusted so as to conceal, as much as possible, his threadbare black coat. He has gained a good bursary by his perseverance; and he is resolved that his good fortune shall not slacken his ardor. He issues from the college-gate, diligently keeping himself apart from the merry little jontos, delighted at the termination of their hour of durance. Immediately on reaching the street, he makes a plunge up the nearest by-way, and rushes homeward. On slackening his speed a little, he pulls forth his Cicero and reads as he walks, determined not to lose time. Five or six little elves, over whom he has stumbled and nearly broken his head, do not interrupt his preoccupation, until he at last fairly upsets himself over the beams of a cart, and projects his Cicero and his hat into the gutter. He then looks

at his leg, and finds his shin cut and bleeding and his trousers torn, on which he rubs the mud from his hat and book, and finishes the rest of his journey as much as possible like a man of this world.

Such, and of other descriptions too numerous and minute to be enumerated, are the learned members of the two colleges, congregated to spend three or four hours a day in each other's company during the next five months. Nobody knows in what strange, out-of-the-way places some of them build their nests. One poor fellow, who makes a very decent appearance in the class, lives in a garret in the Spittal; while the man who sits next to him comes out clean cut and beautifully polished every day from a palace in the "West End." When the lecture is over, all these students disperse, and they have no more cohesion than the congregation of a favorite preacher after the sermon is finished. They go off into back streets and into queer alleys; they are lost round the corner; they burst into pieces like a shell. Thus the bond between the student and the university in after-life is weak and unprofitable to either, and one by one the Scottish gentry and moneyed class are taking their sons off and sending them to England.

I suppose that fully one-third of the Scottish students are steeped in poverty. The college year generally consists of about five months, and I have known men cover all the expenses of this period with twenty-two pounds. It is true that this was in Aberdeen, where a hundred fresh herrings used to go for sixpence, and a splendid dinner of fish might be purchased for a penny; but, if it is remembered that the sum I have mentioned covered the fees for the various classes, amounting to about ten pounds, and that it was upon the balance of twelve pounds that the student contrived to subsist for these dreary five months, the feat will appear sufficiently marvellous. It is the students who live in this sort of way that are the most interesting characters in the Scottish universities, and it is their necessities that have gone to extinguish the student-life of a former day, when the students lived together and dined at a common table. The struggle of some of these men upward, in the face of terrific odds, is almost sublime. When we look at the struggle in cold blood, we say that it is a mistake, that these men ought never to have dreamed of the university, that theirs is a false ambition, and that it would have been better if they had never left the plough or the smithy, if they had gone into the grocery-line, or had taken kindly to carpentering. But has not every form of ambition its weak side? and are we to stop sympathizing with a man's honest endeavors when we discover that he might be doing much better in a different fashion? Are we not to admire the man wrestling with the waves, because he has no business to be in the water?

One of the twenty-two-pounders I have mentioned was a very humble individual; but he fought like a hero, and his life was a constant marvel. He was so poor, indeed, that before one came near the question, "How on earth does this man keep body and soul together, besides paying his college-fees,

with so small a sum?" the previous question presented itself as even more difficult, "Where did he get his twenty-two pounds?" He had been a carpenter; he had curtailed his hours in order to devote them to study; he got the cast-off clothes of the parish minister, and somebody else made him the present of an old gown. At the commencement of his first session, he was fortunate enough to obtain a bursary of ten pounds. It was a little fortune to him—an annuity of ten pounds for four years to come. When he saw his name on the list of winners, he made such queer faces to conceal his emotions, that all eyes were turned upon him, and it was ever afterward a joke against him. For the remaining twelve pounds he managed in this way: He worked four hours a day in a carpenter's shop, at threepence an hour, and thus earned from six to seven pounds during his residence at the university, to which he was able to add five pounds from previous savings. He got friends to lend him books; and I have an idea that he earned something on Sundays by acting as preceptor in one of the city churches. I happened to call upon him one day. It was his dinner-hour, and his landlady came in to him with something on an old black, rusty tray. "Not just yet, Mrs. Todd," he said, in great embarrassment, and that lady forthwith departed. "Don't go away," he then said to me; "now, don't; my dinner is never done enough, and, if you stay a little, I'll get it properly cooked to-day." I left him three minutes afterward, and outside his door there was his dinner getting cold—a herring and three potatoes! He lived in a box of a room, his bed being in one corner of it; and this accommodation he shared with another man, who worked even harder than he. This man earned a few shillings by teaching. He went out to assist boys in learning their lessons for the following day at school; and the price which he and all such teachers charged was half a guinea a month for an hour every night. As the pay was at the rate of about fivepence an hour, it would seem that the teacher had an advantage over our friend the carpenter; but it must be remembered that the pay of the latter was obtained by physical labor—therefore, by a healthy relief from mental toil—while that of the former was earned by the continued and unhealthy strain of the mind.

Mark, the narrow circumstances go naturally in pairs—divide the same potato, and share the same bed. They unite without ever having previously known each other, and, for the sake of a small saving, are chained together while the session lasts. In the desperate struggle of existence and pinch of poverty, these necessitated marriages are often imbittered with rivalry and hatred. The one may belong to the Established Church, while the other belongs to the Free Church; or, the one may be an easy-going man, with no special aptitude for theology or taste for the shorter Catechism, while the other is addicted to prayer-meetings and mission-work; or, the one may have a robust appetite which entails the consumption of a greater share of the viands than is his due, while the other can easily subdue

the flickering cravings of his own sickly appetite—one of a hundred such things may be the cause of estrangement. There are cases in which a nail has been driven into the middle of the chimney-piece, a string tied to it, drawn across the room, and attached to the middle of the opposite wall, so as to divide the chamber into two equal parts. "This is my territory—that shall be yours. *Nemo me impune lacessit*—that's what I say." "And I say, *Noli me tangere*—that's all." The fellows sit on opposite sides of their diminutive fire, "glowering" at each other over their books—the one smoking and the other snuffing the strongest tobacco procurable, to keep their hunger down while forcing the brain through the weary night-watches. The professors make a point of inviting them to breakfast or supper as often as they can, and give them a great feed. It is their only chance of a hearty meal during the whole of the session. And yet, in spite of all they have to contend with, they make a very creditable appearance in the class, even by the side of men who have been well coached the night before by competent tutors. The odds, however, are dead against them, and they suffer for it in the end. Overworked and underfed, many of them go home at the end of the session, shadows of their former selves, and death written on their faces—almost all of them have made acquaintance with disease. The number of men at the Scottish universities, more especially at Aberdeen, who run the course of Henry Kirke White, is prodigious. Friends write their biographies; their college essays and school poems are published; their fellow-students are told to beware, and everybody takes an interest in their fate, about which a certain air of romance hangs. Year after year, however, one hears of so many cases that, at last, one becomes callous, and feels inclined to ask: "Why did not this young Kirke White remain in the butcher's shop? It would have been better for him to have slaughtered oxen, sold mutton-chops, and ridden the little pony all his life, giving such leisure as he could really afford to books, than to die in the vain endeavor to take the position of a 'gentleman and a clergyman.'" Most of the students, if they survive their period of study, go into the Church, and the result is, that the Scottish clergy are notorious for their ill-health.

It is boasted that the Scottish students are very good—almost irreproachable—in their lives. Even granting that such praise is thoroughly deserved, is it not possible—nay, probable—that it may signify the stagnation of life even more than a victory over Apollyon? With all their warmth of heart, Scotchmen have an astonishing reserve, which, if not fatal, is at least injurious, to society. They pride themselves on their firmness in friendship; and it is wonderful to see how they stick to each other. But this tenacity has its weak side as well as its strong; their adhesion to old alliances is accompanied by a disinclination or inability to form new ones, and this is certainly a social defect. The French and Germans speak of Englishmen as reserved, but the Scotch are worse than the English—they are the

most reserved people in Europe. And the most reserved people in Europe, the people that of all others require most to cultivate the social habit, are singular in refusing to give their youth the opportunity of learning the arts of society. The student-life is as much as possible repressed, in order that the family-life may be sustained. For the better preservation of his morals, a youth is not allowed that free mingling with his fellows, and with them alone, which he most ardently desires. He is systematically taught to be chary of his companions, whether at school or college. There are men sitting daily on the same benches who would not think of speaking to each other without a formal introduction; and urchins of fifteen *Mister* each other with a formality that reminds the observer strangely of Sir Harry and my lord duke in the servants' hall.

And it is just here, in their natural reserve and deficient sociability, that we find at least one, and the most important, reason for the immaculate reputation which the Scottish student bears. A worthy elder of the Kirk has a son, who is the greatest little rascal of his age, the admiration of the parish dogs, the terror of the parish cats, curiously acquainted with the nature of the fruit in all the gardens and orchards around, impudent as a monkey, and idle as a fly; but who, in consequence of sundry floggings, carries himself so demurely in the presence of his fond parent, that he is supposed to be a chosen vessel, a child of grace. The pious Mr. Alister Macalister feels that in sending forth his gracious young sinner into a mixed society of boys at a public school, or of young men at college, he is sending his precious one into a den of thieves, who will rob him of his innocence, is ushering him into the world and the things of the world, is imperiling his immortal interests.

But let us look at the doings of this young saint as he appears in the city of Aberdeen after a few weeks' pruning of his more verdant qualities. It is generally allowed that, for the first month or two, he lives in a state of peace and tranquillity; but, at the end of this period, the proverbial restlessness of human nature makes its appearance. Feuds are commenced in all quarters. There are feuds between class and class, and feuds between the students and the pelters of dead cats and mud on the streets. Then they commence a course of secret mischief and deviltry. Honest tradesmen find their houses and shops fumigated with asafetida; a street will be found at break of day stripped of its lamps, which are discovered huddled together in some by-corner, smashed or not, as may have suited the humor of the learned depredators. Some old lady, while her servant is making a purchase for her, finds herself unceremoniously driven off to some uncouth corner of the town which she never intended to visit. Grocers and spirit-dealers lose their signs; and some venerable professor finds, when he goes out for his morning walk, that he is transformed into a licensed retail spirit-dealer or a boot and shoe maker, according to the account given by a large board nailed over his door. Then there are certain by-ways over which



the students exercise arbitrary authority, and which are totally inaccessible to all peaceful people after nightfall.

Toward the end of the session, however, an event makes its annual recurrence which swallows up all minor contentions in one of more engrossing interest. The election approaches—yes, reader, the election. We are ready to allow that such a sound, however familiar, seems strange when applied to a Scottish college. But there is no election which creates more interest, ferment, heart-burning, and quarreling, than does the election of the Rector of Aberdeen University among the waspish set of little individuals which form its constituency.

By the charter the rector is eligible by the students. On the approach of the election, manuscript placards are posted on the gates, tolerably well spelled in most cases. Public meetings and private meetings are held. Committees are appointed. Even—on very particular occasions, like that of the last election—letters are published in the newspapers. Party spirit rages high among the students, and the friends of candidates do their best to insult their opponents. Every particular class of society has its own method of displaying opinion; and as, according to Cotter, the proper and natural method by which Englishmen express public opinion is by a discharge of mud, so the method by which students of Aberdeen University express their respective opinions is by cutting and maltreating each other's gowns. A violent party-man, who has many enemies, may be discovered by the tattered nature of the fragments of a gown which remain on his shoulders, and sometimes by a few gashes, which, piercing deeper, let us hope, than the perpetrators intended, have lacerated his under-garments. The method of election is this: The students, being convened in the hall, are divided into four nations, or districts, according to the locality of the birth of each. There are the Moraymen, or those born north of the Deveron; the Buchanmen, born between the Deveron and the Don; the men of Mar, born between the Don and the Dee; and, finally, Angusians, or those south of the Grampians, including all southern Scotsmen, Englishmen, Hindoos, Hottentots, Turks, and all foreigners and heathens whatever. During the period of the general meeting, and while the nations are being separated from each other, a tacit amnesty is passed in favor of the electors, by which they are allowed to do whatever they think proper without being in any manner called to account; and, like provident men, the electors make full use of their privileges. Loosened for a time from those bonds of awe which hold them so firmly at other times, their noise and exultation is extreme. Here and there a few reprobate truants, who, with all the inclinations of the devil festering in their young blood, have been daily and nightly curses to their several masters, are determined to repay themselves for all the insults they have undergone in the form of correction and punishment, at the rate of two teeth for a tooth, and two eyes for an eye! The professors, meanwhile, stripped of their authority, and seeing their fantas-

tic tricks openly burlesqued by others, stalk quietly through the room, suppressing their indignation like smothered volcanoes. And so things go on for several days, when, at last, amid a hubbub and confusion that baffles description, and that certainly has no parallel on this side of the Atlantic, the storm culminates in the election of one or other of the candidates, and then quiet gradually steals back again, and matters revert to their old footing.

It is not my purpose here to say anything of the studies pursued—they are much like those in vogue elsewhere, with one exception, and that exception I may briefly notice, as it is a subject of general misconception both in this country and elsewhere.

It is supposed, even in England, that Scotch students are fed on metaphysics, and the mistake receives a color from the fact that there are so many professors of metaphysics. The title is a misnomer. The whole of Scotch philosophy is a protest against metaphysics as an impossible, or, at least, a useless, study. What a professor in the chair of metaphysics teaches is simply psychology—that is to say, the natural history of the human mind, the delineation of human character. All the processes of thought, all the motives to action, are examined in turn. Ideas are traced to their origin; feelings are carefully scrutinized; words are weighed; character is dissected; and, in its theory, the whole of human life and of the human heart is laid bare to the student. Call this philosophy, if you please—but what is it in reality? It is generalized biography. It is a means of supplying in theory what the Scottish students have, at their time of life, few opportunities of acquiring in practice—a knowledge of men.

Not enjoying the social advantages of English students, they have, as a compensation, educational advantages which are not to be found in the English universities. It is useless to inquire which is better—a knowledge of men obtained in the contact of society, or a knowledge of men obtained in the scientific analysis of the class-room. Neither the one nor the other is complete in itself; but the great advantage of studying character systematically in early life is, that it puts a key into a young man's hand by which afterward, when he mixes with men, he will more easily understand them, and unlock the secrets of their hearts. The study of the human mind, as pursued in the Scottish universities, and especially in Aberdeen and Edinburgh, has such an effect, that in after-life it is an object of incessant interest to all Scotchmen. The average Scotchman will give a shrewder guess than the average Englishman as to a man's character, and a better description of it. He has studied the anatomy of character so minutely that he delights in portraiture and excels in biography. The proper study of mankind is man—everybody admits. Whether the best way of prosecuting that study is in reading through the classics and piling up algebraic formulas, I do not know; but, at all events, the Scottish universities have something to say for themselves, not if they neglect the classics and mathematics—which they indubitably do—but if they simply elevate above these branches

of knowledge a direct acquaintance with the mysteries of human nature, in thought and in feeling, in expression and in act.

Both the class and graduation examinations are conducted with admirable fairness and strictness; "cabbaging" and collusion being rendered impossible by the disposition of the desks, and by the vigilant supervision of the assistant who walks about under the restless gaze of the examiner.

The graduation and other examinations over, and the students having spent half a day in destroying what remains of each other's gowns, the dull routine of the academical winter may be considered at an end; and an after-piece, very different from the dry subjects in which they have been engaged, is all that remains to be attended to before the general dispersion. The graduation ball, which has during the whole session been nearest the hearts of those personally interested in it, begins toward the end of the session to be whispered of in the polite world of Aberdeen. The rooms are hired; store of provisions is laid in; fiddlers are gathered together, blind and otherwise; invitations are issued, and the high-bred belles of Union Street begin to conclude that, after all, they may drop in to see "what sort of creatures will be there." The rooms are lit up on the appointed night; the fiddlers are tuning up; gay figures crowd in. The eccentric-looking students are singularly altered in appearance. Where is our friend from Braemar, whom we characterized a while ago? Only an acute eye, acquainted with his huge physiognomy, may discover him. He is strangely metamorphosed indeed. His face is burning red like a furnace. His long red hair, which used to hang down upon his eyes, has been mounted in great, sturdy curls over his forehead. A stiff 'Lorne' collar pierces his chin. His great, horny hands have been forced into white-kid gloves, from which he very naturally dreads they may never be released; and his feet have exchanged their monstrous iron-ribbed protectors for tight dress-boots, which he is conscious any undue motion may rend to tatters. Although he has submitted his unruly heels for the past month to the discipline of a dancing-master, it is plain that he does not yet feel himself audacious enough to figure forth before so numerous an assembly. Plucking up courage, however, he approaches a professor's daughter; but, forgetting, in the confusion of the moment, the proper form of request, his wish resolves itself into the simple sentence, "Wud ye jist tak' a daunce wi' me, mem?" The request is very probably granted; but the cavalier finds, from the manner in which he has performed his part, that a little something to drink is necessary for clearing his memory. There is plenty

of wine, porter, and whiskey, in the next room; after some few retreats to the latter of which, he feels as if he were on his native hills. He then perceives a number of people rushing round the room in a manner which he thinks it would not be difficult to imitate; and so he plunges into a waltz, from which he bolts off at a tangent, clearing an avenue to the extremity of the apartment. Resolved that his next attempt will not be so unsuccessful, he chooses to perform his native dance, and dashes into a strathspey, kicking up his heels to the admiration or terror of the *beau monde* standing by. The pale, studious tutor eyes him with envy. Wine and revel are not for him. He, too, however, is altered in his appearance: his hair is brushed with careful smoothness to one side, and his old, rusty dress is exchanged for a hard-worn suit of glossy black. But his air of diffidence still hangs about him; and he has encountered many internal misgivings before he has screwed his courage to the point of making an inaudible request to a fair pupil to dance a quadrille. Meantime the younger gentlemen are flirting about as gay as butterflies and much more conceited, while the matrons and professors are absorbed in whist.

Time flies on, and things begin to get a little confused or so. The gentlemen gather themselves into noisy groups to one of the side-rooms; they perform feats of agility—leaping over sofas and balancing chairs. The fair ones gradually retire, and, as they disappear, the mirth of the unrestrained males gets rapidly more boisterous. The lights begin to go out of themselves, or the gentlemen have extinguished them by pitching tarts and sandwiches at them. What on earth are they about now? They have commenced a "ram"-reel—a hideous comminglement of everything that is violent in exercise—and the few remaining ladies have fled in terror. The mirth and fun grow fast and furious—a batch of wild Indians, dropping in, would not find themselves out of place if they wished to celebrate their war-dance. The dignity of professors is not much respected, and yonder, see! the sturdiest of the revelers lays hold of the fat sacristan and tumbles him round the room like a foot-ball. A few more windows and lamps than usual are broken on that eventful night; a few more signs removed; a few watchmen are floored; and a few young "gentlemen" are locked up in the watch-house. As soon as the students have recovered from the blue-devils, the Highlanders return to their hills to plough and herd sheep; the tutor retires to his studies; the young gentlemen travel a little—many of them visit Norway and Sweden, and the Shetlands in Peterhead fishing-smacks; and then peace reigns for seven long months over the quaint old town.

### CONCEALMENT.

WHEN I behold some mighty listening throng,  
I marvel, while their faces gleam toward mine,  
At the large hope, despair, faith, sorrow, and wrong  
That slumber in their midst and make no sign!

So, when I watch night's thick-starred gulfs profound,  
I wonder at all the calmness they reveal,  
Though filled with infinite motion and wild sound  
From myriads of vast spheres that grandly wheel!

## A LEAP-YEAR ROMANCE.

A TRUE TALE OF WESTERN LIFE.

## II.

THE evening of the lecture Professor Moors called, and walked with Miss Newell to the hall. The manner of both was constrained, almost awkward. It was late, and they hastened on in silence, or speaking only upon incidental topics. Her form was as erect and her step as lithe as ever, but he observed new lines of care upon her face. Her brow seemed heavy, and yet her eyes were larger and more lustrous than before, and the whole mould of her regular, strongly Grecian features was melted by a new expression of sadness and tenderness.

The hall was crowded, and for the first time in her life Miss Newell found herself speaking in the presence of a large audience. The professor was introduced as a distinguished educationist, whose views were worthy of the most thoughtful consideration of all.

Stepping to the front of the platform, he began in a very conversational style, but with perfect and deliberate possession :

"By the courtesy of my friend, I am to have the honor of presenting my views to-night on the higher education of women—a subject of such vast interest and importance that I shall venture to ask your serious attention to a plain and free talk, without any of the formality of the lecture-room. Woman is dishonored most by those who pronounce studied eulogies upon her sex, and attempt to caress her self-love by enumerating main and conspicuous instances which illustrate her virtues. These are as admirable, as various in kind and degree, as indispensable to human well-being in every way, as man's; and it is a flippancy born of assumed superiority and of shallow ignorance of the forces that make up the world of thought and action which assumes that the claims and needs of one-half the human race are to be met either by the dexterous compliment of the drawing-room, or even by smoothing woman's way to the ballot-box and to public positions. To define her proper station is a practical problem so vast that all theories thus far are crudely and even grotesquely inadequate, and its solution must be left to the general course of thought and events."

His manner and utterance were so graceful that the attention of every one present was fastened upon the speaker. Miss Newell smiled and nodded her approval to her first assistant, who sat upon the platform by her side, and who smiled grimly in return, but whispered, "I fear we ought to have learned more about his views before we invited him here."

"I think we can trust him," Miss Newell replied.

"Meanwhile," continued the speaker, "let me confess frankly at the outset that, while I cannot believe with a great writer that she is the best woman of whom least is said or known, and while I would

not challenge her abstract right to any position or pursuit, I am ancient enough to believe that the public franchise, that business and most professional careers, that even severe and protracted mental culture, are the last and least things that she ought to seek, or her friends to claim for her. The home is older than the school. Piety, courage, love of truth, were first taught there. Nay, more: religion itself prospers or declines with home-life. When home is made attractive, intemperance and all the vices of private indulgence diminish in rapid ratio. She is the best woman who is the best wife, rears the best children, and fills home with the choicest fruitions. The range of emotion is deeper and wider than that of thought, and her wondrous endowment of sensibility gives woman such a breadth of experience that a contracted sphere of life imposes little restraint, for no experience can give adequate utterance to what the meanest can feel. The divinest service man can perform for woman is to voice her own inner life, to reflect to her mind that which fills her heart, and which she strives in vain to realize or to express, and what he needs in her is a heart-culture that shall give a steady flow of pure and healthy sentiment, where he can ever go for sympathy and comfort, and which will save him from a life of dry intellectuality or mechanical routine or misanthropy. I am one of those who believe that the highest and most perfect form of emotion is a sense of complete dependence and unreserved self-surrender. The religious sentiment—love for any and every worthy object, æsthetic susceptibilities which respond to beauty wherever found, and even conscience—all are but diverse forms of this supreme feeling, elements of what the poet describes as the soul of eternal womanhood. Alas for that man who has not learned to reverence this ideal, and thrice happy he who has found it worthily enshrined in some tender, loving heart!"

After this introduction the speaker proceeded to explain with some detail what he deemed to be the true subjects, aims, and methods, of female education. His views were, on the whole, somewhat abstract, immature, and quite reactionary, but so earnestly advocated that a round of hearty applause greeted him at the close.

"Just look at Miss Hardtack's nose!" giggled one of the girls, as an elderly teacher, a tall, slender creature, sprang to her feet and hastened from the stage the instant the speaker ended, and began talking rapidly, and apparently in high dudgeon, with a middle-aged, mild-minded trustee. If such a rigid martinet as Miss Hardtack was offended, that was sufficient reason why all the girls should like the professor, and all they could or could not understand in his lecture.

No one upon the platform, however, had a word

of congratulation for him, until just as he was hastily taking his departure to catch the evening train to Springtown, Miss Newell came to him while most of the audience yet remained in the hall, and smiling her approval, and placing her hand in his, thanked him cordially for his lecture.

"I do not object to most of your views," she said; "and, on the whole, I am glad to have them expressed here, though some of my friends will be quite seriously displeased."

She would have added more, but just then a wealthy and influential old German, whose patronage Miss Newell had vainly tried to obtain, bustled on to the platform, and, grasping the professor's hand, said:

"Dat is vot I calls goot sound doctrine. You shall have both my girls, and I vill do vot I can for you, too, Miss Nevell."

The professor expressed his gratitude, and quickly left the hall.

"After all," he mused, sadly, to himself, as he rode homeward, "so many women seem made to deceive themselves, and to live and thrive upon delusions, it is not strange if they cannot help deceiving others."

In a week Miss Newell was in Springtown again. As she entered the village, and as the associations of two years ago were revived one after another at every step, she felt all her calmness and self-control giving way to a state of fluttering, nervous expectancy, whether bodeful of good or ill she vainly wondered. There was her old home, which, although now sold to a stranger, furniture and all, was still unoccupied. There were the tin-clad spires and brick minarets of the main college-building, and the red walls of the dormitories half covered with American ivy, dyed with all the hues of autumn. And there came Professor Moors, hastening to meet her party, and to offer them the best entertainment which the hospitality of the villagers could afford.

"Do you stop with friends, or shall we provide for you with the rest of the party?" he asked, doubtfully, as they approached Mrs. Elmore's gate.

"I will go on with the rest," she murmured, dropping her veil, and slightly quickening her pace.

"Mr. Hand will entertain two guests. Shall I take you and your assistant there?" he asked.

Mr. Hand she remembered as a worthy and well-to-do old farmer, from whose dairy and garden she had often supplied her table, and his wife as one of the most sagacious oracles of the village gossip.

"I have no choice," she said. And there they were escorted, to make ready for the first session of the institute, which was to begin in an hour, while the professor hastened away to give directions about their baggage.

Miss Newell's presence excited great interest among the teachers. The fame of her enterprise had preceded her. She explained in a quiet, modest way the plan and aim of her own school, what she believed the true order of studies, her own theories and methods of imparting literary culture to young ladies, and found herself obliged to answer, as best

she could, many perplexing questions. But, because Professor Moors seemed to listen with appreciation, she found her interest increasing with every exercise, and, contrary to her plans, she remained to the end of the last day's session. At the close, he took occasion to express publicly his deep appreciation of her services, and adding afterward, to her alone, words of warmest praise, offered her a check for a small amount, saying:

"I thought you might dislike to have any remuneration for your valuable assistance publicly voted by the association, and so, using my discretionary power over its funds as president, I beg you to accept this."

Instantly the same rigid pallor of indignation which he had once before observed with so much alarm overspread her face, but she only said:

"I could never consent to receive pay under the circumstances."

The days she had looked forward to with such mingled but anxious feelings were now ended. All the old acquaintances which she met observed a new grace and sweetness in her face and manner, and had remarked upon the change. It had inspired them with a more cordial and tender regard, which in some almost took the form of pity. She, too, had noted the change in their manner, and she had ever found herself asking if they could know or suspect her great secret. She had visited the old home, and sat again in her own old room and mused drearily over the sad and impassable chasm which so soon had yawned between her and the old life now gone for evermore. She had taken again a long, solitary walk down the glen and home over the hill. From the window of her room she had seen Mrs. Elmore ride past, but she had no wish to meet her.

As she walked slowly toward the station with her assistant, to take the evening train, she again met Professor Moors. Leaning upon his arm, and looking up earnestly into his face, she recognized Mrs. Elmore's niece, Emma May.

They had been warm friends in their school-days. Although rivals in the class-room, no feeling of emulation had ever prevented them from sharing each other's secrets, or laying famous plans for a future in which they were always to be associated, till, as they reached maturity, the latter grew diverse.

Miss May had little of her companion's energy of soul, still less of her reserve, but her character was a combination of ingenuousness so complete that it often lapsed into effusiveness with admirable tact—a combination as happy as it is rare. She had devoted herself with great enthusiasm to art, and had just returned from four years of foreign study.

There was an instant of mutual recognition on the part of the ladies, but both seemed determined to make the gathering darkness an excuse for hastening on without salutation.

"They do say," began Miss Newell's companion, "that Professor Moors is visiting that girl, and that she is very handsome and accomplished, and has brought home from Europe some beautiful pic-



ures of her own that will make her famous. Come to think, you must know her, for she grew up here."

"She was my old playmate. Excuse me now if I cannot talk of her," said Miss Newell, unable to control herself.

The glib, chatty little normal teacher looked at her in speechless amazement, and scarcely spoke again till they reached Ashton.

Once securely in her own room at her grandmother's, Miss Newell gave way to such violence of grief as she had never felt before. She walked up and down with streaming eyes, and then threw herself upon her bed, and buried her face in the pillow to stifle her sobs. It was an angry grief.

"What right has this man to come between me and my long-cherished plans—to imbitter all my life? I offered him all, and he deliberately poisoned love's arrows for me, and feels no pang himself, while I love on in vain."

Her heart did not break; but all the ice which had so long hardened about it was melted now, and gradually she grew calm. Then a sense of bitter loss succeeded; yet she felt that her life was isolated from all those warm human sympathies which soothe and support. The world to her seemed a dreary sea, on which she was floating and drifting hopelessly, while day and night, like unmeaning light and shadow, were brightening and darkling over her unresponsive spirit, and while from the heavens above, deep and inscrutable as destiny, came no answer to her prayers. Thus benumbed, and stricken through and through with despair, she sank, toward morning, into a fitful sleep.

Mr. Meechum was a bustling little man, with a head prematurely tinged with gray, and with a parboiled complexion, who had been for several years superintendent of schools at Ashton. Miss Newell had known him in college, when he had the reputation of being a first-class electioneerer and trotter for his society, a somewhat obsequious and very serviceable man in general. He had a wise, scheming, and politic brain, and a rare talent for pleasing all without committing himself to any body or thing in particular, and without ever expressing a decided opinion. By his genius for trimming and shuffling he had managed to find or make his way into the best society of the town without being looked upon as a social parasite. If there was anything to which he stood fairly committed it was the view that men and women were absolutely equal and alike in the schoolroom, and must have the same hours, privileges, grade, and wages. This he had said in a card to the Ashton *Torchlight*, and this gained him his election by a handsome majority over his competitors. He had watched Miss Newell and her enterprise from the first with the liveliest concern, and, as they grew in popular favor, not without some dismay.

But mature reflection revealed matters in a new light. Here was a chance for a most advantageous alliance. Educational and social prestige was the prize. Cooperation between the new institute and the public schools he knew Miss Newell had sought

with little success thus far. He had called on her, and talked over a plan by which, with slight changes which it was in his power to make, all girl-graduates of the high-schools might be prepared to enter the institute. He had enlarged on the reciprocal advantages of harmonious relations between them, to all of which Miss Newell had very warmly assented. Of late he had been quite a frequent caller, and Miss Newell had met him with a courtesy which he felt to be very flattering. In Miss Newell's absence her grandmother had several times received him, and his manner had been so gracious that she had been completely won over to his interests.

It was nearly noon the day after Josie's return from Springtown that the old lady entered her granddaughter's room with breakfast on a tray.

"I thought I'd fetch it up myself, just to see how you git on; though ef you hain't slept out yit I'll come up again bime-by. But it's gettin' rather hard to lug my old bones up the steep, squeaky stairs."

"Thank you. Please set it on the stand. I will get up soon," said Miss Newell, wearily.

"Why, law sakes alive! How dragged out you do look. Humph! And no wonder you hain't got no emptins left in you after all you've been a-doin' on a fortnight back. Josie, it ain't in natur', unless you're made out of steel springs and ingines, to work so. I've done it all my life, but 'pears like young folks ain't made o' the same stuff as we was in my day. And now I think on it," continued the old lady, settling herself into a chair, and lowering her voice at the same time, and vastly pleased with herself to think she had introduced the special object of her visit with so much tact, "there! Mr. Meechum's called—let me see—once, twice, to see you when you was away. Now, I'll allow he ain't no stavin' great shakes—p'r'aps. I don't s'pose he'd ever set a river afire, but he ain't no booby, and that's sartin as preachin'. He hain't never let on to me, not one word. I reckon he feels a little kinder shameful, and lothe to speak. He ain't one of them kind as blurts right out like some, and I don't s'pose he's ever said anything to you. As long ago as you and he was in Springtown studyin', Mrs. Hand once said to me at a quiltin', says she, just as hateful as she always was arter about three cups of tea, when her eyes begun to bung out of her head, and her tongue to run at both ends—says she, 'There's Meechum and Josie—how's that for a match?' I was bitin' mad then, and I just up and spoke right out in meetin'. Says I, 'Mrs. Hand, you git a new whimsey every cup o' young hyson you drink. He couldn't shake a stick at Josie, and everybody knows that only you.' But I look at things very different from what I used to," she continued, with some tenderness in her accent. "Now, Josie, s'posin' I drop off sudden, what'll you do all alone in the world? And Meechum thinks so much of you he'd always do just as you wanted him to. He'd make such a nice and obleegin' husband, and if you don't feel the need of one now you will bime-by. You ain't grouty 'cause I spoke of it, are you?" said she, after a pause.

"Oh, no, dear grandmother; I will get up and

take my breakfast," said Miss Newell, rising and kissing the old lady, who started off to the kitchen, pleased at the fancied success of her diplomacy.

Miss Newell resumed all her old school-duties the next week, but they had lost all interest for her. She was fighting with a stout heart and an iron will against despair now. Mr. Meechum continued to call. Miss Newell was even glad to see him. His society was far more pleasant to her than self-communion. But her manner was such that he ventured to make no advances.

Thus some weeks passed before the inevitable crisis came. Despondency, anxiety, overwork, had brought sleeplessness, and at last utter nervous prostration, and Miss Newell found herself obliged to resign all school-duties to her assistants, and to seek rest and quiet in a change of scene. The physicians prescribed Europe. The sea-air and the new interests of foreign travel might revive and refresh quickly, at any rate most surely. The present must be entirely banished from her consciousness for a time, or the worst consequences might ensue. And so it was at length arranged. As the day of her departure approached, Ashton and her home began to seem unendurable to her. It was well she must go, for she could no longer stay. Her fevered fancy boded some nameless and impending calamity if she did not hasten her departure. She felt, too, that she was leaving a life to which she was never to return. But something within, resistless as destiny, urged her on. It was with much effort that she met friends and pupils for the final adieux. She fancied that all saw her heart, and read its inmost secret. Despite the protest of her physician, and the most earnest remonstrance of friends, she persisted in starting upon the long journey alone. She must resolutely face all her griefs, and carefully and persistently think and feel her own unaided way through them all to sanity again, or be lost.

During these final days of preparation Mr. Meechum was unusually attentive. He was constantly bustling about, offering every conceivable kind of aid. His services, officious as they grew, were accepted with courtesy. Even when he proposed a correspondence on educational matters she had no power to refuse. He accompanied her on the train to a distant town, and his unctuous good-bay was the last friendly voice she heard before leaving her native shore.

The voyage was delightful. The bracing sea-air, the unthought sights, and sounds, and pastimes, on shipboard, soothed and calmed her beyond the most sanguine prediction of the physician. Instead of resolving all the oppressive sadness of the last few months by sternly looking the spectres of the mind out of countenance, as she had hoped, she seemed to herself to be leaving them far behind.

Animated by a lively and curious interest, she passed some months in flitting from place to place, seldom leaving the frequented paths of foreign travel, but seeing all that a woman may see in a few days in Glasgow, London, Paris, Geneva, Florence, Rome, Venice, Vienna, until at last, fatigued with

sight-seeing and guide-books, she determined to pass what remained of the winter and the spring in Berlin. Her kind-hearted old German patron in Ashton had insisted on giving her a note to his friends in that city, which now she was heartily glad to use. It introduced her to a family of considerable refinement and gentility, who kindly assisted her in finding suitable lodgings, and whose friendship and hospitality were so cordially offered that she learned to look to them for almost daily counsel and assistance.

The war with France had ended long ago; and, although the Prussian capital was already the centre of progressive Teutonism, the vestiges of old German particularism were yet abundant, and Miss Newell was charmed to find that she had fallen in with the simple life of the old Berlin burgher. The quaint and well-kept furniture, the peculiar provincial accent and vocabulary, the home-made garments for every day, the coarse fare, the heart-felt piety that so revered each morsel of daily bread as a special token of heavenly favor, the unquestioning loyalty to God and the kaiser, and, amid and over all, such abundant measure of the untranslatable *Gemüthlichkeit*—all this endeared her new friends, and helped to give life a new zest again. With another American lady, whose acquaintance she had made by chance, Miss Newell even ventured to call on the new rector of the university and solicit the privilege of attending lectures; and at last, after much delay, was informed that for the first time the academic senate had voted permission to attend, provided the consent of the several instructors could be obtained, although matriculation was not allowed to women. But the observations excited by her presence among the students was so embarrassing, the lecture so special, and her acquaintance with the language so inadequate, that Miss Newell soon left her more hardy and ambitious companion to the sole enjoyment of this privilege, and decided to apply herself to drawing under the direction of a visiting instructor.

Herr Schröder was an enthusiast in his devotion to art. When a young man he had visited Rome with a few companions, who, like himself, were fired with the ardent purpose of making art the means of restoring the Fatherland to the bosom of the true Church. Devotion must be passionate in order to be pure, they maintained. Europe had lapsed into secularism, which was only a euphemism for doubt. Faith alone could reanimate the corpse of modern society. It was the divine mission of art to realize the good and the true in the forms of the beautiful. True art is that which translates the vital doctrines of Scripture and sacred tradition into forms of sense most adequately and effectively.

Some of the little band assumed almost the garb and habits of life of one of the monastic orders. Two of their number had vowed celibacy. They met semi-weekly to criticise each other's work, and to share each other's new insights and enthusiasms. When they returned to Germany, and slowly realized how fond and vain their hopes had been, some clung with yet more passionate devotion to their

principles after, and perhaps because it was apparent how dreamy and barren they were. Others gradually fell away to pagan styles and subjects, despite the sharp reproaches of their old associates. Herr Schröder belonged to the former class. He had become known at Berlin as one of the most earnest and accomplished of modern "Düsseldorfers." Surrounded then by hostile influences, he had so often allowed himself to lay down the pencil and brush for the pen of the critic and controversialist, that his hand had grown less facile on the canvas. From this and a variety of other causes he had at length become a teacher of his art without losing any of the commingled religious and aesthetic fervor and sentimentalism which had so strongly characterized his youth.

This pleased Miss Newell. She loved to listen to her instructor's rhapsodic accounts of his emotions on first visiting Rome, to his description of the grand masterpieces of mediæval art he had studied there, and of the incalculable influence which they had exerted upon the tone of modern Christendom. She found his zeal contagious when he expatiated upon the mission of art in the world in localizing and harmonizing divine truth. She became interested in the history of painting, and visited with her instructor several of the numerous private galleries in the city.

"Is it not plain," he said to her, one day, "that religious devotion alone can inspire real artistic genius?"

"I have seen too little to form any opinion as yet," she replied. "But, surely, you do not deny genius to the Greeks?"

"They knew how to treat the body," he replied, "but there is nothing in all classical antiquity that satisfies, or even appeals strongly to, the soul. Not till the discipline of the Church had taught men to mortify the flesh, and to find the higher meaning of life in meditation and prayer, did art learn to make the face more expressive than the hand."

"At least you do not deny great merit to what you term profane or secular art?" she queried.

"Suppose," said he, "an artist paints fruit and flower studies so perfectly to the eye that one cannot distinguish the original from the copy. What good is done? It is at best but a reduplication of Nature. Some chromo-photographic art may be invented any day that shall make all that superfluous. As to pagan mythology, not only does it lack the prime element of reality, is unsubstantial as dreams, cloud-shadows, instead of reflections of heavenly truth, but it yields either no moral or a bad one. No artist who has labored in this field has ever overcome the constant temptation to sacrifice spirit to sense, which, in fact, his theme quite generally compels him to do. But, granting the very most that can be claimed, it can convey at best but a merely moral lesson, or express possibly some distant prophecy or dim allegory of revealed wisdom."

"What do you say, then, of historic and landscape painting?" she asked.

"Simply this," he replied, "that it is either un-

true or uninteresting. Secular history in itself is extremely monotonous, save when it may serve for the enforcement and illustration of the facts of religious history. Like a landscape study, it can have little intrinsic merit, or excite little independent interest. The chief use of both is to make tone and background for the data of revelation, like an accompaniment in music. Examine, for instance, as I have done," he continued, "the great Passions and the Madonnas, and you will not fail to observe that it is devotional ardor which has given an almost superhuman refinement of expression, an intensity of feeling, a depth of soul, a fervor of aspiration, nowhere else to be found, and a touch of living reality which makes itself felt in the exquisite finish of form and glowing warmth of color."

"I am so crude," said Miss Newell, "I need to think of these things."

"If you would learn to paint," said Herr Schröder, "or even to know what painting is, you must study the masterpieces in Rome. The genius of the place there will whisper the open secret of art to you."

"I fancy," said she, "I should need you for my interpreter, for I confess I am such a barbarian that after three days of the most diligent sight-seeing there, and interesting and grand as everything was, I was on the whole disappointed. I like Berlin far better."

Herr Schröder only raised his eyebrows, sighed, shook his head slowly, and shrugged his shoulders significantly, in reply.

In the course of the winter Miss Newell frequently thought of this conversation, and had repeatedly sought to continue it, but always in vain.

"Ah, Fräulein," Herr Schröder replied one day, "these things are so deep and sacred with me! Art and religion are one and inseparable. I am a painter because I was first a believer; and how can I ever hope to make you, who have no faith, understand me? These things need the insight of sympathy. Yet, if I could think that you had ever experienced some—yes, any—intense and absorbing feeling, deep enough to break up and mould anew your whole soul, and make life and death seem indifferent save as they might minister to the attainment of its object, then I might hope to make intelligible to you the devotion which both religion and art should inspire."

"Excuse me if I have seemed to ask a confidence which I could not give in return," Miss Newell replied, with a stern effort to be calm.

When Herr Schröder left her that day, the old heart-soreness which she fancied was wellnigh healed, returned. "He, too, finds me cold and unfeeling," she thought. "I seem to myself to have a heart of proud-flesh; to others it seems a stone. There is no danger of betraying my secret when everything I do betrays my very soul. But yet, why did he speak of such a sympathy, if he did not suspect ground for it in me? Can it be hidden nowhere? No confidant or confessor in the world could ever draw it from me. If it had never found utterance,

I might hope one day to be happy again; but now, O Memory and Love! is there no escape from your power? Must I face the only issue which remains for those who suffer what can neither be cured nor endured?"

When her reflections grew calmer, she determined to devote all her strength to the study of painting. If it led her toward the Church of Rome, or into it—yes, or even into a convent as a bride of Christ—what mattered it? Her prejudices against Catholicism were probably bred of ignorance, and, if she could only find nepenthe there, all might be well again.

So she pored over the lives of the great masters, and made large collections of photographs and engravings, and studied every accessible painting of note in the city, spent a week at Leipsic, and would have gone to Rome despite the lateness of the season but for the reiterated protests of her instructor. Her toil was as unremitting as her zeal was ill-directed and impulsive. She worked with the inconsiderate and impetuous haste that only those yield to who are at cross-purposes with themselves. She had suddenly resolved to make art fill the place of social enjoyment, friends, country, family, and even of love and religion. She found great solace in a few sketches she had designed and executed with much care with the pencil, and which she hoped soon to be competent to attempt in oil. Women more than men always reproduce themselves in art, and no wonder that she found a kind of self-ministration which was almost sacred in this employment. As she gained power to realize and objectify her own sorrow, it became less poignant. This she might do with safety, for, even if other eyes than her own ever beheld her work, they could not interpret her heart. Now she felt that she was on the only road which could lead her again to perfect mental and emotional sanity.

Meanwhile she had received frequent letters from Mr. Meechum. They informed her of all the educational gossip afloat in Ashton, and of the waning fortunes of her institution. His were the only communications she received save from relatives and her vice-principal, and they were all answered promptly. She recounted to him her university experience, described the sights she had seen in her travels, and even her acquaintance with Herr Schröder. Against the influence of the latter, Mr. Meechum felt it his duty to warn her most solemnly and emphatically. He had heard that Jesuits assumed every disguise to win proselytes to Rome. Her instructor was probably no artist, but a priest.

Thus spring slowly passed, and summer approached. Herr Schröder came twice a week, and was very greatly pleased with the progress and zeal of his pupil.

"If you had begun earlier, and had had good instruction, you might perhaps have made an artist, after all," he exclaimed, with much ill-disguised surprise, as with a sudden burst of confidence she one day showed him some of her unfinished sketches. "Perhaps you will be able to understand me yet some day," he said, with beaming delight.

"And why not now?" said Miss Newell, impulsively.

The painter looked at her with a long, earnest, inquiring gaze, till she blushed, and stopped to pick up a fallen sketch.

"Ah!" he said, with a smile. "You American women are such materialists and so world-wise, and have such a business way about everything, that I have been much afraid of you. I think I should like to tell you everything. Yet," he added slowly, "these things cannot be so well told as seen and felt by intimate friendship. Such friendship, I begin to think, I could enjoy with you."

"I fear it would be selfish in me to accept it, and that you would be sadly disappointed in me," she said, demurely. "I must add more," she continued, after a pause and with much effort—"that all the friendship which can spring from common sympathy in the matters of which we have conversed will be more grateful to me than perhaps even you can imagine. But I can never receive or give anything more."

Thenceforth they understood each other, and the former reserve between them was gone. She saw him only as before, and, when the hour of instruction was ended, he took his departure yet more promptly than formerly. But now they could speak freely. She gathered incidentally the story of his life, and felt safe in pitying his lonely and unfortunate lot, and in indulging her growing admiration of the faith that could minister such overflowing happiness to a life which had been filled only with unrealizable ideals, deferred hopes, and impossible ambitions.

So reassured had she been by her instructor's manifest satisfaction with the unfinished sketches she had shown him, that she at length undertook to finish two of them, which she deemed the best, in oil; and, when they were done, no eye but her own had seen them. She had such a growing sense of their imperfections that they were soon locked away in the closet, save now and then, when visitors were not expected, she found satisfaction in bringing them forth from their hiding-place, till they had become the theme of the meditation of many a lonely hour.

One had for its background the high citadel and battered walls of Megara, which rose darkly and massively against the clear eastern sky, faintly tinged with the purple dawn, while the waning moon still cast long, pale shadows from the west. A grassy knoll to the right was covered by the tents of the Cretan army, all now wrapped in silent slumber. In the foreground, by the door of the royal tent, stood King Minos, without sandals or helmet, hastily wrapped in his mantle. In the hand that held the folds of his garment he grasped a sheathed sword, and the other was extended in a violent gesture of disgust and repulsion. Scylla stood before him, her father's purple lock, which the oracle had declared the palladium of the besieged city, lying at her feet. Her hair was bound by a broad, golden fillet, the front of the upper rim arched into a diadem which proclaimed her royal birth. At the extreme right stood slaves with precious treasures from her father's



palace. She had seen and loved from afar, and had stolen forth to offer father, friends, home, country, all she was able to conceive the man of her choice might desire, only to find herself despised, abhorred, and rejected. Mingled rage, guilt, and despair, without fear or remorse, flamed in her face. Her hands were clinched, her attitude full of defiance, and her hair, still carefully smoothed above the coronet, below seemed coiling into forms which resembled the shining tresses of the furies. Love in an instant turned into implacable hate.

In the other picture a broad, square tower rose above the walls of a crumbling old castle, from which through an open casement leaned the "lily maid of Astolat"—Elaine. All the environments were roughly finished, and Miss Newell had devoted all her care to the central figures. Below, Lancelot, his face pale and thin from the long illness through which she had so tenderly and faithfully nursed him, was putting spur to his steed without even an adieu, with "rough discourtesy to break or blunt her passion." The shield she had so long guarded hung upon his arm. She had scoured all its old dints so brightly that the soft light of the setting sun was reflected from it into her face as fully as when

"First she placed it where morning's earliest ray  
Might strike it and awake her with its gleam."

The knight's brow was stern, and his lips compressed, and he was in the act of tearing from the old shield the "red sleeve bordered with pearls" which he had worn in his last and greatest tourney as her token. Her face was pale and thin. Since first

"... she lifted up her eyes,  
And loved him with that love which was her doom,"

no deeper anguish had pierced her heart than now. Not even when, as the favor he begged her to ask, she besought that she might have his love and be his wife, and when, because it could not be, she swooned with anguish. Now it was a calm, deeper climax of sorrow that dimly discerned as from afar its own balm. Her lips were parted with an expression no less sweet than sad, which seemed to welcome love and death alike. Her hands were clasped upon the silken case she had braided, and her eyes, though fixed upon the high plume of the knight, seemed to look vacantly far beyond to their future meeting, when, in the chambers of the false queen who had renounced him, he should pluck her letter from her clay-cold hand and read—

"I loved you, and my love had no return,  
And, therefore, my true love has been my death,"

and pause to leave a kiss upon her lips and a tear upon her brow. Such a look was on her face as holy pilgrim-women wear when they pause in barren places and look upon a cross.

One day, when she was idly gazing at these pictures, her instructor announced himself so suddenly that she had no time to conceal them; and, when he entered her work-room, they were at once discovered. Without observing her discomfiture, he examined

them carefully, pointing out defects she had and others she had not observed.

"But," he said, at last, giving way to his enthusiasm, "they are wonderful for your practice, especially the scene from Tennyson. I once sought myself for such a subject, and even made a sketch of poor Vanessa in an ideal scene. Profane themes are well for studies, but there is no inspiration in them. I almost think you might now succeed with a Madonna. Even this face," pointing to Elaine, "would be remarkable as a Dolorosa. But do you observe how much these faces resemble each other, and how like both are to expressions I have often seen lurking in your own face? You should vary the type and subject. Besides, you are attempting too much. I must insist on a vacation. In a few weeks it will be safe to visit Rome. That must be the next step in your studies. You are far better prepared to go than I thought."

A few days later she set out. It was a somewhat sentimental journey. She lingered awhile at Lucerne, and again at Geneva. Saddened hearts find comfort and companionship in mountains. The clear and pure air, the silence, and solitude, and grandeur, soothed and calmed without exhilarating. She had no desire for adventuresome ascents, and felt no impulse to copy or paint, but was content to contemplate, and enjoy, and write in her journal. Yet Herr Schröder was right about Nature. The great metropolis of art whither she was bound must be far more refining and regenerating than it; and oh! regeneration—that, after all, was what she needed. In the Eternal City she would find the true home of her soul; and she wrote in her diary:

"I will taste the lotus no longer, lest no power of hellebore avail to help me hence. I will obey the call!" and two days later she was comfortably quartered in Rome.

Guide-book in hand, wandering at random in her impetuous and desultory way with a fresh and insatiable curiosity, she had, during the month that elapsed before Herr Schröder arrived, become quite familiar with the most obvious sights and sentiments of the place. Here she found that which absorbed her into self-forgetfulness. Alone as she was, she felt the need of no society. Here, too, was the independence she long had sought. Here she would spend all her remaining days. The old life must be forgotten. She would break from it completely. This would be a new birth, indeed. She owed no duties to her grandmother, whose own children were anxious to minister to her comfort, and, as for her institute, it had declined in popularity, and was mortgaged for taxes. So, at least, Mr. Meechum had written. Possibly he might be willing to make her an offer for it. Of course, she must lose heavily, but perhaps more heavily if she delayed. By the laws of the State he, as school superintendent, would soon control it independently of her. Again it might revive and become more useful in his hands than it ever could be under her management. A few months later, therefore, it became his for a small sum, and, when all was done, Miss Newell was somewhat sur-

prised to observe that his letters abruptly ceased, leaving even her last inquiries unanswered. This roused for a time some feeling of indignation and chagrin, but, when it subsided, she became moralist enough to write in her journal:

"Even ungrateful neglect and indignities, which are among the ills we have to bear, may be endured, if, like Dr. Pangloss, we reflect how much more grievous they might have been. We may learn some wisdom from Dr. Pangloss, absurd as he is."

She had counted the days till her instructor's arrival. She had hardly realized before how large a place he filled in her thoughts. She really longed to see him. She had studied what he liked, and imagined his opinions on many things which she had seen. She had sketched but little, but had seen and pondered much. She would confide in him without reservation when he came. He could explain everything, and she had saved up so many questions to ask him!

When they met, she was not greatly embarrassed to find herself blushing in his presence, while she fancied that the vivacity and sprightliness, which she did not try to repress, made him more deeply serious than ever before.

Herr Schröder was at home here. He knew the dignitaries of the Church, and the artists, and was favorably known by them. He explained to his pupil the symbols of the ritual, and the paraphernalia of the festivals, and introduced her to several of the painters, and to a distinguished prelate, and found her a teacher of Italian. They saw much of each other now, and took frequent strolls, and even saw the Coliseum by moonlight together, and her journal was forgotten.

"What more auspicious time and place," said he, as they stood upon a huge hewed block of stone by the ruins, "to make a great life-choice? Here is human power crumbling and decaying like Babel, confusion, doubt, secularism, temporality, Protestant schism, and iconoclasm. There"—pointing to the dome of St. Peter's—"is the type of spiritual unity and aspiration, a mere shadow which will fade and vanish like these ruins, but which will leave behind it a precious immortality of influence. Its very ground-plan, a cross, will make its ruins more eloquent of suffering endurance, the capital virtue of Christianity, than its perfection can ever be. Oh!" he continued, with increasing vehemence, "what has science done or can it ever do for faith? Nothing but correct her proof-texts and revise her illustrations, and reword her dogmas; but art, from the first, has made religion a power in the world. The Muses give higher motives and better comforts than material possessions or knowledge can ever do. Art alone can realize for holy ends all the traditions of imperial Rome, and make her the centre whence a new and higher civilization shall spread over the world."

"You know I have chosen," Miss Newell broke in, with deep emotion.

"But do you know that, if you choose Christian art, you enter upon a *via dolorosa* which will never lead you to either wealth or fame?" asked he.

"I have renounced possessions, country, a life of ease, perhaps some renown, my own will, yes, and my very heart itself," she said, with tearless eyes but with a trembling voice. "What more? I think sometimes I could do almost anything in art which you would advise and direct. I feel that art may by-and-by give me something to cling to, to lean upon; and something—*something* in heaven or on earth—I must have!"

She covered her face with her hands, and Herr Schröder gazed long and almost tenderly upon her, and only said:

"Do not despair; have patience; it is the secret way to genius. You may be accounted worthy to serve the holiest. The spirit of power may come to you at any moment. Men are still inspired here."

They walked home slowly and silently. The next day they were teacher and scholar again, and talked of work.

"It is about time your apprenticeship should end," said Herr Schröder. "You must try to learn to trust your own creative power. Put your taste, your creed, your heart, yourself, in short, into some original subject. Think it out carefully, and express it slowly and patiently, using me for details. Drawing is your best point. It is in coloring that I can help you most."

After much deliberation, and with the same unconventional candor of sentiment and motive that so often characterized her action, she chose an old, old theme, so spun over with dogmas, and hedged about by traditional forms of treatment, that to one ambitious merely of artistic fame it would have seemed beset with too great dangers and difficulties. It was the Holy Night of Nights—the supreme hour of motherhood, when love becomes complete, and every first-born child seems the offspring of Heaven—Immanuel.

An arched grotto in a crumbling limestone rock had often been a noonday retreat and a theme for pencil-sketches, in the glen at her Western home. In such a shelter, slightly improved by a fore-work of stones and branches, upon a rick of dried straw and grass, lay a young mother clasping a child, "all meanly wrapped," to her breast. The face of the child was not seen, hardly the outline of its form, but all the beatitudes seemed to rest upon the face of the mother. The dawn was scarcely gray in the east, but a bright light, softer than that of the sun, lay warm and fresh from an unknown source upon the scene—a type of the new revelations and insights of love. A male figure knelt near the mother with face averted, but evidently absorbed in contemplation, less carefully finished than the rest, with slight constraint and more affectation, evidently mingled with a deep ardor of devotion. Before the outer edge of the shelter paused a yet more rudely-clad herdsman, with a face strangely eloquent of meaning. It told that these intruders were strangers, far from home, in need of sympathy, perhaps of help. Pity, and surprise, and reverence, were there, but above all a tender sadness, which, when it was once

caught and felt by the observer, seemed to dim the splendor of the light, and make the pile of fagots at one side suggestive of a sacrificial altar, and the faint shadow that fell prone and uncertain upon the huddled sheep behind him, of a cross. Both gazed upon the mother, and she, unconscious of all—even her child—seemed absorbed in the vision of some higher presence, unseen save to her. The lines of care and suffering, and of present pain, were too deeply worn in her brow to be effaced, but they only made more expressive the tranquil calm and deep joy that now filled and completely satisfied her soul, and made every accumulated ill and shame of life forgotten in the supreme joy of motherhood.

Such was the ideal that gradually took shape in Miss Newell's mind, and toward the expression of which she wrought with great diligence. She studied faces and groupings, and gathered suggestions from almost every collection in the city. She was with her teacher more than ever before. Never had she felt such constant need of him. Never had she longed so earnestly for greater skill to express her conceptions. Only the encouragement of his enthusiasm kept her from despair of her own powers; and yet, upon the whole, she had never found so much pleasure in any task, and the praises of her mentor had never been so warm and valued. She knew he was pleased with her choice of theme, and he had found but little fault with her conception of it. She had hoped to finish it before the festivities of Christmas, that she might find needed rest and recreation in these.

One day when it was nearly complete, Herr Schröder rapped at her door much earlier than usual. He found her already at her work.

"I have been suddenly called away for a few days," he said, in an unusually earnest and intense manner; "I could not go until I had spoken to you upon a matter which you may perhaps easily anticipate, and which has occupied my thoughts especially of late."

Miss Newell's heart was in her throat in an instant. She could not trust her voice, but only motioned him to sit.

"You must have felt in this last work of yours," he said, after a long pause, "the deep impulse which sometimes seems outside of and more mighty than self, so that you appear merely to look on and see yourself work. This larger life, which men call enthusiasm, love, genius—forms of inspiration of the Holy Ghost, all of them—you must have felt?"

"I have felt it," she said, slowly. "At least, I love my work; but not purely for itself—for something else. My former life will linger in my thoughts in such a sad, sweet way, that I often wonder whether I should enjoy more or less here if I could forget it entirely."

"You did well," he rejoined, "to renounce and try at least to forget the past before you came here. But, in doing so, you must have had higher thoughts and feelings to sustain you and make all ills seem blessings in disguise?"

"Yet," she continued, "I often feel that somehow

selfishness is at the bottom of all, and am often conscious of the need and absence of all you describe, and almost sink for the want of something to cling to for support."

"Ah! that," said Herr Schröder, gravely, "is the need of every human heart, and it is the chief business of all mental culture to discover what that something is. Do you not believe that the Muses are all servants of the Holy Ghost?"

"No doubt," she replied, "but we must love the divine through the human. Is that not the highest precept of art? Christ seems so far away! The theologians have almost resolved him back into ineffable God."

"But," said he, "we have his representatives—the clergy, the Church, and its holy offices. Yet it is true we need more. I have felt most deeply the need of companionship and sympathy in my solitary life."

"We cannot live without love. We need not disguise or deny it," she said, with a slight tremor in her voice, while her eyes, gazing into the distance, showed her thoughts to be far, far away.

"Perhaps," he rejoined, "you and I have reason to feel this more than most. In this common need, we have much ground for mutual understanding. You can best judge of this, however, for you know far more of my life than I of yours. Yet you were wisest in concealing and trying to forget the past. Now you can help me to a new life."

"I am bound to you by debts of gratitude, which I fear nothing less than that could ever repay. Would that I dared to hope it were possible!" she added, after a pause.

"I cannot explain to you the long reserve I have felt in speaking of this," he said, "and now it is only because the voice of Heaven commands no further delay that I am here." His manner was more impassioned and fervent, and he drew very close to her side as he said:

"The Divine will has decreed for us the holiest of all earthly vows. Shall we obey?"

"We cannot do otherwise," she said. "I, too, have long wished for a higher consecration to art, yes, prayed for it often. If you could show me how it is attained, oh, how light my weary griefs would become!" Yet the tears were gathering in her eyes.

"And I!" he said, almost rapturously, scarcely heeding what she said. "The thought of this has led me on almost from the first. My prayers are answered. You have given me strength. And now," he continued, suddenly clasping her hand in his own, "when, through the holy rites of the Church, we are dead to the world and to each other, and the sacred veil of the bride of Christ has fallen—"

She started up with a sudden cry of horror and agony as his meaning flashed upon her. She had thought only of a higher devotion to art, which was to lift her above the ordinary griefs of humanity, and had clung to Herr Schröder as the minister to that end. He, enthusiast as he was, had thought only of mutual vows of retirement into the holy seclusion of monastic and cloistered life; or possibly the flames

of love and of religious fervor were so commingled in his soul that he had by turns mistaken each for the other, and, by the influence of Miss Newell's acquaintance, had become conscious of being drawn now to thoughts of marriage—now to purposes of higher religious consecration. The latter motive had prevailed, or the latter mood chanced this hour to be paramount. To be sure, his words had vaguely suggested such thoughts to her mind before, but they had always been dismissed without serious consideration; for, if he desired to renounce the world, she could see no reason for any wish on his part that she should do the same.

This time the shock was too great for her exhausted system. With a low moan of agony, she fainted in her chair. Possibly her teacher suspected the cause of her distress. At all events, when she was restored, others were over her, and he was gone.

The next day he called, but could not see her. The morning following she left Rome, and in two days was in her old quarters at Berlin, which had chanced to remain vacant during her absence.

She was warmly received by her old friends, who had been greatly concerned because nothing had been heard from her since her solitary departure for Rome. They hastened to place in her hands a few letters which had lain there for some time till her new address should be known. Among these was one from Professor Moors. She recognized the handwriting, but, although nearly prostrated with fatigue and exhaustion, opened and read it with perfect composure.

The professor had some hope of establishing a home of his own in the spring, the letter stated. He wished a few tasteful pictures, copies in oil, if they could be procured, of some of the great masters. His house had several rooms somewhat like those in her old home in Springtown. It might aid her to keep this in mind. A few general specifications as to price and character were added, leaving a wide range of choice to her own taste.

This was a commission which it would require several days to execute, but she set about it at once, and it was soon done.

During her previous residence here she had, through the family of the house, made the acquaintance of several visiting Sisters from the convent of the Holy Cross, and had felt strongly drawn toward them. The placid repose of soul which they seemed to enjoy, their tranquil and yet beneficent lives, charmed and hallowed by an atmosphere of peace and subdued satisfaction and joy, had from the first provoked her curiosity. She now met them again, and requested to see them whenever they came to the house. In the quiet days that succeeded it was inevitable that certain trains of thought and purpose that before occupied her mind should be revived and reviewed. Those first weeks in Berlin, when Herr Schröder had been to her only a teacher, seemed now to have been almost happy. What, after all, if he had been in the right! It might be that all the wounds of earth could be healed and forgotten in pious seclusion and meditation. Her life had been indeed

unusually solitary. There might be a divine purpose in that. Of course, intellectually, she was conscious that she had no proclivities toward Catholicism. Many of its dogmas she knew only as noxious and almost profane. But an asylum from the rough, cold world, the opportunity for spiritual advancement and confidence, a true confessional of soul, perhaps—these seemed invested with a wondrous and growing charm. Here, too, she might find occupation. She could still paint, and find consecration and inspiration, and live in the midst of insights and motives that would suggest and interpret the highest subjects; while for her leisure hours there remained devotion, study, works of charity. Her pictures, too, would sell for a small sum, no doubt—enough, with what was yet left of her inheritance, for the deposit-fund required at the end of her novitiate, before she took the final vows. At last she was resolved; the pictures were sold, and their price—far less, she knew, than their real value—laid by. She began to feel herself, in reality, dead to the world, to its common pleasures and pains. How kind was Providence to lead her heart, and at last her feet, to a home, sweet home, for her tired soul!

Some weeks were to elapse before the initial, and many before the final, rites of consecration, by which she, with several others, was to be set apart from the world. On the morrow she had decided to accept the kind invitation of the Sisters, and occupy a room with them in the convent dormitory, and a seat at their commons-table.

The morrow was Christmas. It was one of those rare days of warm and perfect splendor which sometimes smile down upon old Berlin in early winter through Italian skies, and which, whenever they come, make a holiday of Nature's own setting apart, for all who have or can beg or steal leisure to enjoy it.

Miss Newell's sleep had been sound and untroubled. Her great elevation of feeling made her the more calm. This morning she spent nearly an hour in devotional meditation and prayer, exercises almost new to her, and which added greatly to the depth of her joy and peace.

The members of the household where she lived had sent in a neat little bouquet of flowers, with a card on which was written "Prosit zum Weihnachtsfest!" and she was just taking out the plain but neat garments she was to wear, when a caller was announced in the parlor below. He had sent no name or card. She went down at once, and found herself face to face with Professor Moors! For an instant neither spoke. There was no form of salutation. This time she was more calm than he. She observed that he looked jaded and anxious. He began speaking rapidly:

"I left Ashton three weeks ago, traveling with Mr. and Mrs. Elmore. She has shown me long ago the great wrong I have done you. I have come to Europe to find you and to tell you that I have loved you from the first."

She suddenly raised her hand deprecatingly, but it fell again.



"You are not married, then?" she asked, after a pause, with a tone of simple surprise, yet very calmly.

"I have never had a thought of it," he said, with great emphasis and more surprise, "which did not lead my mind and my very heart toward you."

He paused a moment, but she said nothing, and he continued:

"I had foolish and cruel motives. I thought you proud, unfeeling, wrongly ambitious, and I fought long and bitterly against my own heart. How little I knew you then! I was proud and heartless. Now I am ready, longing for any sacrifice, any atonement. Nay, more—I feel that my life henceforth will be a poor, worthless thing if it cannot be linked with yours."

She stood drearily, almost breathlessly there, while these words, that would once have thrilled her heart with unspeakable joy, seemed now like the echo of a far-off sorrow.

"Have you ceased to love me?" he exclaimed, with trembling voice.

"I fear so—worthily," she said, slowly.

"If you could see my heart— But no, I will not speak of my suffering. Great as it has been, yours has been far deeper, I know. Nay, do not draw back. I know far more of you than you suspect—know it honorably, as a man and a lover has some right. I dare even appeal to your own heart. Do not answer hastily. Let me leave you now to take counsel with your own thoughts." He turned toward the door.

"You are right," she said, yet more calmly. "I must not listen to you. It is Heaven that has parted us. Oh, this is all a dream! We may, we must take time," she burst out, impetuously, after an instant's pause.

"Ah! if you wish to humble or test me, it is perhaps but just," he said. "Yes, impose anything, any task whatsoever."

"As you have done to me? Not for worlds!" she interposed, with deep feeling. "But you did not, could not know!"

"I knew nothing. I misinterpreted all from the first—till a month ago," he replied, "when, thanks to Mrs. Elmore, my eyes were opened."

"Perhaps we need not speak more of it," she said. "It can do no good. I cannot, dare not, abandon the life I have chosen. The vows are already in my heart. It would be worse than weakness to look back."

"But these plans cannot be deliberate? Is there no hope—none?"

"There is none," she said, with deep emotion, and with manifest effort to be firm. "I belong to my friends but for a few hours, and after that I hope never to leave the society of the Sisters I have found here."

The professor lingered a moment, and then, with a sudden impulse, left the house abruptly and without a word.

When he was gone, Miss Newell sank into a chair, quite overpowered by a sense of utter weak-

ness and helplessness, such as she had never felt before. "Once," she thought, "this would have been an hour of supreme bliss. Once, too, when friends called me hard and cold, I might have steeled my heart against every thought of love, but now I can only—what? Pray? Yes." And she prayed silently in anguish of soul as she sat there, her face covered with her hands; prayed that her love might be all refined, and, ceasing to clasp things of earth, might be absorbed in things heavenly and divine; that she might follow duty with an eye more single and a consecration more unreserved; that she might learn from the life of the dear, loving Jesus himself how to find "all the joy that lies in a full self-sacrifice."

She had sat thus she knew not how long, when the door opened and Mrs. Elmore entered unannounced, and threw her arms about Miss Newell's neck in her old warm impulsive manner, almost before she could rise, and began at once:

"There, my dearest Josie, I am not in the least surprised, not the least in the world. I always knew it would be so. Why, he loved you from the first, just as I said, and you thought I dreamed it, or else lied, and that he cared for my niece. You wicked girl!" and she embraced and kissed her yet more demonstratively than before.

Miss Newell raised her hand deprecatingly and began:

"Do you, then, not know—"

"Know? Yes, everything," interrupted Mrs. Elmore, now almost fiercely; "but you don't mean one word of it. If you do, upon my soul, you are crazy, and you shall not leave this house! If Heaven sent you to a convent, it sent me across the sea to prevent your going. It is the same old pride in a new and more dangerous form than ever. Now it would complete its work in entirely crushing out your heart. You love him, and if you can't see that God wants you to make this man happy—to save him from a heavier and longer grief, perhaps, than even yours has been—you had better seek a hospital for your soul! Why," she continued, after a pause, "he has not had a thought that was not yours, but he feared you did not *truly* love him. Your cold manner he thought was heartlessness. Now he knows you love him, and you cannot escape him if you try. He cared for your school, and when it all ran down on Mr. Meechum's hands, he bought it himself, and reorganized it much on your old plan. Your old Springtown home, too, he purchased a year ago, and now it is refitted and furnished, and ready. If he seems to have presumed too much on your love, that is all my fault."

"If I thought it was pride—" said Miss Newell, absently, after another long pause.

"Of course it is. Willful, wicked, stubborn pride, and oh, what a dreadful direction it has taken, and how you must have indulged it!" said Mrs. Elmore. "If you can subdue it *now*, it will be a real regeneration. The culture of all the religions can do no more than that."

"You are my best friend. I have done you

great wrong!" exclaimed Miss Newell, now throwing her arms about Mrs. Elmore's neck. "If you could only know how I have suffered!" and Mrs. Elmore became positive that she did know all about it as she felt the hot tears fall upon her cheek, but this time she was silent.

"How shall I tell the Sisters?" Miss Newell asked at length.

"Tell them everything, and they will give you the kiss of peace and bid you 'God speed!'" was the reply. "But there is another with whom you must break your word first. Sit here and grow calm while I step over to the hotel and call him," and she hastily left the room.

In a few minutes the professor entered, almost timidly. Each looked into the other's eyes an instant, and then she was in his arms.

She was the first to speak.

"Do you know how my love has wavered and wandered—how much pride and selfishness you will have to bear with?"

"I should be cruel, indeed, if I were as unjust to you as are your own thoughts."

"What first convinced you that I really loved you?" she asked next.

"Mrs. Elmore made me feel it at last," he replied; "and then I came by chance the other day upon a picture you sold, which contained my portrait as a herdsman, so wonderfully and tenderly finished from memory."

She blushed deeply, and he continued:

"You will see that and two others I have been able to find and identify after some pains, in your own old room in the old house in Springtown—soon, I hope."

She could not speak, but she rested her head upon his shoulder. Such absorbing peace and joy filled her heart so long estranged from its highest good, but now satisfied and atoned. At last she turned her face toward his, and, with a smile faint but full of happiness, said: "I must impose one condition. You do not ask me to stand by my old letter to you? I do not like that. You must go off and begin in true fashion and write me some ardent love-letters. Then, perhaps, if you should ask me to say—in two months, in Springtown—that will be next leap-year-day—I might have no objection."

Of course, Mrs. Elmore dropped in again before an hour had passed. The professor almost fancied she seemed a trifle disappointed to see, as she did at a glance, that her services were needed no longer. She has since said that the disposition of each was so willful that her anxiety was vastly relieved when she saw them sitting—

Well, kind reader, no matter how—for now the writer may as well confess to so modest a thing as being the hero of his own tale, which is every word a true one.

We began rather late, but we have been happier than a younger and less experienced couple ever were or could have been for nearly a year. We shall always celebrate leap-year-day. My wife must not see this little story till long after you have forgotten it—till we have been married just four years. Then I shall gather all these friends, if God spares them, every one, and, when the best dinner I can afford is over, I shall read this tale to them, and then I know Mrs. Elmore will say, with great emphasis: "You are quite right. It was all due to me. I foresaw it from the first. It was the most bothersome match I ever engaged in. Those are always the happiest. But the town-gossips—why, there is not one of them ever so much as dreamed why the wedding was leap-year-day to this day."

And my wife will say in her quiet, modest way: "I was not made for a heroine, my dear; and I am afraid that has spoiled your story. I was very headstrong, and enthusiastic, and foolish, but now I fear I forgave you more easily than you deserved. However, the wrong-doing you have spun it all from was mine."

I shall reply: "My dear, our marriage is one of mind as well as of heart and soul. You completely fill woman's sphere for me. There is *nothing* I would change in you. I was a little inconsiderate, and, on the whole, I think, perhaps, I ought to bear all the blame. The best philosophy of the domestic relation—"

And then I know Josie's good-hearted but shockingly coarse grandmother (long may she live with us if she does not alter her will!) will interrupt me:

"Children, just bite right off. You'll quarrel yet who is the wisest. I'll allow you're quite a dab at story-writing. But you've got one thing wrong. I allus knew Meechum was a scamp. I knew, too, you'd marry each other in the end all the time; so just change that a bit, too, while you are about it."

And my little boy will be three then, and I mean he shall be able to say, "Yeap-year ith better 'an Kithmath, an' T'anksgivin', an' New-Year, all to-dether;" and if he should add, "But, O papa, p'ease don't write any more long stowies—I'm so sleepy!" then I am sure he, if all the rest of us have failed to do so, may touch a tender chord of sympathy in some reader's breast.

## SONNET.

OFt through the mazes of the Roman mart  
And quaint Trastevere I have strolled alone,  
And in Saint Peter's, miracle of stone,  
Have felt the awe of God pervade my heart.  
The stately city in its every part  
Has to mine eyes its grandest splendors shown;  
Its loves, and pains, and sufferings, I have known,

Its dizzy carnival, its peerless art!  
The Vatican recalls delicious days,  
And, with the flawless, mellow moon o'erhead,  
Through august ruins I have wandered free;  
But ah! I marvel at all, yet dare not praise—  
On yonder green Campagna she lies dead,  
And what is Rome's magnificence to me?

## HOUSEKEEPING, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

AN American cannot help thinking, after a lengthened residence in England, that there is an excellent chance for some speculative showman to realize a moderate and well-earned fortune by importing an American house to the "tight little island," and exhibiting it there. I do not mean a specimen of the log-cabins in which a large proportion of my countrymen are supposed to reside, nor a model of the modest White House which is made to serve as a poor substitute for a presidential palace; but I mean an average American house, such as those which are erected in all the cities of the United States for the residences of the middle-class population. Compared with a dwelling of this kind, the middle-class houses in England seem destitute equally of comfort and convenience, although those who have never been accustomed to anything different or better consider them quite comfortable, and convenient enough for all practical purposes. But, then, different people have different minds. An Englishman absolutely believes that he can warm a room by building a grate-fire at one end of it. An American visiting his country is in a continual shiver, his face being scorched and his back cold, or *vice versa*, until he becomes thoroughly acclimated, and learns that the most healthy warmth is that which exercise in the open air imparts to the blood.

Suppose the British exhibitor to have his model, and to commence his show. "Here, ladies and gentlemen," he would say, "is a model of domestic architecture. It is a house intended for a family of six persons and two servants. Enter at the basement, and you will observe that there is no servants' hall, no housekeeper's room, no scullery-room. The servants' hall is the kitchen, that being kept as neat as a parlor, since there are no slops, no carrying about of water, no cartage of coals, in this house. A housekeeper would be superfluous, as the house keeps itself. The scullery is in this corner of the kitchen, which is only used for cleaning the pots and pans. In England we send out the washing, and pay heavy bills to laundresses. Now, alongside of this kitchen-range, you will see tubs which form a table when the lids are down, and which are supplied with hot and cold water, the hot water being heated by the kitchen-range. Turn the handle of this machine, and the clothes are washed; turn that machine, and the clothes are wrung; place them in yonder hot-air cupboard, and the clothes are dried. Yes, sir; quite like magic.

"The cook does this work easily on a Monday morning, and there is no additional expense, no clouds of steam, no fuss and ill-temper. That large box is a refrigerator, which keeps the meats, milk, butter, and so forth, cool and fresh. By a self-regulating apparatus, a constant supply of distilled ice-water is obtained. That iron erection in the cellar is a furnace which warms the whole house with a single fire. No pokers, tongs, coal-scuttles, sifters,

chimney-sweepers, and girls to lay the fires and act as domestic coal-heavers, here, ladies and gentlemen. This house heats itself, as you might say.

"Ascend to the upper floors, please. The dining-room, with a butler's pantry opening out of it, with a small iron safe for the family plate, a sink for washing glass and china, and a lift to bring dishes directly to table without any fear of their cooling on the stairs, and without any odor from the cooking to spoil good appetites. If you ring the bell in any room in the house, the servants are not obliged to trip up-stairs to ask what you desire, down-stairs to procure it, and up-stairs again to bring it to you. We are now on the third floor, and perhaps some lady or gentleman would like a glass of sherry and a biscuit? I ring the bell, whisper down this tube, and, *presto!* the refreshments rise from fairy-land—that is, from the basement—upon this dumb-waiter, and are here in this closet ready to your hand. The sherry is English, sir; you needn't be afraid of it! This lift or dumb-waiter runs from cellar to attic, and is useful for bundles, parcels—anything you like. Perhaps you are chilly; turn the register this way, and in ten minutes a Hottentot would be happy. Or you are too warm; turn the register that way, and regulate the temperature to suit yourselves. The heated air is injurious to health? Well, you can have it fresher without opening the windows. I pull the cord of this ventilator, and you feel the change directly. You remark that there are no bathtubs in the sleeping-rooms. No; but there are baths on every floor, for the servants as well as the master. See! I draw this curtain, and here you have them—full bath, sitz-bath, shower-bath, and vapor-bath, complete. Hot and cold water in any room by simply pressing one of these knobs. Stationary washstands in every dressing-room, which connect directly with the main sewage-drain. Do you need a light to see that room, sir? Just pull out that electrical gas-burner, and there's an illumination immediately without the necessity for safety-matches. Like Aladdin's palace, isn't it, sir? Everything you see, to save labor, waste, and servants. The rent? About two hundred pounds a year in American currency. Yes, ma'am, two servants do the whole work of this house, and have plenty of spare time. Numbers of families keep only one. This way out, please. The halls and passages, you will notice, are of the same temperature as the rooms. No draughts of cold air whenever anybody opens the door. Thank you! Now for the next batch of visitors."

The most of the comparisons I wish to make will suggest themselves to the reader of this monologue. Of course, I have seen some of the American improvements in some English houses, but still the extent to which they have been adopted is very limited. If there be a bath-room in an English house, it must answer for the whole household. If there be a lift, it stops at the dining-room floor, al-

though coals and water have to be carried to the higher stories. If hot and cold water be laid on, it is only in certain select apartments. Ventilators are almost unknown, except, perhaps, that antiquated sort which are let into the windows. Heated air is considered unwholesome, and so ladies and children sit before the grate-fire, with shawls over their shoulders, and catch cold in order to prevent injury to their lungs. Gas has made its way into all English houses now, but it is still forbidden to be used in sleeping apartments, although the smoke from even a wax-candle is hardly preferable to the odor of the small amount of gas which can possibly escape. No stranger can live for a week in an English house and not be ill from exposure to the chilly halls and stairways, even if he succeed in making himself comfortable before the fire. The English wrap themselves up to cross the hall as though they were going out-of-doors. Iced-water is vetoed as injurious to the teeth. It is true that in England one generally has no trouble to keep cool; the trouble is ever to get warm.

The parade, labor, skill, and paraphernalia required to maintain and manage an English fire are bewildering to a foreigner. There are the grate and the ornamented fender, and rug before the hearth; the steel shovel, tongs, and poker, that are kept for beauty, not for use, and the steel poker, tongs, and shovel, that are to be used. Need I say that the foreigner always undertakes to employ the wrong poker, and is detested accordingly? Then there is the handsome coal-box that stands by the fireside, and the ugly coal-scuttle which the maid carries in and out to replenish the former. Matches, waste-paper, bundles of kindling-wood *ad libitum*, and the first issue thereof is smoke. Presently there comes flame, and then, after an hour's manipulation, heat is generated—not much heat, but still enough to make one wish for more. Meanwhile, the fire consumes the coals with a fiendish disregard of their price per sack. By way of revenge, I presume, everybody who enters the room gives the fire a savage poke. But, like Stephano's fish in "The Tempest," it is a most delicate monster. Let but a foreign hand touch the poker, and the fire grows sullen and dies out. Every man thinks he can dress a salad, every man thinks he can poke a fire; these are the two least venial of human errors. When the fire dies, either naturally or by some unskillful touch, it strews the whole fender with its ashes. Then one of the maid-servants produces a box full of black-lead and brushes, takes away the ashes and sifts them, and, by the dint of much hard work, polishes the grate again. There is no other institution in England so troublesome, vexatious, unsatisfactory, and ungrateful, as an English fire, but the people love it and praise it and shiver around it, as if it were a fire from heaven, like that which lighted the altars of the gods.

It is evident that the origin of the numerous labor-saving contrivances with us is the lack of good servants, but in London the inhabitants have been complaining for years of the lack of good servants, and are yet very slow to introduce servant-saving

machines. We Americans, who know what the horrors of servanthood really are, cannot but regard these complaints as ill-founded. Everywhere in England, not excepting London, the servants seem astonishingly docile, willing, and well-trained. The worst London maid-of-all-work, who ever transformed a lodging-house into a purgatory, shines like an angel by contrast with her Irish sister in New York. The most stupid, drunken, negligent coachman in England is a perfect master of his business by contrast with his brother, the independent, adopted fellow-citizen who murders your horses in the United States. Perhaps the best servants we have had in America during the past thirty years were the black slaves of the South, but they were exceedingly lazy, wasteful, and expensive. But there were, forty or fifty years ago, a set of servants, mostly blacks, attached to Knickerbocker families in New York and New Jersey, who were as near perfection as men and women can become. Those were the days of Dutch kitchens, Dutch dishes, Dutch neatness, and Dutch housewifery, now long past and never to return. With them faded away the old faithful race of servants who honored and respected their employers, and were honored and respected by all. Occasionally one happens upon a descendant of this race with all the virtues of the good old stock, but the accident is very rare. But the English servants at their best are precisely like these Knickerbocker marvels. At their worst, they are so much better than the present race of servants in America that any American who values his comfort more than his democracy would do well to exchange countries for this reason alone. Nevertheless, we are right to flatter ourselves that we have no good servants because of our democracy. It is not pleasant to think of thousands of young men and women, who grow up as servants in private houses, with no ambition beyond exchanging their domestic servitude for the public servitude of a little landlordship and landladyship in a minor tavern. In America a coachman may win his way into Congress, and a servant-girl may marry a future governor. If we must have either discomfort or feudalism, let us choose discomfort. But sometimes, when I watch the English servants at their work, it occurs to me that, as there is nothing degrading in household service, and as we Americans pay very dearly for it, surely it ought to be more honestly and ably performed, even by embryo Congressmen and the possible wives of governors. If any one objects to this sentiment as unrepublican, I'll make it stronger by suggesting that we should have in America stricter laws to compel our future rulers to give us fairer work for our fair wages.

One pregnant advantage that the English have is that their servants are their own country-folk. A native-born American servant is almost an impossibility. In old times we used to see them in some of the Eastern States, but they were chiefly farmers' daughters sent out as helps to neighbors, in order that they might learn housekeeping, and so fit themselves for becoming industrious wives. This is the reason why they were called "helps," and not servants; for, being of the same social rank as their



employers, there was nothing servile in their occupations. Naturally, the same term came in time to be applied to all servants, but is now very seldom used. The servants in America, then, are all foreigners—Irish in the East, Germans in the West. English and Scotch servants are more scarce, and are always sure of commanding better places and higher wages. Germans are preferred to the Irish, because they know more about domestic duties, and are generally neater in appearance. They have, however, propensities for lager-beer lovers, and waltzing at late balls, which test the temper of the most patient mistress very severely. The Irish go from the immigrant-ships to the intelligence-offices or servants' agencies, and often they have places—that is to say, are hired—the next day after they leave ship-board. Poor girls! The wonder is, not that they know so little, but that they learn so quickly. Coming from homes destitute of every comfort; from straw-thatched cabins where the only housekeeping consists in piling peat upon the fire; from hovels where all the meals are cooked in the same pot, and gaunt Poverty casts its curse upon the scanty fare—they are transferred in a moment from the horrors of the steerage to what seem to them palaces, and are transformed in a twinkling from immigrants to culinary artists or first-class general servants. They have never had any money before, but they are too shrewd to squander their large wages. With a generosity to which one cannot do too ample justice, their first thoughts are for their poor relatives in Ireland—their first savings are sent to bring these wretched sufferers to the promised land. These Irish servant-girls, whose devotion to their religion shames many a Christian in higher stations, subscribe immense sums of money for the Roman Catholic Church, for the support of priests, and for charity. They have always a trifle left, too, for Fenianism or any other "ism" that assumes the garb of the champion of Old Ireland.

Thinking of all their devotion, and their patriotism, and their sacrifices, their faults appear trivial; but they *have* most vexatious faults. They soon learn their independence; their self-respect takes the form of unbridled insolence; they are, almost without exception, virtuous while in service, but they are very fond of drink; they assume unservant-like finery, despise those caps which English maids wear so jauntily, and make frequent drafts upon their mistresses' wardrobes. Cousins are always coming to see them; and, as every Irishman is their cousin, a thief or burglar often turns up in a well-regulated household. They domineer over the real mistress of the house, order her out of the kitchen, and give her the full benefit of a temper spoiled by early brutality. They reserve all their affection for their own country-people, and never have the slightest attachment to the families with whom they live. Regarded philosophically, they are excellent patriots; but regarded practically they are very bad servants, in every way inferior to those of England and the Continent.

But there is such a calamity as too much of a good thing. The English have too many servants.

The labor is divided into very small portions, and there must be a man or a maid for each portion. Butler, housekeeper, cook, house-maid, parlor-maid, nurse, nurse-maid, laundry-maid, lady's-maid, footman, valet, scullery-maid, and page, or "buttons," they muster in diversified but formidable array, and each one is pledged, by some secret bond of the fraternity, never to do anything that is assigned by custom to the departments of his coadjutors. At least three or four servants must be attached to a moderate household in London. In the country, I have known fifteen servants engaged to wait upon a family of four persons. I do not speak of noblemen's families, for these maintain an immense retinue of dependents and underlings, but of a quiet country-house, with no game-preserves to look after, and no stud of hunters to require extra stablemen. English ladies are, as a rule, better housewives than American women, and they have need to be so. To manage so many employés satisfactorily demands talents, labor, and experience, enough to fit a man for the rank of drill-sergeant, or even that of general. In many English houses the servants form a household within a household. They must have a separate table, not furnished forth with the funereal baked meats from their master's feast, but with every thing cooked especially. Even in the plainest houses there is a fixed extra allowance for the servants' beer. In great houses the upper servants have a third table in the housekeeper's room. All this draws heavily upon the income of the head of the family. Wages are not very dear, but not much cheaper than in America. Perquisites are about the same in both countries. Vails or gifts from visitors are not thought of here, but in many parts of England the custom is continued in all its ancient force. Some years ago there was a determined attack upon it in the newspapers, but very little effect was produced. Gentlemen furnished statistics to show that it would have cost them less to buy their own shooting-grounds than to accept invitations from friends and pay pounds to the game-keepers. Other gentlemen ciphered up the amount of money of which they had been mulcted by the understrappers at houses which they had honored with visits. The journals, in long, logical, and learned leaders, protested against such impositions upon guests. But when the servants, aggravated beyond endurance, at last rushed into print, and, with homely pathos, but bad grammar, recorded how much extra work the visitors made for them, almost everybody felt that the servants had the best of the discussion. At any rate, to tip English servants is the custom, and Americans should not venture upon an exception. It is impossible to offend any Englishman of what are called the "lower orders" by offering him a shilling. From the policeman who points out your way, to the page who ushers you into a drawing-room, they all have itching palms. In any other country you can ask a question of a street-loafer without being solicited for the price of a pint of beer, but not in this. Nowhere else is poverty so very hard and so utterly shameless. Even in Spain and Italy the

beggars are too proud to ask for alms if you address them politely.

Undoubtedly the staple household dish in England is roast-beef, but it is no longer the roast-beef of old England—it is the roast-beef of old Normandy and young America. Better beef can now be obtained in the United States than in England. The beauties of a "porter-house" steak are not appreciated there. English butchers cut their meat differently. But, although the Americans have better beef, they cannot cook it like the English. Ribs and the sirloin are not baked in ovens, American fashion, but are legitimately roasted upon spits before an open fire. Go to one of the old London chop-houses, up the narrow courts leading from Fleet Street or the Poultry, and, after eating a rump-steak broiled, you can lay your hand below your heart and confess that you have tasted meat for the first time in your life. By what occult science, or by what happy knack, the cooking of this specialty is brought to such perfection, it is useless to imagine. Eat, and you will be in no mood for asking questions.

The secret is as profound as that of those potatoes at Evans's, which are so wonderfully superior to all other potatoes in the world that the proprietors must have had a second Sir Walter Raleigh to discover them, and another Ireland to grow them. Poultry is almost tasteless in England, and the natives wisely eat ham or smoked tongue with it to give it a flavor. With the delicious fowls and turkeys of America still fresh in his memory, my countryman feels a pang of disappointment whenever he sees poultry in Great Britain. Perhaps I ought to modify this judgment in favor of the English goose, but goose is nothing without apple-sauce, and genuine apples are as scarce as rubies in England. In all the English bills-of-fare there are only a few points in which the Americans may not justly claim superiority. American beef, veal, poultry, and lamb, are more excellent. English game, palatable as most of it is, cannot rival American game. English larks are surpassed by American reed-birds; hares are not so good as American rabbits; English wild-fowl are uneatable when compared to those of the United States. But in fish the English have no equals. Whitebait is ten times better than the frost-fish of the Raritan River, which it somewhat resembles. English soles are princes among the finny tribe. English salmon excel American salmon. The John Dory is the king of fish; the more you eat of him, and of sole, and of turbot, the less you value the American shad. Shrimps, prawns, and periwinkles, are altogether English, and altogether good. Either the Americans have no oysters, or the English have none; for what the English call oysters are so different from the American shell-fish that comparison is impossible. The worst oyster, however, is that of Naples, because it seduces you into fond expectations by having shells like the American, and then repels you by its watery, coppery, English taste. Turtle in England is unique; the American turtle cannot be named with it without an apology. But I reserve my most energetic enthusiasm for English pork and

mutton. A Yorkshire ham is a delicacy in whose presence no American can be moved by any partiality for his native pigs. A saddle of Southdown mutton would win the verdict of an epicurean Paris in a competition between the best dishes of all countries. There is nothing like it; there are no prejudices of palate which it cannot overcome. As for the English mutton-chops, let us not waste weak words concerning them; there are no other mutton-chops in either hemisphere.

But when all this has been conceded, the fact remains that the Americans have by far the best, most varied, and most extensive bill-of-fare. I am aware that this is in a great measure a matter of individual opinion, and therefore, in all I have said of English dishes, I have endeavored to condense the results of a long series of references to other Americans who have visited England. It is sufficient for me to indorse the verdict of this national jury. I am afraid, however, that the verdict of a jury of Englishmen, who have visited America, might be very much on the other side. Until recently I supposed that it was admitted that American fruits were much more juicy and luscious than the English, with perhaps the single exception of the plums. But the other day a party of English people, all of whom had been twice to the United States, gravely asserted the contrary, and were surprised at my extraordinary lack of discrimination when I could not agree with them. Their English fruit must have ripened upon the sunniest walls, and their American fruit must have been eaten before it was matured! This incident has completely shaken my faith in anybody's judgment on the tables of the two countries, and I only submit these paragraphs as a humble contribution of information on this most important subject, which some great *gourmet* will one day discuss and decide authoritatively. Still, it is in order for me to protest vigorously against that spectral canvas-back duck which haunts an American at English dinners, as the albatross haunted the Ancient Mariner. The canvas-back duck is not a fair specimen of American wild-fowl. Some people pretend to like it because it has the flavor of the wild-celery upon which it feeds, but to develop this flavor the bird has to be cooked quickly before a flaming fire and eaten almost raw. This duck is very expensive in America, and is consequently valued highly by epicures; but the majority of Americans would as soon think of feasting upon uncooked crows. The wild game of the United States is of a very different character. It may be pretty fairly judged, all things considered, by the prairie-fowl which are sent over to the London markets, but only the breast of this fowl should be eaten. A wild-turkey is the best of game. Few travelers will deny that Delmonico's restaurant at New York is to be ranked far above the best restaurants of Paris. There we have the perfection of French cooking applied to a larder more abundant and more diversified than any in Europe. But when you go from this restaurant into private families, the same superiority in the materials and in the

*cuisine* is observable, and the lower you descend in the social scale, the better are the dinners by contrast with those of similar classes in England. There are tens of thousands of poor families in England who can afford meat but once a week, if at all; but no corresponding class can be found in America. An ordinary laborer lives as well here as a small shopkeeper does in Great Britain. After all, that is a superiority more grand than any which can be established for excellence in particular dishes.

An American in London is by no means forced to deprive himself of the food of his own country. One may procure anything he desires in London if he only knows where to apply for it. An Italian may live like the Italians, a German may live like the Germans, and an American like the Americans, without quitting London.

Buckwheat-cakes may be ordered for breakfast at the hotel which Americans most frequent. Green corn and even succotash—a mixture of corn and Lima beans—are to be purchased in cans. Salt mackerel is imported there; hominy is not unknown in many English houses; pumpkin-pies are a rarity, but they do exist. In Paris a widow has made a fortune by keeping them at her restaurant. Mince-pies are as common in England as plum-puddings in America. Bring with you a plain recipe, and English cooks will reward you with a pot-pie as appetizing as those of New Jersey. Bourbon whiskey is to be had for the seeking. A lager-beer saloon has been opened in the Strand, and ought to be patronized by Americans, who are almost as habitual beer-drinkers as the Germans. Tomato and terrapin soups are for sale in London. American cheese may be seen at any cheese-monger's. In Covent Garden you will be supplied with American apples. Everything that is good comes to London. As you travel upon the Continent you will learn that from every port the best articles are dispatched to England, and the worst to the United States; but that the Americans are invariably expected to pay the best prices. No American can be long content with those stock-dishes of an English hotel, which seem to have been cooked together in the same pot or pan; nor with the monotonous variety of chops and steaks, steaks and chops, at the English restaurants;

but then he can act upon the hints just given, and go a-field to secure his native dainties in the shops. Or let him turn in at Verrey's, that oasis in the culinary desert of England, and dine like a Parisian, and better than most Parisians.

The etiquette of English houses differs very slightly from that of American houses. About twenty-five years ago the American gentlemen began to dress like the English, and since that time they have also adopted most of the English social customs. The American ladies try to dress like the French, and pride themselves upon their Parisian taste; but this is a feminine peculiarity everywhere, and the American ladies are only exceptional in procuring the French fashions so quickly. It requires two seasons to introduce a new *mode de Paris* into England; a single season suffices for the United States. The distance between Paris and London, in fashion as in everything else, is about two years. But London sets the fashion for American gentlemen. "The fellows who have their clothes sent over from Poole's lead the *ton*." I can remember the time when all Americans of any station were attired in Hamlet's customary suit of solemn black—black-cloth coats and trousers, and black-silk waistcoats, and black-beaver hats. But tweed suits, and colored walking-coats, and light trousers, are now as prevalent in New York as in London, and—marvelous revolution!—the gentlemen now agree to dress for dinner, for the opera, and, to some degree, for the theatre. The rough-and-ready American of the past has now been banished with the buffaloes to the far West, and it is as absurd for Englishmen to infer—as many of them do—that the typical American gentleman is one of the few relics of by-gone days that straggle in from the prairies, as it would be for Americans to mistake for typical English gentlemen some of the rural squires we meet at the cattle-show. The ceremony of dressing for dinner implies a great deal—social refinement, for instance, and cultivation, and a respect for polite conventionalities. Thirty years ago Americans were amazed at the ceremoniousness of English society, and the rules of precedence, and the terribly formal processions from the drawing-rooms to the dining-rooms, but they have the same ceremonies in their own houses now.

## APOTHEGMS.

(FROM THE TURKISH.)

### *An Ancient Tree.*

MOCK not the fruit-tree's wrinkled face,  
Its knotty boughs, its want of grace;  
For underneath no barren tree  
Could you so many missiles see.

### *Bitter Words.*

The knife's sharp cut can be endured—  
Its ugly gash by time is cured;  
But bitter words, when they o'erflow,  
Inflict a deep, unhealing blow.

### *The Right Road.*

How easy 'tis for some to say,  
"Your route is wrong, that's not the way!"  
For, when the carriage breaks, all know  
Which road the driver ought to go.

### *Death.*

Death is the dark, grim guest,  
Who slights not rich nor poor—  
The coal-black camel's form which  
Kneels at every door.

## THE SWANSTREAM MATCH.

ONE autumn day I went up the road which bordered "Squire Seymour's medders," to search for asters. I returned with a heap of the pungent, fluffy, fringy blossoms, and I also returned with a cold, which developed and increased in so lively a manner that our doctor ordered me to Aiken, then a paradise for invalids. As I hated hotels and strangers, I resisted the order; but after much talk it was decided that I should accept a long-standing invitation from a branch of our family living on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. These distant cousins were written to, and an answer was promptly returned, promising so warm a welcome that with cheerful anticipations I started at once.

Geographically speaking, I knew I was to cross Chesapeake Bay to reach Henry Seymour's plantation on the peninsula which runs between the bay and the Atlantic; but of the aspect, the condition of the country, I knew nothing. It was a complete surprise, all so different from our inland town, with its horizon of fat, comfortable hills, and its still fatter fields. On one side of the peninsula the long ocean-breakers struck the sand-shoals and island-bars which kept them from the mainland, and on the other the waters of that food-bed, the Chesapeake, were twisting into the coast, in creeks and inlets, or gently swelling up the sedgy marshes, the happy home of the canvas-back duck and all his forebears. Traveling my last stage I had a prevailing impression of sand, and a strong sense of the lack of rocks; not a pebble struck the horse's feet. Sandy, silent, desolate by neglect as it was, I felt my spirits rise. The wild-grape thickets mingled their delicate odor with that of the pungent pines. Huts appeared in all directions, irrespective of roads or paths, surrounded by little negroes indescribably dressed. On the plantations stood large mansions as graceful as packing-boxes; they were inclosed by wide verandas, and gave one the impression that they were put there to keep them from straggling farther. Sometimes I saw gravestones on the grounds—a permanent forget-me-not in the gardens.

I felt at ease in approaching Henry Seymour. We were a clannish family, and North and South kept up the succession. I remembered that my father had visited our relatives, and remembered also the visits of Southerners at my grandfather's in Essex. As the carriage turned into an avenue bordered with huge trees, the sun burst through a mass of lurid clouds in the west, and illuminated every object beyond the deep shadows of the trees. I saw a piece of piazza ahead, and upon it several persons, who rose before the carriage reached it. Scarcely had the horses stopped when I was taken out, with "Cousin Elsa, you've come home! Mind, no visiting nonsense, you know, between us." This was Henry Seymour, who was shaking my hand all the while.—"Helen, love, you need no introduction; but I'll just mention to Elsa that we have been mar-

ried seven years, and have three nice, naughty children. Now take her to her room, brush her up, and return her soon. Dinner all right, dear?"

"I should say so! You have fussed about it enough. Of course, it is all right.—Come, Cousin Elsa."

I surely had found a jolly pair of cousins. I felt my bronchitis eased already.

Helen landed me in an immense chamber, with one dozen straw-chairs set straight against the wall, headed by an old patriarch of a stuffed arm-chair covered with red-and-white linen.

"I think I can wait upon you at first, to suit you better than our colored maids can; they are slipshod creatures at the best."

She was trying to unclasp my bag, and hauled away at my various "traps" in a way that was comical to behold. I burst into laughter, in which she joined.

"I knew," she said, "there would be no need of preliminaries between us. Do you believe you can be comfortable in this barrack of a place? Henry will keep it so. Look at that bed—big as the bed of Ware!—Ah, sir! I expected you would peep."

I looked at the door and saw Henry.

"How is she now?" he asked. "Are the pitchers full? Got a good many towels? Gracious! that bed grows bigger every year!"

"Now, Henry, go hence; I know my dream will come true; it is not for nothing she has come, this woman Elsa, whose history we know." She looked at me with a serious, meaning look.

"Well, we won't talk her to death at once. Come with me." And thus they left. Within an hour we were sitting at dinner.

I own that the dinner caused me to feel that my lines had fallen in pleasant places. It was not that hunger was sated, but that taste was gratified. From that day a life-long friendship began between Henry, Helen, and myself.

"I remember your father so well," he said. "I was but a boy when he came to us last, but I admired him—he fell into our ways with so much grace and heartiness.—By-the-way, Helen, he was here when Edward Seymour married Josephine Turnbull, and the county turned out to please old Governor Turnbull."

"It is a coincidence," she replied; "but the county will not turn out to witness the wedding of his nephew Angus."

A grave look came into Henry's face, and silence fell upon us. Dinner over, we went across the hall into a large and somewhat barren apartment where a cheerful wood-fire was burning in the great chimney-place. The Turkey carpet, a red, blue, and yellow, happy, hideous affair, only covered a portion of the floor; the chairs stood on bare boards; there were no curtains before the windows—but I liked it all. Several doors opened upon the hall, and now



and then I saw a little negro glued to the edge, or twisting round the knobs, as if practising hanging. The three children of the house had been to bed by their colored mammy, Juno, long ago.

Besides us three was present an elderly lady who was knitting. I had not heard her voice, for she bowed merely when I was introduced.

"I do believe," I exclaimed, "that I never ate properly-stewed oysters before."

"The Virginians do not stew oysters in your sense," replied the lady.

"We have such facilities for food," said Henry; "if a dish of oysters is wanted, Pompey goes with a horse and cart to the creek, and returns with a load. *Voilà!* we have our wish, and I have paid good money in New York for poor oysters by the dozen."

"Miss Patty," said Helen, with mock dignity, "what can you expect in the matter of New England recipes while the rule is, 'Waste not, want not?' Look at *our* mince-pies! They are set up in a jar in the pantry as large as those in the Forty Thieves, and every passer-by throws in tidbits all the winter—mosaics for a gourmand."

"Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,"

quoted Henry.

"Her father used to beg for the pies," said Miss Patty, testily.

Miss Patty, I learned, was a distant relation of the Seymours—poor, proud, excellent. She had lived with Henry's parents, and now remained, devoted to his interests.

"Constance will hardly come down to-night," Miss Patty said. "She is depressed and fatigued."

Henry and Helen made some inarticulate sign. Another silence fell upon us, which was broken by the trampling of a horse; dogs barked, and we heard a man's deep voice.

"It is Angus," Helen remarked.

"And the poor girl is so depressed," added Miss Patty.

"Why, in Heaven's name," exclaimed Henry, angrily, "should a girl be depressed when anything that a woman could ask for is waiting for her acceptance?—Cousin Elsa, we are under a cloud, or we are not; my sister Constance is to be married to—" He stopped.

The door opened, and a tall, grave-looking man came into the room. Bedouin came into my mind at once, he was so swarthy, his hands were so lithe, and sinewy, and dark. He was handsome, had dark, gentle eyes, and firm mouth, and a military bearing. He held his head up as if a snaffle-bit were between his jaws. In the instant's pause it struck me that there was a likeness between us all, and I said so presently, which remark somehow put us at ease.

"How did you come, Angus?" inquired Henry.

"On Bland."

"Of all names for a horse, as an exercise for the imagination, Bland beats; he is a brute!"

"That's it. I reward him with the name which expresses my feelings when I have conquered him."

Miss Patty's knitting troubled her apparently; she gave it a vicious tug.

"Where is Constance?" Angus inquired.

"Oh," cried Helen, hurriedly, "I was imprudent in taking a long walk with her; I forgot you were expected, and she is in her room with a headache. Fiddlesticks upon my memory!"

"Mustn't draw a long bow on memory, my dear," said Henry.

"The window is open," continued Angus—

'I saw her lamp its ray of quivering light  
Shoot from my lady's bower'—

and I think that if she has gone to bed her window should be closed."

He locked his fingers, a habit with him, as I learned afterward, when he was perplexed or disturbed. Helen disappeared, but shortly returned, followed by the noblest-looking creature I had ever seen, the counterpart of Angus. It was his cousin, Constance Seymour. Where he was dark she was of an ivory paleness; her hair was darker, her eyes were lighter, but every tint and contour contrasted and harmonized the pair. With some embarrassment Helen placed her beside me, and we were drawn together immediately. As I pressed her hand, she looked earnestly into my face, and a faint blush tinted hers. The touch of her slender fingers reminded me of the sweet, cool white hyacinth. I never see those odorous flower-bells ringing their upright stalk without thinking of Constance as I saw her that night. As if to carry out my thought, she wore a delicate sea-green silk; a knot of pearl-white ribbon fastened her collar. Old-fashioned aqua-marine ear-rings glittered in her ears. On her third finger was a green-and-white cameo; from the same finger a little filigree bottle, crusted with colored stones, dangled. In short, she was a breathing blossom.

A certain constraint was evident to me, as mysterious as the silence; it seemed as if everybody wanted somebody to do something, and nobody knew what it was. At last Miss Patty rolled up her knitting—a signal which allowed me to plead fatigue. She conveyed me to my chamber, where she peered about with a preoccupied air. Supposing her anxious in the matter of my comfort, I told her that nothing was lacking.

"I hope it will come out right, dear. I am glad you are comfortable." She wheeled to the door, looked hard at the knob, and hurriedly said: "I trust you have come in the nick of time. Of course, you heard Henry when he told you of Constance's marriage? We feel terribly overturned lately, she is so strange. There is a long story. I am no hand at story-telling, but Helen is, and I am sure she will not let you go to sleep before she tells you one. Yes, Angus and Constance are strange creatures, lovers who, when together, wish to be apart, and when separated long to be with each other." Bidding me good-night, she closed the door.

I was not much moved by Miss Patty's excitement, being engrossed with the change in my own

prospects. Undressing slowly, I reviewed the experiences of my journey: I thought of the crane—my first—lazily soaring, with his long legs, against the yellow sunset, and the live-oak, of which tree I had hitherto but seen the “knees” imported North for our ships; and then came a tap at my door, and Helen entered, speaking:

“Without ceremony, cousin—you know one never sleeps much the first night in a strange place. I thought I would chat with you a bit, though Henry said I had better leave you alone. I wish to continue the story he began when Angus interrupted.”

“Those handsome cousins—it will be an admirable match, I am sure.”

“We thought so once, but are not so certain now. The Seymours of Swanstream never have matched with anybody yet.”

I begged her to tell me the whole affair, and she did. Blood was thicker than water, she began, and as a relative I could not but be interested, especially as my own history—Here Helen blushed, and stammered so that I hastened to assure her that my own “history” was happily ended, and that now I was at liberty to live so, and “die in a pot of grease.”

“Angus is the son of the richest Seymour that ever was in Virginia. His father has been dead several years, and he inherited Swanstream, the finest estate on the peninsula. Angus is thirty years old; he is a widower. You won’t mind if I am somewhat skippy in the attempt to tell you his story? He went into the navy when quite a boy; he was clever, generous, handsome, and, of course, became popular. Before he was twenty-two he ranked as captain, and went on the Coast Survey. He was on better terms with his father when they were apart; people said they were too much alike to agree. While on a survey along the New England coast he fell in love with the beauty of a little town, and married her in hot haste. It was his whim then to resign and take her to Swanstream. For several years they were more or less the gossip of our wide-spread, scanty community. Angus changed: he grew morose and severe. He shunned his friends. Bella, his wife, got more silly and peevish; her frail beauty vanished after the birth of her two children. I doubt whether Angus fairly quarreled with her—she did with him. The more she moaned, the more silent he. Within five years of their marriage the poor soul died. Angus shut himself up with the children, caring for them anxiously and tenderly. It was said he beat his slaves, kicked his dogs, and cut his old acquaintances. Some months ago, however, he surprised us with a visit, bringing to Henry, apparently, his old, friendly self. It was as if he had leaped over an abyss from which he wished now to turn his face, and wished us to do so also. Henry has always loved and defended him. Angus, he argued, had every chance to be spoiled, and, whatever his faults of temper and character, no stain of vice, meanness, or weakness, could be attached to him. He was obstinate, narrow sometimes, proud, perhaps vindictive; but his sincerity, manliness, and keen sense of honor, proved him worthy a noble woman’s love.

Therefore Henry justified himself in promoting the marriage. He loves Constance dearly. So do I; but she scares me now. While Angus was at Swanstream with his poor Bella, or traveling for her health, Constance made her *début*. She was Henry’s charge from their parents, and lived here on the old plantation. When he brought me from ‘my Maryland’ we were very happy together; but after a while I thought it dull for so bright and so beautiful a girl as Constance, and I easily persuaded Henry to take us to Richmond for a couple of the winter months. Constance was immediately surrounded by admirers, and we had a gay time; but she returned heart-whole. The second winter, before our visit was half over, Henry was summoned home. I could not let him return alone; I hated to take Constance with us, and bethought me of an aunt of Henry’s—one of the family magnates, who lived in a barn-like mansion a mile from the city. Aunt Tracy was a hospitable magnate, and very glad to invite Constance; and so we left her in Aunt Tracy’s charge. Obscurity sets in from that time, so far as Henry and I are concerned. But Constance wrote us cheerful letters. Shortly mention was made of a gentleman from the North, whose acquaintance pleased her. From that time her letters were a biography of Mr. Robert Bond. We were not surprised when she wrote Henry that Mr. Bond had proposed, and asked the consent and approval of her only guardian and dear brother. Henry looked up Mr. Bond’s antecedents. As they were satisfactory, the engagement was announced, and all went as merry as betrothal bells generally go. Constance, at Aunt Tracy’s earnest wish, protracted her visit. At last a day was appointed for her return. This we learned from others. Mr. Bond had a sudden call to some distant town—a business-call, he said—and begged her to wait till his return, so that he might accompany her home. She waited; he was not ready, however, when he came back: the matter was not quite settled which had called him, and he might go again; but he would not tax her patience further; she had best go home without him, and he would join her when he could. Woman-like, she determined to stay there, and Mr. Bond left her—left her a fortnight, to come back so changed and ill that Constance was shocked. It was nothing, he said—a heavy cold; but he grew worse so rapidly that the foolish girl persuaded the foolish aunt to take him into her house, where they nursed him till he died. Constance, wan and pale with grief, put on close mourning, and two days afterward threw it off, and, from that day to this, no one has heard her mention her dead lover. She was so changed that our hearts were half broken. With time her mood softened; yet she is not the gay, light-hearted girl we took to Richmond. Sorrow has purified her; she is perfectly good, I think, in spite of her present strange caprices. I do not know why, but Angus and Constance were never as intimate as cousins generally are. I think that either one or the other must have been always absent from home. When Angus resumed his intimacy with Henry, he began to observe her silently, and

she to ask questions concerning his former life. By degrees they were drawn together, appearing not to discover that they were seeking each other; but they were, and I saw it. Both were deeply moved by each other's past. It was not sentiment, nor friendship, and it did not look like love. How they watched each other! I think Angus could hear what she said with the wall separating them, and she could see him before he came in sight. Angus owned to Henry that he believed Constance would be the wife he ought to choose, for his own sake as well as that of his children. 'Swanstream should own her for its mistress.' She thought so, too. Each took everything into consideration, except the supreme thing—*love*; and I have no doubt, when the subject was first agitated, before it was decided, that each had a dumb, latent faith that, somewhere in their future, the supreme was in waiting. Constance accepted him with such promptitude that Angus was almost dismayed. The acceptance seemed a part of a platform already built and to be conformed to; and, although he had his platform, he did not find it agreeable to believe she had one. From that time Constance has not been herself, and poor Angus is in a maze, for he is not sure where he is. Henry is troubled because he has encouraged the match. Why should he be? They are past the age of illusion: and, if counterparts go for anything, the marriage will prove harmonious. There is a superficial likeness in temper and will; but Constance, after all, will be the more consistent—firmer, and right, in spite of her caprice. She will yet teach him to understand her. But I should like to shake her sometimes. She is silent now when Angus comes, or she is loudly gay; he is getting back his old griminess; with all, they are never out of each other's thoughts. Your candle splutters."

"One word, Helen: if I show signs of lunacy, don't send me home; this romance inspires me. How natural! Here are two creatures who, because there is every reason upon earth for mutual happiness, are tormenting each other, and behaving as perversely as possible."

"Dr. Mulstock is coming from Baltimore to marry them. There will be no wedding-tour; they will go to the children at Swanstream immediately."

Sleep fell upon me while this ribbon of romance unrolled before me. I rose early, with a pleasant sense of being out of my old tiresome self, and went down to the veranda. From the kitchen-cabin a breakfast-incense crept toward me, and in that region little negroes tumbled about, dusting themselves in the dirt like hens. The grove was all alive with the secrets of the breeze. Beautiful brown-and-white dogs, cages of ring-doves, little parrots on perches, and a pair of peacocks, made an attractive picture to my unaccustomed eyes. Beyond my view a parrot was screeching, "Conny, Conny, a bit!" I followed the cry, and found Constance standing before a cage shaking her finger. The creature ducked, and hopped round the cage, croaking, "Roberto! Roberto!"

"Does it mean Roberto the devil?" I asked.

"Perhaps," she replied, with an absent air. "Were you ever cursed with a granted prayer?"

"We all are, many more times than we reckon. Would you teach him to forget that name?"

"I do not care about that; but I would like to be certain whether I care for him to learn a new one. Cousin Elsa, I have thought much of your coming. I have heard your history—"

"Stop, dear. I have sent *his* little girl a silver cup. It is bronchitis, not heart-disease, that ails me. Now, dear, talk to me."

"I shall trust you. I know Helen was with you last night; that she has spoken of the situation. How is it that we never see the probable consequence of an act until we are committed by it? I feel like a moral sleep-walker just awakening—to what? Where is my self-reliance? How can one rely upon me if I cannot upon myself?"

By this we were walking down the avenue; she motioned me to a seat under a tree, and continued with an energy that belied my opinion of her calmness.

"This is it. When away from Henry I met an utter stranger in our circle. As he approached me with an unmistakable interest, I most unreasonably fell in love with him; I never asked why. I lost all self-government; he was not remarkable for anything; neither clever, nor handsome, nor anything which accorded with my girl's ideal. He came South for his health—perhaps that was one reason. He so drew upon my sympathy and compassion, I believed that I was absolutely necessary to him. He said so. Liar! For him I forgot *self*; for his happiness I made myself as he demanded I should be. Well, as everybody knows, he died!"

Here she rose, and clinched her hands with a gesture which frightened me. I put my arms round her, and whispered as I would to my own child. Her beautiful eyes filled with a shower of wild tears.

"I haven't cried ever so long. Oh, let me! It helps me!"

It was as much as I could do to suppress a feminine whimper.

"Such histories," she presently said, "are hideous to women whose hearts are pure, whose existence should be the sanctuary for those who come to offer the worship of love." She paused. I wondered if Angus guessed even at her capacity to understand such worship. "Two days before his death he told me he had put a letter in a certain place, to be read by me after his burial. I would forgive what looked like a whim, he was sure, and afterward nothing could make a difference to *him*. He looked so strangely at me that I was amazed. He was too ill for mere speculation or questioning. Once he muttered, 'Can a woman ever forgive the division between soul and body which rends a man and overthrows him?' I read the letter, Elsa. The second and the third journey were explained. He had been false to me. He was too weak to carry the secret to the grave; possibly, as I should suffer terribly from his loss, he thought my grief would cease with my faith. And it did; but the wound is not healed. I shall never believe

*in myself* again. That I—I should have given my love to a weak, empty, unworthy man! I have pained my friends, but I have never been able to mention him. To you, a stranger, I have opened my heart. When Angus first sought me I felt, so far as error and disappointment in our past went, we were one. He soled my pride in his quiet respect for me. And when, upon the most common-sense grounds, he asked me to marry him because we were good friends, and because his children needed a mother, his house a mistress, himself a companion, I gave in, it seemed so reasonable and judicious. Besides, in marrying him I please my dearest relations and friends. If 'spheres' do come along for women, to be the mistress of Swanstream will open one for me; there is enough to rule and manage there. Ever since our engagement, however, I have been miserable and unsettled. My promise, instead of anchoring me, has sent me adrift down the dark waters of chaos. Before that I was a friend to Angus; he was my friend; there were no reservations. Now a thousand questions my mind asks; it goes backward and forward like the dove of the ark. Why did he not engage me for his housekeeper? Suppose I am young and handsome, and he young and handsome?" She stopped an instant, for she felt a fiery blush beating its way into her face. "Can we not do our sober duty as well as if we were old and ugly? We do not see each other as we did before the promise; what will it be by-and-by? I catch glimpses now and then which prove that he is not iron-hearted, but passionate, jealous—that is not in the bond. Now, Elsa, you see how wise I am: what will the end be? I will not submit to a *master*."

"Constance, Angus suffers in the lesson he is learning—that he has never loved. Having been so ignorant, is it surprising? He cannot, therefore, count up his future. He is no common man, but I have noticed that the most uncommon man makes wonderful mistakes, and gets astounded when he finds them out."

They called us to breakfast.

"Why, Constance, what a color!" said Helen; "how bright you look!"

"I like my cousin Elsa," she replied. "She is a person to talk and be listened to."

I made no comment upon the fact of my being almost entirely a listener in our late conversation.

The wedding was to be "gone done" in three days, as Mammy Juno said, who was much disgusted because it was going to be a quiet affair. The days following we were much together. I already loved Constance, yet I felt a deeper interest in Angus. There was a wonderful promise of misery for that pair wedded. But such surmise was mysterious. Yet I think no one dreamed of breaking the match; and that was equally strange.

We gathered in the parlor to witness the ceremony. A sterner affair I never saw. Angus almost roared "I will!" and Constance said "Yes" as if she were cracking a nut. An hour after the ceremony we stood on the veranda to see the pair depart for Swanstream.

Constance was already in the carriage, much interested in inspecting the "favors" on the horses' heads. She gave us no glance as we cried our last good-by. Angus carefully adjusted a wrap about her, gave us a nod, and signaled the coachman to go on.

And so they rode away on the path of matrimony.

Said Henry, as they disappeared:

"Marriage an experiment! Hey, Helen?"

"Some say so after the experiment. It is dangerous to say so before."

"I'll go in and read 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" said Miss Patty.

And I said, being melancholy, "I will go to bed."

"Nonsense!" said Henry; "why should we behave as if it was a 'funeral-baked-meat' affair?"

But we went our ways into solitude for all that. From that day I can only relate what I learned months afterward.

The distance between Henry's plantation and Swanstream was eight miles. The happy pair, starting upon their matrimonial journey, were silent after exchanging a few commonplace remarks. Constance complained of fatigue, drew her shawl closer, and went to sleep. Her nap, however, did not prevent her from knowing that Angus was annoyed.

"Is his circulation bad, or does he really feel, he flushes so, and then gets so white?" she thought; and then, with a wild thrill, she remembered the point in the wedding-ceremony when she knew there was no retreat—she must be his wife. A lurid light, like the rocket sent from shore when a ship is going to wreck, illuminated her past and present. Upon what mistaken principle had they started upon this life-voyage? Suddenly she was impressed with the force of Angus's character, his will, and felt her own in contrast. Then she tried to console herself with her promise of duty by him and his children. "He has not asked me for anything that I could not give him freely. But if some day he should tell me that he had come to the conclusion that one would like to have been married for one's own sake!"

"Fine bridal tour," soliloquized Angus. "I'll put my head slumberously also." But he was too restless at heart for outward composure. Presently he took Constance's hand in his own, and his impulse was to fling it away, it was so limp; but he controlled the impulse, and gently dropped it.

"Why, Constance, you are dull! Have you nothing to say? It is as if we were going to a funeral."

He felt her shudder, and grew angry.

"Have you over-estimated your courage?"

"I feel, Angus, that everything is so uncertain."

"Yes? Just when things have been made certain, it is a proper time for such a mood! What would you? Shall I order Tom to turn the horses about that I may return you to your brother? I am in no humor to witness the play of 'The Mourning Bride.'"



He gave a wrench at the carriage-door, but Constance quickly removed his hand.

"Hush, Angus! Would you trundle me back to Henry, and tell him that you had made a fraudulent bargain? What is done is done. We must be friends, as we expected and promised to be. There are many things in life besides love; life has holier ends than happiness, and we cannot help being cousins— Oh, what is the matter?"

The carriage had stopped suddenly.

"Mars Seymour," said the coachman, "gear's broke; we are close to the King Charles Inn, and, mars, if you will please to take your lady there, I'll look up somebody to mend the trace."

"Why not stay inside?" said Constance.

But Angus was already out, and, taking her out also, they walked a little way and turned up a paved path which led to the porch of the inn. Angus placed a chair for her, and went to look after the carriage. Constance, as she watched him, felt a curious, novel sensation about her heart; some hand, whose power she was ignorant of, grasped it. She was all at sea. Angry with Angus because she was angry with herself, what had become of that sense of wisdom they had so plumed themselves upon? Instead of soaring into airy regions, it was as if they had fallen to the ground like stones!

"We shall have a lovely sunset," she said, when Angus returned; "I think there is a new moon."

He gave a curt laugh.

"Of course there is—our honey-moon."

His tone silenced her. They entered the carriage without another word, until they turned into the broad avenue which led to their house.

"How beautiful it is!" she could not help crying. "I saw a deer. The trees are magnificent; how sweet the air is! 'The castle hath a pleasant seat.'"

"Oh, I will show you the prettiest spotted deer, sent to my father from England," he replied, strangely pleased at her remarks. "I will confess at once I am vain of Swanstream; to praise it is to be on the road to my heart."

Constance debated whether she would praise it voluntarily again. At present she would not travel in that direction. The lamps were lighted inside the arched porch. A great mastiff bounded from his kennel with a joyful bark.

"Kenneth is the first to welcome you, Constance. But there they are," he added, with an excited air.

Then two beautiful setters rushed toward them with yelps of delight. Tom was on the lowest step—his old, gray-headed butler; Suky, the cook, and her sprites, were all about, jabbering after the manner of negroes. It seemed very genuine to Constance, in spite of the tales she had heard. The face of her husband lighted up with a feeling she was not accustomed to see, and she sighed.

As they went through the great doorway two mites of children ran toward him, crying: "Papa! papa! have you brought new mamma with you for our sakes? Has she her best dress on?"

"For our sakes!" commented Constance. But she said, aloud, "Come and see, dears."

She embraced the little creatures warmly; they were so frail, she could but feel a sad pity. Angus was touched by her kindness, and moved beyond his wont.

"Here is Miss Conway, the governess, Constance."

"Aunt Turnbull has come," said Alice, the oldest child; "she is putting her new head-dress on quick; she told us nobody knew what would be thought and said under the new régime."

Angus had hardly time to get up a frown when a small lady fluttered down the stairs.

"My dear Angus," she cried, "I could not permit you to bring your lovely bride to Swanstream without *some* support. I knew what your recollections would be.—Did I not say so to you, Edward?" Here she turned to a gentleman behind her, who looked as if he would prefer to remain at the rear; but he came forward, and a general handshaking took place.

"Dear Mrs. Seymour, Mr. Turnbull was Bella's uncle," Mrs. Turnbull whispered. "I am sure you will appreciate this paradise; *she* did. My daughter will be here soon, and Ella has just arrived."

"Hang it!" growled Bella's uncle, in Angus's ear; "I didn't want to rush it. By George, Angus, my wife's a gadfly; wild oxen wouldn't have drawn her away. But you have done it pretty this time. How graceful she is! She is a pretty creature—a thorough-bred."

Dinner was served. Constance was in a whirl—every surrounding so contrasted her past with her present; and in the difference *which* Constance was she, and what Constance would she be in the future? It was not possible to be insensible to the charming order of the dinner and all the service. There was no reflection of the accustomed slipshod plantation style, yet it was as easy, and far more delightful. A conviction smote her that she liked it immensely, and she blushed. As she felt her face hot she glanced at Angus, who was aware of her impression, and tossed her handsome chin slightly, whereat he smiled. In spite of the chat and laughter, Constance was living in a dream, beholding herself as a spectator of herself. Her voice she heard as that of the spectator, and in the vision before her she looked at her image with a vague surprise. "I must be a somnambulist."

"I will say," Mr. Turnbull observed, "that your cook Juno has not her equal the whole length of the Potomac; she has not lost her cunning, though her hand has been out so long. This terrapin-stew would melt Lucullus. By-the-way, Angus, Hamilton told me yesterday that he was preserving a fox, and intends a glorious hunt in November in compliment to Mrs. Seymour."

"Would you like it, Constance?" asked Angus.

"Very much; I have not been on horseback in a long time, and it is so delightful about Swanstream for that exercise."

His face lighted up, and he said, eagerly:

"Uncle Ned, to-morrow you must see my bay

filly; I shall train her for my—Mrs. Seymour to ride.”

“It is a long time,” interposed Miss Conway, “since our mansion has been enlivened with sylvan sports.”

“And I heard,” said Mrs. Turnbull, “that the fox is so very red.”

The gentlemen chatted about the hunt; but through it all Angus, too, was self-involved. Over and over again he asked why a mere ceremony of words should have caused such a change. He said afterward that he tried to count the courses as they came and went, to steady his brain, but by some hocus-pocus they slid away from him, and he could not do it.

“I feel,” he thought, “stunned as if something had struck me.”

There was a beautiful, graceful woman opposite him, his own wife, and a stranger, he just discovered, whom he had brought there without thinking or creating a foundation for the future; and a wordy ceremony, like a sledge-hammer, had laid open strange depths in both. He felt a tingling, blind misery. And where was the blame, and whose? Had he not been self-sufficient? Had he ever done anything except to follow his own will in his own way? To be fully on the track of a wrong way, before the true one opened, was hard to bear. He concluded to give up the conundrum for the present, and try to count the dishes again.

This wedded pair were both more foolish and wise than they knew. Pride was a fast lock between them; which would turn the key and open the door?

Angus called Matty, the maid owned by Constance, and then asked Constance if she would not look at the room especially her own. Constance could not help feeling a quick touch of grateful pleasure when she saw how closely he had studied her tastes. The windows were filled with the plants she loved best; the engravings she liked were on the walls; her favorite books were in a beautiful case; and all the colors most agreeable to her were harmoniously blended. Her ugly genius whispered that it was an easy matter to get fine things with plenty of money, but she had the grace to feel ashamed, and, hurrying back, thanked Angus for his good memory and skill.

“Cold, cold,” he thought, “but why should I criticise her? It may be a comfort, in the summer, to have an iceberg in the house.” It was a relief that other friends arrived with congratulations, several to remain with the purpose of helping in the festivities yet in fashion in that remote corner. It was the season for “landau-jauts,” foot-picnics, horseback-excursions, and the occasion of unbounded hospitality on the part of the host.

So the first day ended, and the second began. Time and the hour wore through the days that were rough indeed to Angus and Constance. They were as apart as at first—both assailed with moods, now angry, now vindictive, always intensely curious and watchful with each other. Moments came when the situation was unbearable—when it was felt that some

change must take place—and, in one of these moments, Angus, who was tramping up and down a shady garden-walk, came upon Constance. Stamping his foot, he burst out:

“Constance!” His aspect startled her, and she replied rather timidly:

“Well, Angus?”

“Something must be done.”

He twisted his fingers, and she knew he was in pain; but his voice was so hard it angered her. She made a movement to pass him, but he detained her.

“Be reasonable,” she said, coldly; “if our eyes are opened, we can at least keep it from the world.”

“The world!” he sneered; “you love it so much! On our first agreeable journey you intimated that a separation would cause a scandal which you could not face. But I suffer. You must let me go; I will leave all to you.”

He turned so pale that Constance gave an involuntary cry, and moved toward him. The idea of his leaving her alone gave her an astonishing pang.

“No one need know the why,” he went on. “I leave an outside relation which will justify my absence in the eyes of your beloved world; and the patent fact that Swanstream needs a mistress will explain your remaining here. And, once away, then”—he ceased, his eyes were far away; but she saw his breath dilate his chest, the tremble of his lip, and, for the first time, Constance knew what it was to have a “sore heart” and an uneasy conscience. She struck her hands violently.

“Are we better that way?” she stammered; “is it a right resolve? I—I thought you needed me?”

“I might, but not in *this* way.”

“Let us remain as we proposed.”

“Not together; but, if you insist, under this roof.”

This yielding to her wish expressed a stronger will than if he had opposed her, and she felt it so.

“I do not say forever,” she said, sharply.

“Remember that the tempest sprang from your horizon, not mine, Constance. I wish you had understood yourself sooner.” At once the ghost of her dead lover stalked by his mind, and he wondered if he was the lion in the path. He looked so curiously and with so much penetration into her eyes, that she blushed to the roots of her hair, and divined his thought; there is a universal likeness and sympathy in jealousy. Yet, woman-like, she was pleased with the discovery.

“I like to be here, Angus; I can dream how beautiful life might be in this lovely place!”

There was something pathetic in her tone.

“So be it,” he sighed; “neither you nor the world shall have anything to cavil at.” He turned away abruptly; she stood still, watching him with a strange pain and a feeling she would not account for. Perhaps had they been alone there would have happened a crisis at this time, one way or the other; but his restless aunt, Mrs. Turnbull, tenacious of customs and fashions, kept the house full. Delighted that she was not interfered with, she set it down that Angus and Constance were so much in

love that they did not care what happened, so long as they were left to themselves.

"What shall I do when these people leave me alone with Angus?" asked Constance.

"It will not be possible for me to endure solitude with Constance in my atmosphere," thought Angus. And so time went on.

Restless and weary, early one morning Angus strolled into the grounds. It was one of those lovely mornings when Nature meets in promise and fulfillment. Trees and shrubs were covered with a silver web, woven by the fairies of night, to imprison odors and colors, which the sun would soon destroy. His dear Swanstream was not beautiful just then. He stirred the fallen leaves, little, tender, dead bodies, and wondered what Nature had done with their souls. He stopped by the basin where the swans sailed, and where they built their nests in the reedy bank, and placed himself on a bench under a willow, and there he staid in a cramp of thought and conjecture. He little dreamed that he was watched from the oak avenue by Miss Conway, who soon fled like a lapwing, well satisfied with the unhappy look on his face. Peradventure, Miss Conway had had her hopes.

"Grand Mr. Seymour will have all things as he likes. His cold wife glitters about him, and that is all; he cannot melt her, and he dare not crush her."

"Why, why did she marry me?" queried Angus, of the smooth pool. "Couldn't she have guessed that I would not live with so beautiful a woman without—without—" He broke his thought in two, for a thrice of passion, anger, and amazement, thrilled through him. What ailed him? "As soon as Constance found herself in the bonds she had willingly accepted," he thought, "she revolted, and I am the victim of her caprice! I heard Helen whisper that day, 'Be rational!' What did she mean? Poor girl! Is her lot so bad?" Then all his forlorn past rose before him; his heart felt like a stone in his breast. Something tickled his hand; he heard a little whimper; it was Flossy, the Skye terrier he had given Constance. Flossy loved him—her tail wagged in an agony of delight; her little nose quivered with joy. He caught her, and held her close to his face; but how could the creature understand that human tears were falling upon her curls?

While he held Flossy in his arms, Constance opened her door, to find the mites of children sitting on the floor in wait.

"We stoled here," explained Alice, "'cause Miss Conway ran off when she saw papa going down to the basin; and we've come to tote you to breakfast; and here you be. See, Miss Conway is back." She was at her old post, and said:

"I am in the habit, Mrs. Seymour, of arranging the flowers for the table: shall I continue to do so?"

"Certainly," answered Constance.

"I find that Mr. Seymour cannot forego his morning walk. It seemed formerly to assuage his troubles." Constance opened her eyes so widely that Miss Conway wished herself somewhere else; their expression gave her the "creeps."

When Angus came in from his miserable walk he saw a pretty picture—the children clinging to Constance.

"She tells stories," they cried, "stories as never was, but *must* be. We are going to give her something lovely." Mrs. Turnbull was present, and Angus judged from her mien that something disagreeable was pending.

"Don't you see," she cried, "that the Fairfaxes, the Hampdens, the Gadsdens, are waiting for an invitation?" Angus grimaced so terribly that Constance could not refrain from giving him a smile of pity. Mr. Turnbull, happily, trotted in with the mail-bag.

"What a fellow you are for magazines!" he said. But Angus did not hear him; he was pondering over a letter he had opened. He presently asked Constance if she remembered his old friend Captain Drummond, who had announced a visit.

She had no remembrance of him, was her answer.

"Did I hear, Captain Drummond?" said Miss Conway, impressively. "He was here the week we—"

"The week after Mrs. Seymour's death," added Angus, with composure. Miss Conway sighed.

Mr. Turnbull pulled his mustache to hide a grin; he hated Miss Conway, for he suspected her designs. Angus went to a room called the "miscellaneous," where his traps were kept; but nothing afforded him amusement and occupation now. It was the burden of his thought that he had wooed Constance, and she was not won. Constance was dull; as a model housekeeper, she visited Juno, who waved a towel at her, with the information that nothing could be "tole her," and that "missis' help not needed." Meanwhile, Mrs. Turnbull flourished so gayly that she told Mr. Turnbull that she believed it was providential she was sent on the ground so early.

One pleasant morning Angus asked Constance to walk with him to the lake; the swans were afloat, and she would see a pretty sight. As they stood by the railing, Constance gave a cry of delight, the clouds were so beautiful, red, purple, and silver, dipping their colors into the pool, tremulous and shifting in the varying breeze.

"A real St.-Martin's-day," she said.

"What sort of days had he? Cold ones, I thought. Wasn't he the fellow who cut his cloak in two? Charity did begin at home there."

"That was another saint. Did you ever notice the frosted maples when you were in the North, Angus?"

But Angus refused to get up a talk. He led her round by the head of the pool, where the willows swung pendent over the water, and motioned her to a bench. Both were intent upon the clouds sailing by, and the swans wrinkling the water in silver circles.

"There never was a lovelier spot," she said, with so frank a smile that his heart gave a throb. He was about to speak, when the children startled them.

"Oh, we have found you! Miss Conway told where you were."

"Confound Miss Conway!" he said, under his breath. Constance heard him, and gave a merry laugh, which did not displease him; but all chance of a *l'le-à-l'le* was over. Leaving them at the basin, Angus concluded to clean his guns, and retired to the "miscellaneous;" but why should he be thinking of Constance's beautiful hair and her bright laugh? What connection was there between cleaning guns and a beautiful woman's hair? Presently the poor fellow's head was lying on his arms over the table. He was forced to own that he would go to the ends of the earth to serve Constance if she would only forgive him for his cold-blooded wooing, and give him a little affection in return. "I was an ass always," he thought, mournfully, "and she suddenly found it out."

Constance now perceived that Angus was not indifferent to her, and there was comfort in the perception. If she only knew whether he wished to love her, or would strive against it! She tried to convince herself that things were about as they should be; and that life at Swanstream was agreeable and useful. But if she was so comfortable, why did she in the watches of the night start from her sleep to find her face wet with tears? Perhaps it was from fear of those negro thieves; why else should she be so restless? They only took melons and the chickens!

The next event was the arrival of Captain Drummond at dinner-time; Angus allowed him a moment for an introduction, and then hurried him to his room.

"My boy," said the captain, "how you have kept me in the dark! I saw that beautiful woman in Richmond two years ago. But I heard then—" He hesitated.

"You heard she was engaged to Robert Bond; she was, but he is dead." And Angus ground his teeth savagely.

"He is jealous of that poor, dead man!" thought the captain. "You must tell me all about it," he said.

"The story must be of the future," replied Angus, gloomily. "Ned, I am miserable; but, for all the world, I would not give up my misery."

"What, what!" stammered the captain; "you haven't gone and made another mistake? I'll give you up, if you have. What's the matter? Are you going to faint?"

"You—you are the first one I have spoken to since the happy ceremony. I was always something of a milksop. The curious part of the story is, that the ceremony has made us a kind of Richard Doe and Richard Roe—funny, isn't it, to be a fiction?"

"Angus," said the captain, aghast, "you have taken to drink. Now set me right, if you are not quite crazy."

Then Angus told him the whole story. Had the captain listened to a stranger's tale, he would have laughed; but Angus was his beloved friend, and his happiness was very dear. They were old comrades; and he had never before seen Angus in so strange a

condition as this. For, whether he was weak at times or strong, Angus had understood himself and his bearings. Now he appeared to be all at sea. Captain Drummond was amazed, distressed, and puzzled. How could the pair so mistake themselves and each other? That they should so deliberately plan, arrange, and carry out the match, and, the moment the deed was finished, have their eyes as completely opened as Adam's and Eve's were, after their memorable apple-bite, to the fact that they had missed and lost a paradise they never asked for!

"No more nonsense, Ned; come, now, if you are ready."

It was not long before Captain Drummond discovered that he was elected a silent umpire by Constance and Angus. It was disagreeable to the quiet old bachelor, yet he was too deeply interested to leave them in such a crisis; he desired to bring them together. He formed a high opinion of Constance. She bore her lot with grace and patience; he saw that her influence over Angus was for his good. Whatever her own error or caprice might be, he divined some ruling purpose which would lead to Angus's advantage. She was a sweet and gentle hostess. With the wayward children she was admirable; even to the feline Conway her bearing was perfect. He caught a glimpse of her one day when she sat under the willows feeding the swans. He was walking by the path behind the willows; her face was set in sadness, and her eyes wore a far-off, dreaming look. "Can it be, as Angus surmises, that she lovingly remembers that wretched Bond, that she has put him up as a barrier between Angus and herself? I have a half-mind to tell what I know of him," he thought.

Constance was making pellets of bread; she rose and went to the ledge of the basin, throwing one after the other, saying, softly, "He loves me—he loves me not!" and so on with the pretty, old conceit.

"Ho, ho, my lady! Sit the wind in that quarter?" whistled the captain.

"Now, Belzoni," she called to an old swan, a patriarch to whom she had given that name, "sail up here."

She held out her hand with bread on the palm, and the wise Belzoni floated toward her. As she tossed the bread to him, she whispered in his bill; but neither whisper nor answer could Captain Drummond hear.

Nothing interested Angus besides Constance. His aunt Turnbull was tiresome, but he endured her, because she saved him some trouble with the visitors. Mr. Turnbull bored him; Miss Conway disgusted him with her watchful obsequiousness; the children teased him. Captain Drummond was acceptable now, because he could talk about Constance, with whom he was disposed to side. He could not see, he told Angus, why he should expect devotion from her—what had he done to deserve it? He had not offered his, nor asked hers!

"Hang it!" replied Angus, wrathfully, "haven't I given her all I possess?"



"Well, does she not make returns for the gift? How careful she is of Bella's poor little brats! What a mother she will make!"

Captain Drummond was astounded at the change in Angus's countenance. The blood rushed like a torrent to his face; the veins of his neck stood out like whip-cord; and then he turned deathly pale, white to the lips; his eyes had an anguished expression, and Captain Drummond was much discomfited.

"Why, man," said Angus, "she has never given me an atom of her love, faith, or esteem."

The captain, confused, went on inconsequently:

"She receives your friends so well, too; and how capitably she treats that cat Conway, who meant to capture you, and who is now awfully jealous of her! She would spoil her beauty if she could, and destroy her happiness. I notice the Conway is rather jubilant at times. What makes her so?"

"I'll send her off! Do you think she would injure Constance? Is there a living soul that could hurt her?"

Captain Drummond, for reasons known to himself, did not tell Angus his surmise regarding Constance. He saw more clearly than Angus; he believed that she was learning to love him, and that her pride compelled her self-command. He saw that she avoided being alone with her husband; with others she was at perfect ease. Observers said that she carried Swanstream as if it were her birthright; that she played her cards well. They had no opportunity of seeing that part of the game when she wept bitter tears, and forgot all her temporal blessings. As her love increased for Angus, her humiliation and shame at her wasted sorrow made her heart sore; she knew that she had never loved till now. Her past mistakes made her mistrustful and diffident. These were the days of purification for Constance; she little knew that the future happiness of Angus and herself was to be born of these trials in her proud spirit.

It was not all tempest at that period. There were moments and hours when circumstances called out the ordinary sympathies; they had many tastes in common; they were obliged to consult each other on various points in their social and domestic life. At times they almost forgot not to be happy; and, if the forgetfulness had happened to each at the same time, they would have fallen into each other's arms without surprise; but human nature is ugly and perverse, and people will insist upon bearing the burden of a carefully-arranged misery. Good Mr. Turnbull was not satisfied; he loved Angus dearly, and he perceived that Angus was playing a part. He often found him in the "miscellaneous" with something in hand as a pretext, which he never looked at. Mr. Turnbull pestered him with hints of a mistake, and temper, and incompatibility, for which hints thanks were due to Miss Conway. And the kinsmen, friends, and acquaintances, came and went with the opinion that the Swanstream match was a mysterious one. But Nature and circum-

stances prove stronger than will, habit, theory, and resolve.

Captain Drummond announced his departure. He had eaten lotus too long, and must return to the cabin in his cutter. There was a chorus of dissent, but he was determined.

"You have not taken us to Westwater, as you promised, to the secret spring, Unky Drummond," said Alice. "You said you would give us a scare, and I want to be scared."

Upon Constance's inquiry, Angus told her of a pool and a hidden spring in a far corner of the estate. There was a quicksand also, which only so far had swallowed logs; there were beautiful ferns, and the road was pleasant.

Constance decided that Alice must be scared.

"I myself would like a shake-up," unconsciously sighing, and looking at Angus with a gentle, loving smile.

"Idiots and ninnies!" was the captain's mental comment, and he decided to stay. Alice capered for joy, telling Angus that he was growing a gooder papa every day, and it must be because of the new mamma.

Angus reddened, and looked out of the window.

"Good!" said the captain to himself; "it is getting warmer; they may find themselves yet. Their eyes talk, in spite of their obstinate tongues."

He could not come to a decided opinion one way or the other with such a proud, contradictory pair. With some natures, whose outward constraint is perfect, a kiss and a blow are one when a barrier falls.

At this social juncture Miss Conway let her book fall.

"Dear me, sir, is not the road to the spring a bad one? Can you take us in a heavy carriage?"

Constance looked at her with a stern surprise. Angus opened his eyes at once, and looked back upon the wiles of his children's governess with a thankful heart. Constance had saved him something. He left his chair and went to her.

"How pretty those flowers are in your hair! Did John bring them to you?" His look of admiration was unmistakable.

The captain made another internal exclamation, that a second deluge was about to happen.

"The road is bad," answered Angus. "Captain Drummond will take the children in the wagonette. Mrs. Seymour and myself will go on horseback—that is, if it suits you, Constance?"

"Exactly," she replied.

They started early the next day.

"You never mentioned this enchanting place," said Constance, as they entered the wood.

"There are many things I never mentioned to you."

It was just the place to make one forget all other places. The pale, delicious light, the lovely evergreens, the wild, autumn odors crossing the cool air, and the utter silence, enchanted Constance. Angus, too, felt the scene. There was an eager light in his eyes; a vague, shy longing took possession of the pair that instant; they were fitting mates for the

spot. The westering sun sent shafts of golden light all about; the feet of the horses made no noise on the pavement of leaves.

"One could hear one's heart beat, it is so still," said Constance.

"I hear mine now," answered Angus. "What makes it?"

"I could go on forever so," she said, taking no notice of his remark. "What fine horses you have, Angus! I am passionately fond of this exercise."

She looked so. She never was more beautiful. Angus was silent.

"It is a dream," she went on. "My spirit is bodiless; it has started on an endless journey."

"O Constance! there is a journey which should be endless; for eternity would not end it for me."

His voice rang with passion; he reined his horse close to her, and put his hand on the pommel of her saddle. She could not turn her face away; she made a sudden movement toward him, when an energetic "Hillo!" smote their ears.

Looking back he saw that the captain had come to a halt, and was beckoning him with energy.

Angus rode up to him surlily.

"You need not blame me," said the captain, meekly; "something has given way, and, being the son of a sea-cook, I can't tell what it is."

"A trace pulled apart, that's all;" and, while Angus tied it, he remarked that something else was about to give way, but that he had prevented the catastrophe.

The captain was so distressed at this implied mishap that Angus was fain to forgive and console him. The pool was near, and Angus galloped back to Constance, feeling that the golden opportunity of the past moment was as far from him as the golden rays of the afternoon sun.

They rode down a dell, and dismounted; the horses were fastened, seats were found on a mossy bank, and Angus and the captain prepared for a smoke; but the children were restless, and begged leave to go after pearl-mussels in the marsh-runlets. Constance decided to go with them.

"Be careful," said Angus; "don't go too near the edge of the spring; the quicksand is there."

He longed to go with her, but there was no invitation in her look. Promising to be careful, she strolled away, and, forgetting her promise, fell into a deep reverie. The children ran hither and thither, wild with delight; without her notice, they ran out of sight. At that moment she was thinking of the captain's "Hillo!" and trembled again as she recalled her sensation when she caught the impassioned look in Angus's eyes.

A pang of remorse smote her. Had not foolish pride stood between him and her which prevented the fulfillment of her plans of duty and the plea of her heart? Since the day she came to Swanstream, what change could she ask for in his outward behavior? If he had no love for her, could he help that?

She heard a cry which broke her reverie. Alice was running toward her screaming.

"Sister is in the reeds yonder, and can't get out. O mamma! come, come!"

Constance rushed into the thicket, pushed through it, and saw the child in the tall reeds. She had crawled by their help to the edge of the quicksand, and, horrible thought, was perhaps in it!

The child was frightened, but she held stoutly by the reeds.

"Come, mamma," she called; "something pulls my feet."

Though her heart stood still, Constance spoke calmly:

"Yes, dear, hold tight; I'll call papa." And she gave a shriek which made the two men start and dash forward without a word.

There were twenty feet of marsh between Constance and the child. She dared not trust her weight upon it, for she had no knowledge of the ground, so intersected by runlets more or less deep. To the right a hateful pool stretched smooth and gray; on the left was an inlet running into the thicket; solid land might be beyond it, where she could cross. She ran that way, and saw a rotten skiff, bottom up, one end in the water, the other on the land, left by some fowler, probably. With frantic haste and energy she hauled the skiff down the inlet, wading to her knees, picked up a stick, and sculled toward the child, who laughed with glee at the sight. The reeds helped her; with one hand she pulled the skiff along. Her progress seemed mortally slow. At last she came within arm's-length of the little creature, bent forward, and, with a wrench, raised her from the evil pit. The child fell to the bottom of the skiff, shoeless, and crying with the pain of the fall. Constance, looking down, saw the water coming through the cracked planks; then she was conscious of a sharp pain in her right wrist. She backed into the runlet, praying for Angus, gasping with her exertions. Angus and the captain came in sight. Alice on the ground, bitterly crying, told them that Constance had saved "sister."

"She is pulling up with her left hand," Angus shouted, mad with excitement.

"She is half full of water—don't you see?" yelled the captain, quite as excited. "By Heaven! that woman—"

But Angus did not hear him; he had splashed into the inlet. If the skiff should sink now, he could not save the two; and Drummond, sailor as he was, could not swim! Drummond, however, was doing his best. He took off his coat, pulled a stake, and waded into the water, and stood in a receptive attitude.

"In a minute more she will be safe; she is almost exhausted; I see her swaying!" he said, aloud.

When Constance saw Angus in the water she gave a cry of delight which electrified him, and inspired him with strength enough to swim a Hellespont instead of a weedy marsh-inlet. They forgot the crying child in their wild delight and desire to reach each other. When he put his hand on the skiff, and she felt the strength of his arm, she dropped her stick, bent over his hand, kissed it, and fell back in a dead-faint. Luckily Angus was strong enough to give a mighty

push toward the captain looming below the bank like a benevolent stork. He took a fierce and profane hold of the upper end, and together they drew the skiff to land.

"No danger," said the captain, "but almighty near it!"

"Yes, considering the skiff was bursting," answered Angus, taking Constance in his arms, and carrying her to the dry wood, while the captain took the children to the wagonette for wraps.

Constance opened her eyes wildly.

"I saved your child, Angus."

"Yes, my love; will you save me?"

"Will you take it as my expiation?" she asked, solemnly.

"There can be no such thing between us."

She raised her lips to his and kissed him, and then rested her head upon his breast like a tired, happy child.

"It is my nest," she said, "where I should have taken refuge before."

Angus could say nothing; his soul was in rapture. But, to use the captain's phrase, they were soon haled out of this condition.

"Are you deranged, you two?" he said; "wet to the bone, and I see Mrs. Seymour has hurt her hand."

"So I have," she replied, with a radiant smile.

"Why, does it feel so nice as that?"

For answer she looked at Angus. The captain saw that things were "settled."

"I think I might—I might share something of this."

Constance kissed him warmly, and the old fellow blushed like a girl.

"I'll stay another day," he said, "to celebrate the Swanstream match; but what a pity to be half drowned to bring it about!"

## AMONG THE AZORES.

TO most untraveled Americans the Azores, or Western Islands, are *terra incognita*. Atlases and cyclopædias furnish meagre information, and there one's knowledge ends. Geographically, the Azores are nine small Atlantic islands, two thousand miles due east from Philadelphia. Named in order, as the traveler from the Western Continent meets them, they are Corvo, Flores, Fayal, Pico, San Jorge, Graciosa, Terceira, San Miguel, and Santa Maria. They form part of the kingdom of Portugal, and are Portuguese in all their characteristics. They derive their collective name, "Ilhas dos Açores," or "Isles of Hawks," from the abundance of that species of bird throughout the group. The names of the separate islands are no less distinctive. San Jorge, San Miguel, and Santa Maria, are so called from having been discovered on the days dedicated to those Roman Catholic saints; crows, found only on Corvo, have given a name to that island; Flores is the "isle of flowers;" Fayal abounds in a species of beech-tree called *faya*, and hence its name; Pico is "the peak," as it towers seven thousand feet above its companions; Graciosa means "the beautiful;" and Terceira was "the third" in order of discovery.

The traveler visiting these islands finds a land of volcanic character, with rocky shores, rough, jagged, and precipitous; a land crossed and seamed in all directions by gigantic ravines, and showing the scars of many an earthquake. Yet it boasts a tropical luxuriance. The fields are green the year round; the orange, fig, banana, guava, and other tropical fruits, grow in abundance; the air is heavy with the fragrance of flowers; hill-side and valley reëcho the notes of myriads of songsters. Its people still cling tenaciously to fossilized customs, and are deeply buried in a lifeless past from which they have little power and less inclination to free themselves. Nature's beauty, prodigality, and freedom, contrast

sharply with the poverty, degradation, and oppressed condition of the masses; song and dance, church-processions, and festal-days, delight the blithe, simple-hearted peasant.

Sailing from Boston for the Azores on a sultry day in August, it was nearly three weeks before we again saw land in the welcome shores of Flores and Corvo. At Flores we disembark. The absence of all harbor accommodations compels vessels to lay-to a couple of miles off the town of Santa Cruz, while passengers and freight are transferred to the shore in open boats. These heavy, rudely-built lighters, each capable of carrying a small ship-load, are propelled by oars formed of two roughly-hewed pieces of joist or crooked boughs fastened together, and working on a single thole-pin on the gunwale. The crew consists of eight or ten barefooted, sun-browned men, dressed in blue overalls and frocks, and with knit, woolen skull-caps on their heads, and half-consumed corn-husk cigarettes tucked behind their ears. From the sea the rocky coast seems to present an impenetrable front. Lines of black lava-rock guard the shores, and across them the breakers roll in crashing, creamy billows. As the shore is neared a narrow channel appears, and into this the boats are swept at imminent risk of being wrecked upon the ugly-looking reefs on both sides. For a single moment they rush along, poised upon the top of a huge roller; then, guided by the skillful boatmen, they float quietly into the smooth waters of a little harbor. This miniature haven, less than a couple of acres in extent, is almost entirely shut in by surrounding cliffs. Around the corner of an uncompleted quay the principal street of the town terminates upon the narrow strip of sandy beach. The arrival of strangers is always a matter of profoundest interest to the inhabitants. The entire population has assembled at the landing-place. Profuse and

noisy cordiality greets us as we dismount from the shoulders of the barelegged boatmen who have waded out in the water to take us from the boats.

The town of Santa Cruz is almost as lively as a country churchyard. There is next to nothing to do, and next to nobody to do it. Passenger-life on ship-board is dull, life at Santa Cruz is only a single grade higher. The town is located on the top of a high bluff overlooking the sea, and consists of one principal square of diminutive proportions, with streets radiating from it in all directions to the shore, or into the country. Everywhere you meet strange and picturesque sights. The streets are lined with white-washed buildings, one or two stories in height, with red-tiled or furze-thatched roof, green doors, and balconies. All the houses sit close upon the borders of the streets. Wherever there is a vacant spot between them a high stone-wall is built, so that in walking you can very rarely see anything except what is immediately before or behind. There are no sidewalks, everybody walking in the middle of the streets. The stores are few in number, dimly lighted and scantily stocked, principally with dry-goods, groceries, tobacco, and liquors; all appear to suffer from a chronic stagnation of business. Rude-ly-constructed carts, with wicker sides and huge wheels of solid wood, and drawn perhaps by yokes of cows, roll noisily, lazily around. At every corner you stumble upon street-fountains, whose waters ripple musically in stone troughs, and where groups of black-eyed, olive-complexioned women are gossiping while they fill antique earthen water-jars, to bear away on their heads. Or others, perhaps, are scrubbing clothes on broad, flat stones by the wayside, upon which the water splashes from a bamboo-spool in the solid rock. Everybody, except people of the wealthier class, is barefooted, and the women cover their heads with snowy-white handkerchiefs or brightly-colored shawls. In the public square we find the market-women, seated on the stone steps of some building with baskets of fruit before them, and driving sharp bargains with purchasers. Here, too, is the jail, an old, dingy, insecure-looking establishment. A visit reveals the eccentricities of prison discipline in Flores. The ordinary rules of imprisonment are reversed, and, contrary to all preconceived ideas, we find the prisoners have the key of the jail, and lock themselves in and others out, as inclination dictates. The liberties which they enjoy and their freedom from work render their position almost, if not wholly, enviable. There is supposed to be a jailer connected with the establishment, but his office must be a sinecure. The Moorish cathedral, with Saracenic domes and windows, stands near the centre of the village, a slightly landmark to the approaching sailor. Adjoining is the building occupied as a convent by the Franciscan brotherhood until 1834, when Dom Pedro IV. suppressed the conventual establishments on all these islands. The chapel of the convent is in a ruinous condition, but still shows some traces of its former rich beauty in the Renaissance Italian style.

The island of Flores is about nine miles long by

seven in breadth. The journey through the interior is made in a few days, but presents nothing of interest. The roads are mere foot-paths, and every traveler is of necessity a pedestrian. The island boasts of three extinct volcanic craters, now transformed into peaceful lakes. No eruption has occurred for many years, and the people have now little reason to fear one. Santa Cruz, the capital of Flores, is the only port of importance. Whalers and other vessels frequently call for fresh supplies of water and provisions, which are never lacking. Communication is had once a month with Fayal, and the packets trading between Boston and the islands are occasional visitors.

Separated from Flores by a channel thirteen miles in width, is Corvo, a bleak, barren place, inhabited by about a thousand persons, in one small village. In the interior is an extinct crater, at the bottom of which a lake, studded with little islands, presents a miniature map of the Azorean group. On the cliffs, near the shore, Nature has depicted the figure of a horseman—now nearly obliterated by the ravages of the weather—with extended arm pointing toward the west. Tradition says that Columbus, disheartened by the difficulties surrounding him on one of his voyages of discovery, was on the point of abandoning his plans and returning to Spain, when a severe storm drove him near to this island. Seeing this horseman with uplifted hands pointing westward, he regarded it as a good omen, and was encouraged to continue the voyage, which resulted in the discovery of America.

It does not take long to inspect Flores. After the novelty has worn away, there is nothing to do but to haunt the shores, Robinson-Crusoe-like, and watch for passing vessels. We are glad when the day comes to reëmbark and set sail for Fayal, one hundred and twenty miles to the northeast, and best known of all the Azores to Americans. Our approach to it was on Sunday morning. All night we were slowly drifting along its western shores in a dead calm. The sails flapped with a lazy, dreamy sound against the masts, and our vessel scarcely moved, save as it rose and fell with the regular, pulsating throbs of the sea. Toward morning, however, a slight breeze sprang up, and, as daylight dawned, we rounded Monte da Guia: the city of Horta stood revealed like a dream of beauty. The crescent-shaped harbor into which we glide opens toward the east, and the two promontories, Monte da Guia and Espalamaca, facing each other, stand like watchful sentinels guarding the entrance. Monte Queimado, or "Burnt Mountain," conspicuous by its curiously colored red or brown cliffs, lava-rocks, and cultivated terraces, like ancient battlements, juts out sharply into the sea. The ocean-waves at its base and all along the shore wash a beach of glittering black sand. The city occupies the entire shore of the bay, except the extreme heights of the two promontories, and clings to the steep sides of the hills, which rise abruptly from the water's edge. A thick, high wall of masonry protects its streets from the encroachments of the sea. The uniformity of white build-



ings and rusty-red roofs rising one above another, and relieved here and there by the bright green of orange-groves and gardens, gives a quaint, pleasing appearance to the scene. In the suburbs numerous country villas peep out from embowering foliage, and, behind all, smooth-topped hills, trending gradually toward the centre of the island, are veiled in mist. People on shore are beginning to stir. We see figures moving along the street, leaning over the sea-wall, or lounging down to the stone quay. The blue-and-white flag of Portugal floats over the solitary soldier pacing back and forth in the little fort. Anon the resonant clangor of the cathedral-bell and the sound of the reveille ring sharply across the water and mingle harmoniously with the "Yo-heave-ho!" of the sailors on an outward-bound bark. Vessels of every nationality, with flags flying in honor of the day, crowd the harbor. Behind us, four miles distant across the bay, towers the mountain Pico, the most prominent feature in the landscape. Its base is dotted with villages, and it rises in symmetrical proportions until masses of clouds enshroud its snow-clad summit. The sun, clambering over the peak, pierces the clouds with streaks of crimson and gold, flashes and sparkles upon the water, and floods its mellow light over the roofs of the town, and the fields, groves, and hills beyond. Screaming gulls from rocks near the Pico coast swim about in the water near us, and countless numbers of little brown canaries flit overhead. Fleets of Pico ferry-boats, large, open structures, carrying two lateen-sails, are early on their way to the Fayal market with loads of country produce, and seem, in the distance, like flocks of white-winged birds, skimming across the bay. Nearing the shore we see boatmen running back and forth on the wharf, violently gesticulating, after the manner of their kind. The boats are launched, and soon a crowd of officials and eager, voluble natives swarm over our vessel's side. Amid the noisy chattering of assembled loungers we land at the granite quay. Our arrival excites no such commotion as at Flores, and we walk up the street to the hotel comparatively unnoticed.

The island of Fayal is of considerable importance to the commercial world; and Horta, its capital, is distinguished as the seat of government for the district including Fayal, Pico, Flores, and Corvo. The fine natural harbor in front of this city has always been a favorite resort of vessels traversing this part of the Atlantic. The city is finely laid out, the streets generally being wide, well paved, and in good repair, and the buildings of creditable appearance. The Moorish architecture, common throughout the Azores, prevails. The ground-floors of the houses are occupied as stores, or made into paved courtyards, where merchants, beggars, and donkeys, congregate. At the hotel you come down-stairs to go out of the front-door, and find the way barred by half a dozen donkeys and donkey-boys, squads of importunate peddlers, and an appalling array of squalid beggars. On the street the eye is greeted with a constant succession of whitewashed walls, only varied occasionally by some flashy edifice, whose

front is adorned with porcelain, in blue-and-white figures. Here and there throughout the city rise more pretentious structures, such as the cathedrals, government buildings, and many residences of the nobility and wealthy families. The latter are often surrounded with handsome gardens, where fruits and flowers vie with each other in perfection, and display a wealth of rare exotic beauty, such as we in more rugged climes scarcely dare dream of.

The working-people of Horta are early risers. Almost before daylight one is awakened by the pattering feet of donkeys and the chattering of their drivers in the street beneath one's hotel-window. After this, one's first duty is to stroll down to the shore and "see the Pico boats come in," laden to the gunwale with all kinds of country produce and numberless Pico peasants stowed away in every vacant niche. When landed on the sandy beach the barefooted men and women take boxes, baskets, and bundles, on their heads, and wend their way to the market, careless and erect. Then the streets begin to be thronged, and present a never-ending variety of picturesque sights and sounds: men, women, and children, with fagots of wood, baskets of fruit, or jars of water on their heads; milkmen with wooden buckets of milk, the peasant with living fowls suspended by the legs from the ends of a long yoke thrown over his shoulders; patient, meek-eyed donkeys, their slender legs turning and twisting beneath heavy burdens, sometimes singly, sometimes in twos or fours, with a heavy cask or case slung between; women in long blue cloaks, with their heads enveloped in a hood of marvelous size, and displaying a proportionate degree of bareness at the other extremity; fishermen with baskets of red, blue, and gold fish—thus hour after hour the panorama continues; scene after scene follows in rapid succession, ever changing, ever pleasing.

One of the principal objects of interest at Fayal is the "Caldeira," the crater of an extinct volcano, near the centre of the island, nine miles from Horta. For a third of the way the road is smooth and easy of travel, and one is surrounded with fresh, glowing bits of semi-tropical scenery. Flamingos is reached: a dingy, gray, and moss-grown city, founded—says tradition—by the first colonists on the island, a company of Flemings, sent out by the Duchess of Burgundy in the fifteenth century. Beyond this antiquated city the road becomes rougher and more perilous, leading across bleak mountain-plateaus, along the dizzy edges of deep ravines, and up the rocky beds of mountain-streams, dry from the summer heat. A few miles of such travel brings us to the summit, and we look down, down, down, fifteen hundred feet, into the crater. The ground at the bottom is marshy, and a large, turbid pond occupies the centre, while off at one side rises a miniature volcanic mountain, evergreen clad, a few hundred feet in height. The only signs of life are half a dozen gulls flitting about over the Tartarean lake, a few cattle grazing on its margin, and beside them two or three men, whom distance has transformed into pygmies. The only entrance is down the channel of

a little stream—a passage difficult and dangerous. Heavy banks of clouds circle about the edge of the crater, now falling solidly down to the bottom, now floating high in air, and weaving themselves into a thousand weird, fantastic shapes. An impressive silence broods over the spot, and enhances its sublimity and loneliness.

The people of the Azores, and particularly of Fayal, display a wonderful skill in the manufacture of various kinds of fancy-work, such as willow baskets, embroidery, lace, hair-work, feather flowers, bouquets, and other designs from the white pith of the fig-tree. The manufacture of lace from the fibres of the bitter aloe, or century-plant, is, as far as I am aware, an industry peculiar to this island. This lace is of exquisite workmanship, and commands high prices in Paris, where most of it is sent. Less than a hundred women are engaged in lace-making, and few of them are adepts. The art is very difficult to learn, and is only acquired by constant instruction from early childhood. The lace-workers reside in the village of Praia, a few miles from Horta, and live in abject poverty, earning only from six to ten cents per day.

The days pass rapidly at Fayal, so rapidly that we have scant time in which to inspect all its attractions. We must visit Monte da Guia, the promontory at the southern extremity of the harbor, where is a signal-station for telegraphing the arrival of vessels, and a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Guia, at whose annual festival the people of Horta turn out *en masse*, and clamber up the rocky, slippery sides of the hill to worship at this shrine. Across the bay is another promontory, Ponta do Espalamarca, with a solitary signal-station. A visit to the picturesque Miranti ravine, with its swirling, foaming brook, rattling water-mills, and chattering washer-women, is a rare luxury; so often went I that the washer-women soon began to regard me as an old friend, and doubtless wondered what led me to frequent a spot which to them was only a place of prosaic work. Ten miles from Horta is Castello Branco, or White Castle, a magnificent headland jutting out into the sea. In the suburbs of the city is Porto Pim, an Italian-like bay, with sandy shores, and waters purpled by the shadow of the overlooking hills. Upon its margin stand the remnants of a picturesque mediæval gate, and the fortifications built years ago to protect the port from the incursions of corsairs. Now barefooted boys clamber over its ruins, and fishermen spread their nets to dry upon its broken walls. One can only enumerate other attractions: the orange-gardens; strolls into the country; the inspection of churches, and attendance upon peculiar religious services; the fort; the government buildings; the courts; the nunnery, with its one lonely occupant; the stores and markets, and a variety of other places. One is apt to leave Fayal with regret.

Pico, opposite to Fayal, is the larger island of the two, and more densely populated. Its inhabitants are chiefly engaged in agricultural pursuits. Extensive vineyards are located in all parts of the

island, especially on the hill-sides, and quantities of wine are yearly exported. Magdalena, the principal town, is a sort of watering-place, where the wealthy people of Fayal have summer residences. The mountain which gives a name to the island, and forms its western extremity, is seven thousand six hundred and thirteen feet high. It is a mass of boulders, lava, and scoria, shaped like a regular cone, and in clear weather is conspicuous a distance of eighty miles out at sea. The clouds which circle about it are continually changing its contour, and it is a current saying that "Pico never shows itself twice alike." Often it fails to show itself at all, so thickly do the clouds envelop it and obscure it from sight, even at so near a point as Fayal. The peak is an unfailing barometer for this part of the world. According as that is clear or obscured by clouds, pleasant or foul weather is insured. A thin, blue column of volcanic vapor, arising from the summit, indicates the presence of volcanic agencies not altogether quiescent. The same summit gives the Azorean his only conception of arctic regions, when, in the winter season, he sees banks of snow resting upon it.

Eastward from Fayal, about fifteen miles, and plainly visible, is San Jorge, a long, narrow body of land, extending north and south about thirty-six miles, while its greatest breadth does not exceed six. The interior of the island, along its entire length, is a nearly level plateau, from which the land slopes to the edges of cliffs, which drop, sheer and abrupt, a thousand feet or more into the water. With only an occasional slight break, this Titanic wall presents an appalling front around the whole island. Steep as are these cliffs, they are, nevertheless, tilled by the hand of man wherever a bit of earth can cling to the rocky crevices. Little green cultivated patches appear in places seemingly inaccessible, many of them only reached from the sea in a boat. Men and women working here look like flies clinging to the perpendicular side of a room.

Graciosa, noted for nothing but its scenery, is passed on the way to Terceira, one of the most important islands of the group. Angra, its capital, aspires to the distinction of being the aristocratic metropolis of the Azores. The seat of government for all the islands is located here; the city boasts of a college, with law and theological departments; the presence of the nobility, high ecclesiastical authorities, the governor-general, and other government officials, attracts the *crème de la crème* of Azorean society. Notwithstanding, or perhaps rather in consequence of, all this, the place is exceedingly dull and repellent. A listless laziness marks the sleepy people in all their pursuits, and, even in the principal streets, grass crops out between the paving-blocks. Sluggish Terceira has always been steadfastly devoted to the interests of Portugal. On repeated occasions the inhabitants of this island have maintained a high reputation for loyalty and bravery. Terceira long ago received the appellation "sempre leal" (always loyal), and the complete name of its capital is "Angra do Heroísmo" (Bay of Heroism).

The island has been frequently visited by earthquakes and eruptions, which have done much damage. The city of Praia, next in importance to Angra, has been four times destroyed. The country abounds in evidences of these terrible convulsions—deep grottoes, boiling springs, beds of lava, and tracts of land, exuding sulphurous fumes.

After the picturesque beauty of Flores and Fayal, and the grandeur of the scenery at Pico, San Jorge, and Terceira, the approach to San Miguel, the largest and, in many respects, the most important of the Azores, is looked forward to with feelings of high expectation. One is not disappointed. There are the same rock-bound coasts and basaltic cliffs; the ridges of sharply-serrated mountains forming the backbone of the island are wreathed in clouds; and the lower hills present the now familiar aspect of semi-tropical vegetation. Ponta Delgada, the capital and shipping-port, resting at the foot of the hills, extends for a considerable distance along the line of the coast. It spreads out broadly over the plain, and at first sight conveys a sense of its importance, attractiveness, and prosperity, that future acquaintance does not dispel. The indentation of the coast at this point forms a tolerably secure harbor, exposed only to southerly gales. A breakwater was projected a dozen years or more ago, and is now in slow process of construction. Every winter's gales destroy its outermost projections, and the work is further retarded by the natural indolence of the people and their native inability to successfully cope with such an engineering project. But, even now, steamers and a few sailing-vessels find safe anchorage behind this structure, which, if ever completed, will be one of the finest of its kind in the world, and capable of sheltering one hundred sail. Across the harbor is the landing-place for small boats, and at the top of the stone steps of the jetty surrounding it the inevitable custom-house officials welcome the traveler to San Miguel. Adjoining the custom-house is the post-office; and the stone benches beneath the arches of a neighboring building seem the general rendezvous for boatmen, laborers, and lazy loungers.

Ponta Delgada is the third city in importance of the Portuguese dominion, ranking next to Lisbon and Oporto. Its macadamized streets, its private dwellings, its numerous cathedrals and other public structures, are evidences of a judicious local government, and a public spirit among its citizens that admirably sustains the dignity of its position. It boasts a theatre, college, and an hotel, titled families and wealthy merchants; it has a hospital and prison that are models in every respect; it enjoys an extensive trade with England and Brazil, and is more frequented by pleasure-seekers than any other Azorean island. It exhibits more enterprise than any of its sisters of the group, though even here that virtue exists only in moderation. The public squares throughout the city are numerous and spacious. The Largo de San Francisco, in front of the English hotel, is ornamented with shrubbery and shade-trees, and is the resort of the *élite* two or three evenings in the week, when some military or orchestral band

gives a concert in its little kiosk. At the grated windows of the nunnery, near by, the veiled nuns are often seen peering out upon the brilliant scenes in the plaza below.

Life at San Miguel is a notable experience. Nowhere can one enjoy to greater advantage the odd, stupid, lazy sensation of being in the world, and yet out of it. You retain a faint recollection of having lived in the nineteenth century, but awake every morning with the feeling that it is all a dream: you are hundreds of years out of reckoning. It is useless to argue against this feeling. And you find it far from disagreeable thus to drift back, hundreds of years, in the history of the world's civilization. This island was discovered and settled about the middle of the fifteenth century, and since then seems to have lived backward into the past instead of forward into the present. Everything savors of antiquity. Domestic utensils and agricultural implements are relics of a far-off past. Flax is extensively cultivated; yet a loom or a spinning-wheel is a thing unknown—a simple distaff, like that of Helen of Troy, is exclusively in use. It is a common thing to see two women engaged in the Scriptural occupation of grinding at the mill; and corn is trodden out on large, circular thrashing-floors after the manner of the ancients in Eastern countries. In churning, some progressive spirits have ventured to adopt the old-fashioned barrel-churns; such innovations are discountenanced by the multitude, who still adhere to the traditional methods of shaking the milk in a bottle, or pounding it in a leathern bag, until the butter comes. A large hoe is generally used in agricultural labors; spades, shovels, and forks, are tabooed. An enterprising landed proprietor once imported a steel-toothed harrow and a lot of fine-tined forks for the use of his workmen; the latter soon put these new-fangled tools *hors du combat* by deliberately breaking out the teeth and tines, so they could resort again to their familiar hoes. The plough is of wood, the share being shod with iron. The common cart is a clumsy, two-wheeled vehicle, with wicker sides. In form it looks as though it might have been copied from the first rude draft of the *biga*, or two-wheeled chariot of the ancient Romans. The wheels are of solid wood, with thick, iron tires, and are firmly attached to the axle, so that all revolves together. As the axle is never greased, a horrid creaking is produced by these moving vans; the peasants say this noise drives away witches and makes the oxen work well. Wheelbarrows are unknown, their substitutes being large wicker baskets borne on the shoulders of the workmen. The pottery takes one back to patriarchal times, and the earthen water-jars in which water is carried from the street-fountains to the houses are fac-similes of those we see in pictures of Rebecca at the well.

We notice other peculiarities savoring of the Orient. The Moorish architecture is a relic of centuries ago, when the Moors were in the ascendancy in the Portuguese dominion; and the same people have left their traces in the language, and in many minor customs. The capote of the women seems but

a modification of the Turkish woman's *yashmak*. It is a long, blue-cloth cloak completely enveloping the person from the shoulders to the feet, and surmounted by an enormous stiff hood of the same material, effectually concealing the face of the wearer. No woman is quite happy until she possesses one of these cloaks. Among the men the eccentricity of dress manifests itself in the *carapuça*. Only the peasant wears this. It is a high, peaked cap of liberal proportions, with a visor extending six or eight inches in front. A broad cape, like a soldier's havelock, hangs down upon the shoulders, covering the neck and ears, and fastening beneath the chin. Not alone among the common people are inherited peculiarities to be observed. In calling at the house of an aristocratic friend, you summon the servant, not by rapping or by ringing a bell, but by clapping your hands. Azorean, like Oriental, custom to a moderate extent demands the seclusion of women. Ladies very rarely go out unless accompanied by a servant or by some male member of the family. A gentleman grossly insults a lady if he offers to attend her home from an evening gathering; he cannot even walk with a lady friend whom he happens to meet in the street. When calling upon lady acquaintances you only see them in the presence of other members of the family. Even in courtship these rules of etiquette are rigidly adhered to, and marriage becomes more than ever a lottery.

Friday and Sunday are market-days, when people from all parts of the island throng to the city. The market-place—a large, square inclosure surrounded by high walls, within which are tall, overshadowing trees and fountains of water—has an Oriental aspect. Stout iron gates guard the entrance, and an officer is always in attendance to hear complaints and enforce honesty. Against the interior walls of this inclosure stand booths of the more prominent dealers, where meats and fancy articles, jewelry and earthenware, straw hats and prayer-books, strings of strongly-smelling garlic and pats of butter wrapped in the broad, green leaves of the yam, crowd close upon each other. In front, low fruit-stands display piles of ripe, golden oranges, luscious purple or white grapes, velvety peaches, figs with skin crackling from excessive ripeness, and showing the rich, pulpy heart within, apples, guavas, bananas, and an almost endless variety of other tropical fruits. In the centre, poorer traders are surrounded by heaps of melons, yams, sweet-potatoes of mammoth size, and other country produce. The men lounge about, while the women squat on the ground in Turkish fashion, knit and gossip, and traffic with purchasers. They have a positive genius for trading, as one soon learns. Slow sales and large profits is their creed, and in buying one needs great patience, or a willingness to submit to extortion. Streets in the vicinity of the market are scenes of lively interest. Priests in black gowns and three-cornered hats, and soldiers in uniform; well-dressed citizens, barefooted servants, and poor peasants; men and women bearing upon their heads all sorts of burdens, and screaming boys belaboring

overladen donkeys—these make up the crowd. Wine-shops and tobacco-stores are doing a thriving business. The cook-shops are filled with hungry frequenters, who, in a cloudy atmosphere of grease and smoke, devour vast heaps of little fried fishes; in inner recesses, smoke-begrimed figures hover about enormous fireplaces, whose flames develop a wealth of Rembrandtish light and shadow. From an early hour in the morning until noon, the tumult continues. Later in the day, happening to be out in the country, you meet squads of the peasantry returning home on foot or on donkeys: smiling, happy-faced people, always ready to lift the hat and salute you with a pleasant "Viva, senhor," or "Boa tarde, senhor."

A visit to the valley of the Furnas is a pleasure not to be foregone. We are not on shore twenty-four hours before being asked, at least a score of times, "When are you going to the Furnas?" It is the one spot of general interest to all the people of the island, who prize it above everything else in their little domain, and laud its beauties in extravagant terms of praise. Its manifold charms are the staple topic of conversation among all classes, and the influences of its history, its tales, and its traditions, permeate every element of San Miguel life. The peasant chants its ballads; fashionable society makes it a summer resort; the scientist marvels at its wonderful phenomena; the student becomes interested in its quaint history; while all are lavish in admiration of its beautiful scenery. I fancy the inhabitants deem it almost a personal affront for a traveler to visit the island and not "go to the Furnas." In proportion as one is betrayed into raptures over the place, does one rise in their estimation.

The Valle das Furnas is thirty miles from Ponta Delgada, at the top of the mountains, in the extreme western part of the island. Conveyance from the city is either by carriage or by donkeys. As carriages have been ordered for our trip, the city is scoured to secure them, and, on the morning of starting, the square in front of the hotel is graced with an array of venerable vehicles. Of patriarchal construction and wonderfully dilapidated, with bolts loose, hinges gone, springs broken, wheels rattling, and harnesses tied with ropes, they are not prepossessing in appearance, or calculated to impress one with confidence in their stability. Stifling pride and fear, we find the journey is accomplished very comfortably and safely, albeit the mules are far from sprightly, and the drivers seem to have expunged the word "hurry" from their vocabulary. In spite of minor discomforts, the ride is a constant delight. The roads are smooth as a parlor-floor, and bordered by broad, cultivated acres, orange-groves, gardens, and handsome residences. Now we rattle through some country village, whose streets swarm with pigs, and dogs, and half-naked children; we roll along the edges of cliffs so lofty that the sound of ocean-waves, thundering at their bases, is scarcely audible; we pass through groves where flowers of every hue blossom by the wayside, and in whose nooks ferns, with graceful fronds, six or eight feet in length,



flourish rank and luxuriant; at last we drive for miles over bleak, barren hill-tops clothed in a scant vegetation of mosses, lichens, and stunted evergreens, and across which blow strong, chilly winds. Rounding the corner of a projecting bluff, the famous valley, five hundred feet below, flashes on sight for a single moment; then we drive slowly down the winding road. The village beneath seems, at a distance, like some Swiss hamlet. To the left clouds of steam and smoke ascend from boiling springs; near them is a broad lake, and high, thickly-wooded hills encircle the whole. Flowers of all kinds bloom profusely. Fuschias—"tears of Venus" they are called—grow to large bushes laden with blossoms; geraniums in full flower clamber over the walls everywhere; and myrtles, laurels, and poplars, cover the hill-sides.

Aside from its enchanting scenery, we find the attraction of the valley to be a collection of wonderful thermal springs, some of which are similar in action to the Icelandic geysers. The ground in the vicinity of the principal springs near the village is uncomfortably hot and glaring white with sulphur deposits. The rocks are crumbled by the action of the gases, whose fumes fill the air and kill all vegetation. Clouds of steam float over the place, and a constant thundering and rumbling shake the whole region. Some of the springs are walled in, and beat against the sides of their prisons with a noise like the roar of artillery; others, unrestrained, belch forth volumes of boiling waters and masses of lava-mud. "Bocca de Inferno" (or Mouth of Hell), one huge *caldeira* is appropriately called. Near at hand are springs of cold chalybeate waters, and in another part of the valley is a spot whence rise noxious vapors, destructive to all life—or, as one of our donkey-boys quaintly expressed it, "if a bird flies over it he flies no more." The waters of both hot and cold springs possess valuable medicinal qualities, and considerable quantities are yearly bottled and shipped to Lisbon. In an adjoining ravine the government has erected a handsome and elegantly-appointed bath-house, where hot and cold mineral baths can be enjoyed by all comers free of charge. The Furnas Valley has little intercourse with the outside world, and the peasantry retain a degree of primitive simplicity noticeable even in this land of simplicity. Shut in by lofty mountains on all sides, they live in a little world of their own, with scarcely a thought of anything beyond. Many an old, gray-headed sire has never even climbed to the brow of the surrounding hills to look at the world outside; and the boy who has once taken his donkey to the city is regarded as a venturesome traveler. They love their valley with childish affection, and never tire of singing its praises.

At the opposite end of the island from the Furnas is another remarkable valley, called the Cete Cidades ("Seven Cities"), situated at the bottom of an extinct crater, and only accessible by rugged, breakneck paths down the mountain-side. It is a regular Sleepy Hollow spot, planted so deep in the bowels of the earth that the sun rises along toward

mid-day and sets in the middle of the afternoon. From sunset to sunrise the people sleep, and from sunrise to sunset an undisturbed air of pastoral quiet rests upon the place. A broad plain formerly existed here, but in 1444, soon after the settlement of the island, a volcanic eruption formed this valley, now famed for its mountain-scenery and its two lovely lakes. The waters of Lagoa Azul are intensely blue, and those of Lagoa Grande a bright emerald-green. Although both lakes are connected by a channel, the waters of both have a regular ebb and flow, even though being hundreds of feet above sea-level. They swarm with gold and silver fish of all kinds.

A description of San Miguel would be incomplete without some reference to the orange-culture which is the prominent industry of all the Azores. Ripe oranges are gathered as early as October, but the harvest is not at its height until Christmas-time. During the season there is an overwhelming supply of these golden apples of Hesperides, and the island is completely given over to orange-worship. Gardens everywhere are thronged with busy workers; in the country, at the market, and throughout the city, men and women are met with great baskets of fruit on their heads; day after day long processions of donkeys and ox-carts, laden with boxes, file from the country to the storehouses and wharves; every other store displays an orange in its doorway among other signs of trade, and the itinerant street-vender constantly vexes the quiet by loud cries of "Laranja! laranja!" The ground is thickly strewn with orange-peel; the very air seems yellower than before, and is redolent of spicy odors. Little children revel in the abundance, and play ball or pelt each other with oranges, of so little value is the fruit. This plenitude is at first somewhat bewildering, for at home we have been accustomed to paying five cents each for oranges; here we buy nicer and sweeter ones, from ten to fifty for a cent. The fruit becomes a staple article of diet, especially among the common people, who now season with an orange their usual frugal meal of corn-bread and fried fish.

The island of San Miguel is one great orange-garden. The groves are all surrounded by stone-walls fifteen or twenty feet high to protect the trees from thieves, and from the gales of wind which often prevail. Within the walls, as a further protection, rows of shelter-trees are planted, the "faya" and the "incense-tree" being principally used. The common orange, shaddocks, limes, sweet lemons, sour lemons, and the *tangerinha*, a small, thin-skinned, aromatic-flavored fruit, are the leading varieties cultivated. Oranges for shipment are carefully picked by hand and wrapped in corn-husks before being packed in boxes. Those that drop or are shaken from the tree are considered unfit to be packed for the foreign market, and are sold or given away at home. Between three and four hundred thousand boxes are annually exported, principally to England, from this island alone.

The limits of an article like this have prevented more than a cursory glance at the Azores, and the

characteristics and peculiarities of its people. The condition of the lower classes and the peasantry, steeped in utter poverty and oppressed by both church and state, is wretched in the extreme. Wages are pitifully small, ranging, even for skilled laborers, only from twenty to forty cents per day. Fortunately, their wants are few and easily supplied, and they generally contrive to lay by a little something every week. Emigration is common and would be more prevalent were it not for strict emigration-laws, which make it difficult to secure passports, especially if the applicants are young, able-bodied men, capable of military service. Not a few of this class, however, manage to escape without the knowledge of the authorities on vessels bound to the States or to Brazil. The middle and upper classes enjoy the amenities and luxuries of more favored localities. They are intelligent, educated, refined people, whom to know is an honor. In matters of dress and in most customs they are decidedly continental. Their homes display taste and culture, and, while books are not numerous, the people are generally well-informed, and almost every one can converse in two or three languages.

Santa Maria, the most easterly of the group, can be dismissed in a few words: it is a small, insignificant island, reached only by an occasional schooner from

San Miguel. It possesses some points of geological interest in containing alone, of all the Azores, limestone deposits abounding in fossils, beds of marine shells upon the summits of its hills, and a cave of stalactites. The clay from which the curious red pottery of the Azores is made comes from this island.

The visitor finds much to enjoy among the Azores, and not least of all the climate, which is singularly equable and delicious. The mercury rarely falls below 40° or rises above 80°. Even in the winter months a fire is unnecessary for comfort, and the summer heat, tempered by cool sea-breezes, is less oppressive than in New York or Boston. Yet the finest sweets cloy upon the taste, and one soon tires of this uniformity of scenery and climate, this sluggish, antiquated life of the tropics, and longs for the rougher landscapes, the colder skies, the ruder winds, the more manly activity across the ocean. After a voyage of thirty-two days, in as rough winter weather as the Atlantic ever exhibits, we were welcomed home by a fierce northwest storm of snow and sleet. We still felt that the energy and progressive spirit of our own land more than compensated for the luxurious sweets of the tropics, with their attendant languor and indolence. We had learned that best lesson of the traveler—to bring home a deeper love and admiration for his country than he carries away.

## MARGARET SINCLAIR'S SILENT MONEY.

"IT was ma luck, Sinclair, an' I couldna win by it."

"Havers! If luck ruled, the bull might calve as well as the cow; it was David Vedder's whiskey that turned ma boat tapsalteerie, Geordie Twatt."

"Thou had better blame Hacon; he turned the boat *widdershins*, an' what fool doesna ken that it is evil luck to go contrarie to the sun?"

"It is waur luck to have a drunken, superstitious pilot. Twatt, that Norse blood i' thy veins is o'er full o' freets. Fear God, an' mind thy wark, and thou needna speir o' the sun what gate to turn the boat."

"My Norse blood willna stand ony Scot stirring it up, Sinclair. I come o' a mighty kind—"

"Tush, man! Mules mak' an unco' fuss about their ancestors having been horses. It has come to this, Geordie: thou must be laird o' theesel' before I'll trust thee again wi' ony craft o' mine." Then Peter Sinclair lifted his papers, and, looking the discharged sailor steadily in the face, bid him "go on his penetentials an' think things o'er a bit."

Geordie Twatt went sullenly out, but Peter was rather pleased with himself; he believed that he had done his duty in a satisfactory manner. And if a man was in a good temper with himself, it was just the kind of evening to increase his satisfaction. The gray old town of Kirkwall lay in supernatural glory, the wondrous beauty of the mellow gloaming blending with soft green and rosy-red spears of light, that

shot from east to west, or charged upward to the zenith. The great herring-fleet outside the harbor was as motionless as "a painted fleet upon a painted ocean"—the men were sleeping or smoking upon the piers—only a foot fell upon the flagged streets, and the only murmur of sound was round the public fountain, where a few women were perched on the bowl's edge, knitting and gossiping.

Peter Sinclair was perhaps not a man inclined to analyze such things, but they had their influence over him; for, as he drifted slowly home in his skiff, he began to pity Geordie's four motherless babies, and to wonder if he had been as patient with him as he might have been. "An' yet," he murmured, "there's the loss on the goods, an' the loss o' time, an' the boat to steek afresh forbye the danger to life! Na, na, I'm no called upon to put life i' peril for a glass o'ermuch whiskey."

Then he lifted his head, and there, on the white sands, stood his daughter Margaret. He was conscious of a great thrill of pride as he looked at her, for Margaret Sinclair, even among the beautiful women of the Orcaes, was most beautiful of all. In a few minutes he had fastened his skiff at a little jetty, and was walking with her over the springy heath toward a very pretty house of white stone. It was his own house, and he was proud of it also, but not half so proud of the house as of its tiny garden; for there, with great care and at great cost, he had managed to rear a few pansies, snowdrops,

lilies-of-the-valley, and other hardy English flowers. Margaret and he stooped lovingly over them, and it was wonderful to see how Peter's face softened, and how gently the great rough hands, that had been all day handling smoked geese and fish, touched these frail, trembling blossoms.

"Eh, lassie! I could most greet wi' joy to see the bonnie bit things; when I can get time, I'se e'en go wi' thee to Edinburgh; I'd like weel to see such fields, an' gardens, an' trees, as I hear thee tell on."

Then Margaret began again to describe the green-houses, the meadows, and wheat-fields, the forests of oaks and beeches, she had seen during her school-days in Edinburgh. Peter listened to her as if she was telling a wonderful fairy-story, but he liked it, and, as he cut slice after slice from his smoked goose, he enjoyed her talk of roses and apple-blossoms, and smacked his lips for the thousandth time when she described a peach, and said, "It tasted, father, as if it had been grown in the garden of Eden."

After such conversations Peter was always stern and strict. He felt an actual anger at Adam and Eve; their transgression became a keenly personal affair, for he had a very vivid sense of the loss they had entailed upon him. This vague sense of wrong made him try to fix it, and, after a short reflection, he said, in an injured tone:

"I wonder when Ranald's coming hame again?"

"Ranald is all right, father."

"A' wrong, thou means, lassie. There's three vessels waiting to be loaded, an' the books sae far aint that I kenna whether I'm losing or saving. Whare is he?"

"Not far away. He will be at the Stones of Stennis this week some time with an Englishman he fell in with at Perth."

"I wonder now, was it for my sins or his ain that the lad has sic auld-world notions? There isna a pagan altar-stane 'tween John O'Groat's an' Lamba Ness he doesna run after. I wish he were as anxious to serve in the Lord's temple—I would build him a kirk an' a manse for it."

"We'll all be proud of Ranald yet, father. The Sinclairs have been fighting and making money for centuries: it is a sign of grace to have a scholar and a poet at last among them."

Peter grumbled. His ideas of poetry were limited by the Scotch psalms, and, as for scholarship, he asserted that the books were better kept when he used his own method of tallies and crosses. Then he remembered Geordie Twatt's misfortune, and had his little grumble out on this subject: "Boat an' goods might hae been a total loss, no to speak o' the lives o' Geordie an' the four lads wi' him; an' a' for the sake o' a drap mair than eneuch!"

Margaret looked at the brandy-bottle standing at her father's elbow, and, though she did not speak, the look annoyed Peter.

"You arna to even my glass wi' his, lassie. I ken when to stop—Geordie never does."

"It is a common fault in more things than drinking, father. When Magnus Hay has struck the first blow, he is quite ready to draw his dirk and strike

the last one; and Paul Snackoll, though he has made gold and to spare, will just go on making gold until death takes the balances out of his hands. There are few folk that in all things offend not."

She looked so noble standing before him, so fair and tall, her hair yellow as dawn, her eyes cool and calm and blue as night; her whole attitude so serene, assured, and majestic, that Peter rose uneasily, left his glass unfinished, and went away with a very confused "good-night."

In the morning, the first thing he did when he reached his office was to send for the offending sailor.

"Geordie, my Margaret says there are plenty folk as bad as thou art; so, thou'lt just see to the steeking o' the boat, an' be ready to sail her—or upset her—I' ten days again."

"I'll keep her right side up for Margaret Sinclair's sake—tell her I said that, master."

"I'se do no promising for thee, Geordie. Between wording an' working is a lang road, but Kirk-wall an' Stromness kens thee for an honest lad, an' thou wilt mind this—*things promised are things due.*"

Insensibly this act of forbearance lightened Peter's whole day: he was good-tempered with the world, and the world returned the compliment. When night came, and he watched for Margaret on the sands, he was delighted to see that Ranald was with her. The lad had come home, and nothing was now remembered against him. That night it was Ranald told him fairy-stories of great cities and universities, of miles of books and pictures, of wonderful machinery, and steam-engines, of delicious things to eat and drink. Peter felt as if he must start southward by the next mail-packet, but in the morning he thought more unselfishly.

"There are forty families depending on me sticking to the shop an' the boats, Ranald, an' I canna go pleasuring till there is ane to step into my shoes."

Ranald Sinclair had all the fair, stately beauty and noble presence of his sister, but yet there was some lack about him easier to feel than to define. Perhaps no one was unconscious of this lack except Margaret; but women have a grand invention where their idols are concerned, and create readily for them every excellency that they lack. Her own two years' study in an Edinburgh boarding-school had been very superficial, and she knew it; but this wonderful Ranald could read Homer and Horace, could play and sketch, and recite Shakespeare, and write poetry. If he could have done none of these things, if he had been dull and ugly, and content to trade in fish and wool, she would still have loved him tenderly; how much more, then, this handsome Antinous, whom she credited with all the accomplishments of Apollo!

Ranald needed all her enthusiastic support. He had left heavy college bills, and he had quite made up his mind that he would not be a minister, and that he would be a lawyer. He could scarcely have decided on two things more offensive to his father. Only for the hope of having a minister in the family had Peter submitted to his son's continual demands for money. For this end he had bought books, and

paid for all kinds of teachers and tours, and sighed over the cost of Ranald's different hobbies. And now he was not only to have a grievous disappointment, but also a great offense: for Peter Sinclair shared fully in the Orcadean dislike and distrust of lawyers, and would have been deeply offended at any one requiring their aid in any business transaction with him.

His son's proposal to be a "writer," he took almost as a personal insult. He had formed his own opinion of the profession, and the opinion of any other person who would say a word in favor of a lawyer he considered of no value. Margaret had a hard task before her; that she succeeded at all was due to her womanly tact. Ranald and his father simply clashed against each other, and exchanged pointed truths which hurt worse than wounds.

At length, when the short Orcadean summer was almost over, Margaret won a hard and reluctant consent. "The lad is fit for naething better, I suppose"—and the old man turned away to shed the bitterest tears of his whole life. They shocked Margaret; she was terrified at her success, and, falling humbly at his feet, she besought him to forget and forgive her importunities, and to take back a gift baptized with such ominous tears.

But Peter Sinclair, having been compelled to take a step, was not the man to retrace it; he shook his head in a dour, hopeless way: "He couldna say 'Yes' and 'No' in a breath, an' Ranald must e'en drink as he brewed."

These struggles, so real and sorrowful to his father and sister, Ranald had no sympathy with—not that he was heartless, but that he had taught himself to believe they were the result of ignorance of the world and old-fashioned prejudices. He certainly intended to become a great man—perhaps a judge—and, when he was one of "The Lords," he had no doubt his father would respect his disobedience. He knew his father as little as he knew himself. Peter Sinclair was only Peter Sinclair's opinions incorporate; he could no more have changed them than he could have changed the color of his eyes or the shape of his nose; and the difference between a common lawyer and "a lord," in his eyes, would only have been the difference between a little oppressor and a great one.

For the first time in all her life Margaret suspected a flaw in this perfect crystal of a brother; his gay, debonair manner hurt her. Even if her father's objections were ignorant prejudices, they were positive convictions to him, and she did not like to see them smiled at, entertained by the cast of the eye, and the put-by of the turning hand. But loving women are the greatest of Philistines: knock their idol down daily, rob it of every beauty, cut off its hands and head, and they will still "set it in its place," and fall down and worship it.

Undoubtedly Margaret was one of the blindest of these characters, but the world may pause before it scorns them too bitterly. It is faith of this sublime integrity which, brought down to personal experience, believes, endures, hopes, sacrifices, and

loves on to the end, winning finally what never would have been given to a more prudent and reasonable devotion. So, if Margaret had doubts, she put them arbitrarily down, and sent her brother away with manifold tokens of her love—among them, with a check on the Kirkwall Bank for sixty pounds, the whole of her personal savings. To this frugal Orcadean maid it seemed a large sum, but she hoped by the sacrifice to clear off Ranald's college-debts, and thus enable him to start his new race unweighted. It was but a mouthful to each creditor, but it put them off for a time, and Ranald was not a youth inclined to "take thought" for their "to-morrow."

He had been entered for four years' study with the firm of Wilkes & Brechen, writers and conveyancers of the city of Glasgow. His father had paid the whole fee down, and placed in the Western Bank to his credit four hundred pounds for his four years' support. Whatever Ranald thought of the provision, Peter considered it a magnificent income, and it had cost him a great struggle to give up at once, and for no evident return, so much of his hard-earned gold. To Ranald he said nothing of this reluctance; he simply put the vouchers for both transactions in his hand, and asked him to "try an' spend the siller as weel as it had been earned."

But to Margaret he fretted not a little. "Fourteen hun' red pounds a' thegither, dawtie," he said, in a tearful voice; "I warked early an' late through mony a year for it; an' it is gane a' at once, though I hae naught but words an' promises for it. I ken, Margaret, that I am an auld-farrant trader, but I'se aye say that it is a bad well into which ane must put water."

When Ranald went, the summer went too. It became necessary to remove at once to their rock-built house in one of the narrow streets of Kirkwall. Margaret was glad of the change; her father could come into the little parlor behind the shop any time in the day and smoke his pipe beside her. He needed this consolation sorely; his son's conduct had grieved him far more deeply than he would allow, and Margaret often saw him gazing southward over the stormy Pentland Frith with a very mournful face.

But a good heart soon breaks bad fortune, and Peter had a good heart, sound, and sweet, and true, to his fellow-creatures, and full of faith in God. It is true that his creed was of the very strictest and sternest; but men are always better than their theology, and Margaret knew from the Scriptures chosen for their household worship that in the depth and stillness of his soul his human fatherhood had anchored fast to the fatherhood of God.

Orcadean winters are long and dreary, but no one need much pity the Orcadeans; they have learned how to make them the very festival of social life. And, in spite of her anxiety about Ranald, Margaret thoroughly enjoyed this one—perhaps the more because Captain Olave Thorkald spent two months of it with them in Kirkwall. There had been a long attachment between the young soldier and Margaret; and, having obtained his commission, he had come



to ask also for a public recognition of their engagement. Margaret was rarely beautiful and rarely happy, and she carried with a charming and kindly grace the full cup of her felicity. The Orcadeans love to date from a good year, and all her life afterward Margaret reckoned events from this pleasant winter.

Peter Sinclair's house, being one of the largest in Kirkwall, was a favorite gathering-place; and Peter took his full share in all the homelike, innocent amusements which beguiled the long, dreary nights. No one in Orkney or Zetland could recite Ossian with more passion and tenderness, and he enjoyed his little triumph over the youngsters who emulated him. No one could sing a Scotch song with more humor, and few of the lads and lassies could match Peter in a blithe, foursome reel or a rattling strathspey. Some, indeed, thought that good Dr. Ogilvie had a more graceful spring and a longer breath, but Peter always insisted that his inferiority to the minister was a voluntary concession to the dominie's superior dignity. It was, however, a rivalry that always ended in a firmer grip at parting. These little festivals, in which old and young freely mingled, cultivated to perfection the best and kindest feelings of both classes. Age mellowed to perfect sweetness in the sunshine of youthful gayety; and youth learned from age how at once to be merry and wise.

At length June arrived again; and, though winter lingered in *spates*, the song of the skylark and the thrush heralded the spring. When the dream-like voice of the cuckoo should be heard once more, Peter and Margaret had determined to take a long summer trip. They were to go first to Perth, where Captain Thorkald was stationed, and then to Glasgow, and see Ranald. But God had planned another journey for Peter, even one to "a land very far off." A disease, to which he had been subject at intervals for many years, suddenly assumed a fatal character, and Peter needed no one to tell him that his days were numbered.

He set his house in order, and then, going with Margaret to his summer dwelling, waited quietly. He said little on the subject, and, as long as he was able, gave himself up, with the delight of a child, to watching the few flowers in his garden; but still one solemn, waylaying thought made these few last weeks of life peculiarly hushed and sacred. Ranald had been sent for, and the old man, with the clear prescience that sometimes comes before death, divined much and foresaw much he did not care to speak about—only that in some subtle way he made Margaret perceive that Ranald was to be cared for and watched over, and that to her this charge was committed.

Before the summer was quite over, Peter Sinclair went away. In his tarrying by the eternal shore he became, as it were, purified of the body, and one lovely night, when gloaming and dawning mingled, and the lark was thrilling the midnight skies, he heard the Master call him, and promptly answered, "Here am I." Then "Death, with sweet enlargement, did dismiss him hence."

He had been considered a rich man in Orkney, and therefore Ranald—who had become accustomed to a Glasgow standard of wealth—was much disappointed. His whole estate was not worth over six thousand pounds; about two thousand pounds of this was in gold, the rest was invested in his houses in Kirkwall, and in a little cottage in Stromness, where Peter's wife had been born. He gave to Ranald eighteen hundred pounds, and to Margaret two hundred pounds and the life-rent of the real property. Ranald had already received fourteen hundred pounds, and therefore had no cause of complaint, but somehow he felt as if he had been wronged. He was older than his sister, and the son of the house, and use and custom were not in favor of recognizing daughters as having equal rights. But he kept such thoughts to himself, and when he went back to Glasgow took with him solid proofs of his sister's devotion.

It was necessary now for Margaret to make a great change in her life. She determined to remove to Stromness, and occupy the little, four-roomed cottage that had been her mother's. It stood close to that of Geordie Twatt, and she felt that in any emergency she was thus sure of one faithful friend. "A lone woman" in Margaret's position has in these days numberless objects of interest of which Margaret never dreamed. She would have thought it a kind of impiety to advise her minister, or meddle in church affairs. These simple parents attended themselves to the spiritual training of their children—there was no necessity for Sunday-schools, and they did not exist. She was not one of those women whom their friends call "beings," and who have deep and mysterious feelings that interpret themselves in poems and thrilling stories. She had no taste for philosophy, or history, or social science, and had been taught to regard novels as dangerously sinful books.

But no one need imagine that she was either wretched or idle. In the first place, she took life much more calmly and slowly than we do; a very little pleasure or employment went a long way. She read her Bible, and helped her old servant Helga to keep the house in order. She had her flowers to care for, and her brother and lover to write to. She looked after Geordie Twatt's little motherless lads, went to church, and to see her friends, and very often had her friends to see her.

It happened to be a very stormy winter, and the mails were often delayed for weeks together. This was her only trouble. Ranald's letters were more and more unsatisfactory; he was evidently unhappy and dissatisfied, and heartily tired of his new study. Posts were so irregular that often their letters seemed to be playing at cross-purposes. She determined as soon as spring opened to go and have a straightforward talk with him.

So the following June Geordie Twatt took her in his boat to Thurso, where Captain Thorkald was waiting for her. They had not met since Peter Sinclair's death, and that event had materially affected their prospects. Before it their marriage had been a

possible joy in some far future; now there was no greater claim on her care and love than the captain's, and he urged their early marriage.

Margaret had her two hundred pounds with her, and she promised to buy her "plenishing" during her visit to Glasgow. In those days girls made their own trousseau, sewing into every garment solemn and tender hopes and joys. Margaret thought that proper attention to this dear stitching, as well as proper respect for her father's memory, asked of her yet at least another year's delay; and for the present Captain Thorkald thought it best not to urge her further.

Ranald received his sister very joyfully. He had provided lodgings for her with their father's old correspondent, Robert Gorie, a tea-merchant in the Cowcaddens. The Cowcaddens was then a very respectable street, and Margaret was quite pleased with her quarters. She was not pleased with Ranald, however. He avowed himself thoroughly disgusted with the law, and declared his intention of forfeiting his fee, and joining his friend Walter Cashell in a manufacturing scheme.

Margaret could *feel* that he was all wrong, but she could not reason about a business of which she knew nothing, and Ranald took his own way. But changing and bettering are two different things, and, though he was always talking of his "good luck" and his "good bargains," Margaret was very uneasy. Perhaps Robert Gorie was partly to blame for this; his pawky face and shrewd little eyes made visible dissents to all such boasts; nor did he scruple to say, "Guid luck needs guid elbowing, Ranald, an' it is at the *guid bargains* I aye pause an' ponder."

The following winter was a restless, unhappy one: Ranald was either painfully elated or very dull; and, soon after the New-Year, Walter Cashell fell into bad health, went to the West Indies, and left Ranald with the whole business to manage. He soon now began to come to his sister not only for advice, but for money. Margaret believed at first that she was only supplying Walter's sudden loss, but when her cash was all gone, and Ranald urged her to mortgage her rents, she resolutely shut her ears to all his plausible promises, and refused to "throw more good money after bad."

It was the first ill-blood between them, and it hurt Margaret sorely. She was glad when the fine weather came, and she could escape to her island-home, for Ranald was cool to her, and said cruel things of Captain Thorkald, for whose sake, he declared, his sister had refused to help him.

One day, at the end of the following August, when most of the towns-people—men and women—had gone to the moss to cut the winter's peat, she saw Geordie Twatt coming toward the house. Something about his appearance troubled her, and she went to the open door and stood waiting for him.

"What is it, Geordie?"

"I am bidden to tell thee, Margaret Sinclair, to be at the Stanes o' Stennis to-night at eleven o'clock."

"Who trysts me there, Geordie, at such an hour?"

"Thy brother; but thou'lt come—yes, thou wilt."

Margaret's very lips turned white as she answered:

"I'll be there—see thou art, too."

"Sure as death! If naebod speirs after me, thou needna say I was here at a', thou needna."

Margaret understood the caution, and nodded her head. She could not speak, and all day long she wandered about like a soul in a restless dream. Fortunately, every one was weary at night, and went early to rest, and she found little difficulty in getting outside the town without notice; and one of the ponies on the common took her speedily across the moor.

Late as it was, twilight still lingered over the silent moor, with its old Pictish mounds and burial-places, giving them an indescribable aspect of something weird and eerie. No one could have been insensible to the mournful, brooding light and the unearthly stillness, and Margaret was trembling with a supernatural terror as she stood amid the solemn circle of gray stones, and looked over the lake of Stennis and the low, brown hills of Harray.

From behind one of these gigantic pillars Ranald came toward her—Ranald, and yet not Ranald. He was dressed as a common sailor, and otherwise shamefully disguised. There was no time to soften things—he told his miserable story in a few plain words: "His business had become so entangled that he knew not which way to turn, and, sick of the whole affair, he had taken a passage for Australia, and then forged a note on the Western Bank for nine hundred pounds. He had hoped to be far at sea with his ill-gotten money before the fraud was discovered, but suspicion had gathered around him so quickly, that he had not even dared to claim his passage. Then he fled north, and, fortunately, discovering Geordie's boat at Wick, had easily prevailed on him to put off at once with him."

What towards sin makes of us! Margaret had seen this very lad face death often, among the sunken rocks and cruel surfs, that he might save the life of a shipwrecked sailor; and now, rather than meet the creditors whom he had wronged, he had committed a robbery and was flying from the gallows.

She was shocked and stunned, and stood speechless, wringing her hands and moaning pitifully. Her brother grew impatient. Often the first result of a bitter sense of sin is to make the sinner peevish and irritable.

"Margaret," he said, almost angrily, "I came to bid you farewell, and to promise you, '*by my father's name!*' to retrieve all this wrong. If you can speak a kind word, speak it for God's sake—if not, I must go without it!"

Then she fell upon his neck, and, amid sobs and kisses, said all that love so sorely and suddenly tried could say. He could not even soothe her anguish by any promise to write, but he did promise to come back to her sooner or later with restitution in his hand. All she could do now for this dear brother was to call Geordie to her side, and put

him in his care; taking what consolation she could from his assurance that "he would keep him out at sea until the search was cold, and if followed carry him into some of the dangerous 'races' between the islands." If any sailor could keep his boat above water in them, she knew Geordie could; and if not—she durst follow that thought no further, but, putting her hands before her face, stood praying, while the two men pulled silently away in the little skiff that had brought them up the outlet connecting the lake of Stennis with the sea.

Margaret would have turned away from Ranald's open grave less heart-broken. It was midnight now, but her real terror absorbed all imaginary ones; she did not even call a pony, but with swift, even steps walked back to Stromness. Ere she had reached it, she had decided what was to be done, and next day she left Kirkwall in the mail-packet for the mainland. Thence by night and day she traveled to Glasgow, and a week after her interview with Ranald she was standing before the directors of the defrauded bank and offering them the entire proceeds of her Kirkwall property, until the debt was paid.

The bank had thoroughly respected Peter Sinclair, and his daughter's earnest, decided offer won their ready sympathy. It was accepted without any question of interest, though she could not hope to clear off the obligation in less than nine years. She did not go near any of her old acquaintances, she had no heart to bear their questions and condolences, and she had no money to stay in Glasgow at charges. Winter was coming on rapidly, but, before it broke over the lonely islands, she had reached her cottage in Stromness again.

There had been, of course, much talk concerning her hasty journey, but no one had suspected its cause. Indeed, the pursuit after Ranald had been entirely the bank's affair, had been committed to private detectives, and had not been nearly so hot as the frightened criminal believed. His failure and flight had indeed been noticed in the Glasgow newspapers, but this information did not reach Kirkwall until the following spring, and then in a very indefinite form.

About a week after her return, Geordie Twatt came into port. Margaret frequently went to his cottage with food or clothing for the children, and she contrived to meet him there.

"Yon lad is a' right, indeed is he," he said, with an assumption of indifference.

"O Geordie! where?"

"A ship going westward took him off the boat."

"Thank God! You'll say naught at all, Geordie?"

"I ken naught at a', save that his father's son was i' trouble, an' trying to gie thae weary, unchancy lawyers the go-by. I was fain enouch mesel' to baulk them."

But Margaret's real trials were all yet to come. The mere fact of doing a noble deed does not absolve one often from very mean and petty consequences. Before the winter was half over she had

found out how rapid is the descent from good report. The neighbors were deeply offended at her for giving up the social tea-parties and evening-gatherings that had made the house of Sinclair popular for more than one generation. She gave still greater offense by becoming a working-woman, and spending her days in braiding straw into the (once) famous Orkney Tuscan, and her long evenings in the manufacture of those delicate knitted goods peculiar to the country.

It was not alone that they grudged her the money for these labors, as so much out of their own pockets—they grudged her also the time; for they had been long accustomed to rely on Margaret Sinclair for their children's garments, for nursing their sick, and for help in weddings, funerals, and all the other extraordinary occasions of sympathy among a primitively social people.

Little by little all winter the sentiment of disapproval and dislike gathered. Some one soon found out that Margaret's tenants "just sent every bawbee o' the rent-siller to the Glasgow Bank;" and this was a double offense, as it implied a distrust of her own townsmen and institutions. If from her humble earnings she made a little gift to any common object, its small amount was a fresh source of anger and contempt; for none knew how much she had to deny herself even for such curtailed gratuities.

In fact, Margaret Sinclair's sudden stinginess and indifference to her townsmen was the common wonder and talk of every little gathering. Old friends began to either pointedly reprove her, or pointedly ignore her; and at last even old Helga took the popular tone, and said "Margaret Sinclair had got too scrimping for an auld wife like her to bide wi' langer."

Through all this Margaret suffered keenly. At first she tried earnestly to make her old friends understand that she had good reasons for her conduct; but, as she would not explain these good reasons, she failed in her endeavor. She had imagined that her good conscience would support her, and that she could live very well without love and sympathy; she soon found out that it is a kind of negative punishment worse than many stripes.

At the end of the winter Captain Thorkald again earnestly pressed their marriage, saying that "his regiment was ordered to Chelsea, and any longer delay might be a final one." He proposed, also, that his father, the Udaller Thorkald of Serwick, should have charge of her Orkney property, as he understood its value and changes. Margaret wrote and frankly told him that her property was not hers for at least seven years, but that it was under good care, and he must accept her word without explanation. Out of this only grew a very unsatisfactory correspondence. Captain Thorkald went south without Margaret, and a very decided coolness separated them farther than any number of miles.

Udaller Thorkald was exceedingly angry, and his remarks about Margaret Sinclair's refusal "to trust her bit property in as guid hands as her own" increased very much the bitter feeling against the

poor girl. At the end of three years the trial became too great for her; she began to think of running away from it.

Throughout these dark days she had purposely and pointedly kept apart from her old friend Dr. Ogilvie, for she feared his influence over her might tempt her to confidence. Latterly the doctor had humored her evident desire, but he had never ceased to watch over and, in a great measure, to believe in her; and, when he heard of this determination to quit Orkney forever, he came to Stromness with a resolution to spare no efforts to win her confidence.

He spoke very solemnly and tenderly to her, reminded her of her father's generosity and good gifts to the church and the poor, and said: "O Margaret, dear lass! what good at a' will thy silent money do thee in *that Day*? It ought to speak for thee out o' the mouths o' the sorrowfu' an' the needy, the widows an' the fatherless—indeed, it ought. And thou hast gien naught for thy Master's sake these three years! I'm fair shamed to think thou bears sae kind a name as thy father's."

What could Margaret do? She broke into passionate sobbing, and, when the good old man left the cottage an hour, afterward, there was a strange light on his face, and he walked and looked as if he had come from some interview that had set him for a little space still nearer to the angels. Margaret had now one true friend; and in a few days after this she rented her cottage and went to live with the dominie. Nothing could have so effectually reinstated her in public opinion; wherever the dominie went on a message of help or kindness Margaret went with him. She fell gradually into a quieter but still more affectionate regard—the aged, the sick, and the little children clung to her hands, and she was comforted.

Her life seemed indeed to have wonderfully narrowed, but, when the tide is fairly out, it begins to turn again. In the fifth year of her poverty there was, from various causes, such an increase in the value of real estate, that her rents were nearly doubled; and by the end of the seventh year she had paid the last shilling of her assumed debt, and was again an independent woman.

It might be two years after this that she one day received a letter that filled her with joy and amazement. It contained a check for her whole nine hundred pounds back again. "The bank had just received from Ranald Sinclair, of San Francisco, the whole amount due it, with the most satisfactory acknowledgment and interest." It was a few minutes before Margaret could take all the joy this news promised her in; but when she did, the calm, well-regulated girl had never been so near committing extravagances.

She ran wildly up-stairs to the dominie, and, throwing herself at his knees, cried out, amid tears and smiles: "Father! father! Here is your money! Here is the poor's money and the church's money! God has sent it back to me!—sent it back with such glad tidings!"—and surely, if angels rejoice with re-

penting sinners, they must have felt that day a far deeper joy with the happy, justified girl.

She knew now that she also would soon hear from Ranald, and she was not disappointed. The very next day the dominie brought home the letter. Margaret took it up-stairs to read it upon her knees, while the good old man walked softly up and down his study praying for her. Presently she came to him with a radiant face.

"Is it weel wi' the lad, ma dawtie?"

"Yes, father; it is very well." Then she read him the letter.

Ranald had been in New Orleans and had the fever; he had been in Texas, and spent four years in fighting Indians and Mexicans and in herding cattle. He had suffered many things, but had worked night and day, and always managed to grow a little richer every year. Then, suddenly, the word "California!" rung through the world, and he caught the echo even on the lonely Southwestern prairies. Through incredible hardships he had made his way thither, and a sudden and wonderful fortune had crowned his labors, first in mining, and afterward in speculation and merchandising. He said that he was indeed afraid to tell her how rich he was lest to her Orcadean views the sum might appear incredible.

Margaret let the letter fall on her lap and clasped her hands above it. Her face was beautiful. If the prodigal son had a sister she must have looked just as Margaret looked when they brought in her lost brother, in the best robe and the gold ring.

The dominie was not so satisfied. A good many things in the letter displeased him, but he kissed Margaret tenderly and went away from her. "It is a' I did this, an' I did that, an' I suffered yon; there is nae word o' God's help, or o' what ither folk had to thole. I'll no be doing ma duty if I dinna set his sin afore his e'en."

The old man was little used to writing, and the effort was a great one, but he bravely made it, and without delay. In a few curt, idiomatic sentences, he told Ranald Margaret's story of suffering and wrong and poverty; her hard work for daily bread, her loss of friends, of her good name, and her lover, adding: "It is a pair success, ma lad, that ye dinna acknowledge God in; an', let me tell thee, thy restitution is o'er late for thy credit. I wad hae thought better o' it had thou made it when it took the last plack i' thy pouch. Out o' thy great wealth, a few hun'ed pounds is nae matter to speak about."

But people did speak of it. In spite of our chronic abuse of human nature, it is, after all, a kindly nature, and rejoices in good more than in evil. The story of Ranald's restitution it considered honorable to it, and it was much made of in the daily papers. Margaret's friends flocked round her again, saying, "I'm sorry, Margaret!" as simply and honestly as little children, and the dominie did not fail to give them the lecture on charity that Margaret neglected.

Whether the Udaller Thorkald wrote to his son anent these transactions, or whether the captain read in the papers enough to satisfy him, he never



explained; but one day he suddenly appeared at Dr. Ogilvie's, and asked for Margaret. He had probably good excuses for his conduct to offer; if not, Margaret was quite ready to invent for him—as she had done for Ranald—all the noble qualities he lacked. The captain was tired of military life, and anxious to return to Orkney; and, as his own and Margaret's property was yearly increasing in value, he foresaw profitable employment for his talents. He had plans for introducing many southern improvements—for building a fine modern house, growing some of the hardier fruits, and for the construction of a grand conservatory for Margaret's flowers.

It must be allowed that Captain Thorkald was a very ordinary lord for a woman like Margaret Sinclair to "love, honor, and obey;" but few men would have been worthy of her, and the usual rule, which shows us the noblest women marrying men manifestly their inferiors, is doubtless a wise one. A lofty soul can have no higher mission than to help upward one upon a lower plane, and surely Captain Thorkald, being, as the dominie said, "*no that bad*," had the fairest opportunities to grow to Margaret's stature in Margaret's atmosphere.

While these things were occurring, Ranald got Margaret's letter. It was full of love and praise, and had no word of blame or complaint in it. He noticed, indeed, that she still signed her name "Sinclair," and that she never alluded to Captain Thorkald, and the supposition that the stain on his character had caused a rupture did for a moment force itself upon his notice; but he put it instantly away with the reflection that "Thorkald was but a poor fellow, after all, and quite unworthy of his sister."

The very next mail-day he received the dominie's letter. He read it once, and could hardly take it in; read it again and again, until his lips blanched, and his whole countenance changed. In that moment he saw Ranald Sinclair for the first time in his

life. Without a word, he left his business, went to his house, and locked himself in his own room.

Then Margaret's silent money began to speak. In low upbraidings it showed him the lonely girl in that desolate land trying to make her own bread, deserted of lover and friends, robbed of her property and good name, silently suffering every extremity, never reproaching him once, not even thinking it necessary to tell him of her sufferings, or to count their cost unto him.

What is this bitterness which we call remorse? This agony of the soul in all its senses? This sudden flood of intolerable light in the dark places of our hearts? This truth-telling voice which leaves us without a particle of our self-complacency? For many days Ranald could find no words to speak but these, "O wretched man that I am!"

But at length the Comforter came as swiftly, and surely, and mysteriously, as the accuser had come, and once more that miracle of grace was renewed—"that day Jesus was guest in the house of one who was a sinner."

Margaret's "silent money" now found a thousand tongues. It spoke in many a little feeble church that Ranald Sinclair held in his arms until it was strong enough to stand alone. It spoke in schools, and colleges, and hospitals, in many a sorrowful home, and to many a lonely, struggling heart—and at this very day it has echoes that reach from the far West to the lonely islands lying beyond the stormy Pentland Firth, and the sea-shattering precipices of Duncansby Head.

It is not improbable that some of my readers may take a summer's trip to the Orkney Islands; let me ask them to wait at Thurso—the old town of Thor—for a handsome little steamer that leaves there three times a week for Kirkwall. It is the sole property of Captain Geordie Twatt, was a gift from an old friend in California, and is called "The Margaret Sinclair."

## TWO SONNETS.

## I.

## THE EAGLE.

REARED where the scarp'd and barren cliffs defy  
The turbulent impotence of wind and wave,  
Thy spirit in savage gladness loves to brave  
The perilous majesties of earth and sky.  
The arrogant challenge of thy dauntless eye  
Fronts the sun's glory, daring him to save  
The prey thy ravenous eaglets loudly crave  
Up where the eyrie's bleaching skeletons lie.

Implacably fierce, thou art a scourge malign  
To lovelier lives that watch in motionless dread  
Thy proud-plumed royalty darken overhead,  
And know death's baleful lineaments in thine,  
Ere yet thy curved beak drinks their red life-springs  
Under the shadowing imminence of thy wings.

## II.

## THE LARK.

Fresh from glad revelings in sweet baths of dew  
Shed iridescent from green, meadowy bowers,  
Preened amid perfumes of awakening flowers,  
Thy light wings bear thee buoyantly to renew  
The eloquent strains of yesternorn, and woo  
Chill winds to amorous warmth, and bid the hours  
Bring happier cheer where now sharp pain o'erpowers  
Lives that the furies and the fates pursue.

Message of hope thou art ere youth turns gray,  
Seeming to phrase the utter day's delight  
And rise in halcyon joy above all wrong;  
And, though life dream throughout the desolate night  
Of cares like taloned eagles, golden day  
Brings thy preëminent grace and gift of song.

## FRENCH MEMOIRS.

THE interest that humanity feels in humanity is permanent and inextinguishable. This extends not only to important matters, but to mere trifles, which, indeed, are often the more alluring because they are less commonly divulged. As a rule, all of us want to know what we have, perhaps, no right to know; pure personality is apt to be the keenest stimulant of curiosity. We are not disposed to admit this, of course; the fact which we try to conceal from others becomes on that account more appetizing to ourselves. Secrecy and a certain sense of interdiction add materially to enjoyment. What is ordinarily withheld, and what we feel with strict propriety we ought not to share, has a charm altogether beyond a thing of far more consequence and less privacy. Most of us would rather know how a celebrity bore himself under a petty irritation than in the face of a great event; what Catharine II. whispered to her favorites, than what she declared to her ministers of state. The weaknesses and vices of the illustrious are more enticing than their virtues; for those, in some measure, excuse our own defects, and rehabilitate our impaired self-love.

Deny it as we may, very few of us but have an eager desire to see men and women as they really were or are, because while we ourselves are only too conscious of our humanity, our fellows would fain make us believe that in many ways they are unhuman. We are firmly persuaded that they are not; but it is a great satisfaction to have the thing demonstrated an infinite number of times. Hence the special attractiveness of all literature which furnishes us with the minor facts of life, its privacy, the hidden springs of conduct, and whatever contributes to high personal flavor. Boswell's "Johnson" and Pepys's "Diary" are familiar examples. We may not admire nor esteem the authors, though we cannot help liking their works. In truth, we are often fondest of reading what we should be least willing to write. The Anglo-Saxons, however, as we are pleased to name them, for want of a better word, do not abound in this kind of literature, which is opposed to their genius, temperament, and habit. It is best adapted to the French, who have an extraordinary talent and an irrepressible passion for telling in print what other nations only intimate, or are entirely silent about. In the mere art of saying, they have had no equals, and they possess an instinct for what is interesting—not always counting accuracy, decorum, or delicacy—that is vainly looked for elsewhere. Their volumes of biography, memoirs, and correspondence, are innumerable, and many of them fascinating both in matter and manner. Were a man of culture condemned to long imprisonment, they, more than almost any books that might be mentioned, would help him to forget time, if they did not comfort him for loss of freedom. They are a vast library in themselves which nobody of affairs ever finds leisure to complete, but which everybody

hopes to read in that some time to which so many desirable things are perpetually deferred.

The French have a strong appetite for appearing, and for making others appear, in undress, and, whether we should or should not relish such a presentation for ourselves, we must confess to its bewitching quality in them. They are rigorous in art: but their morals, as well as conscience, from our standpoint, seem elastic. They love the pictorial, the peculiar, the contrasting; and the pimento of the forbidden adds a new savor to their daily dishes. They are eminently dramatic—not infrequently melodramatic—and they are always arranging their scene, whether mimetic or real, for proper effect. Fond as they are of being on parade, they like to be seen off duty, in careless moments, in unexpected attitudes, or to appear so; for it is doubtful if they are ever more self-conscious than when they enact the part of self-forgetfulness. Their memoirs and correspondence show them at all angles and in all lights; give the whole history of the man or woman, and subjoin copious and discursive notes which are often impertinent, but generally interesting.

Extraordinary literature, wellnigh unique, it is, for the most part as lucid as it is exact; it is elegant, eloquent, sparkling, aromatic, warm, seductive, delightfully defiant of all the proprieties save those of verbal form, with a gracefully impish way of conveying to staid readers that they are not a particle better than some of the naughty folks they exclaim at and pore over. Wondrous vehicle of expression this French prose, which never more triumphantly justifies its reputation than in the lives and reminiscences and observations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Gray said it was his idea of paradise to read, eternally, new romances of Marivaux and Crébillon. Other men might prefer the memoirs of Madeleine de Lafayette, or Louis de Saint-Simon, in which all the romance of fiction is equaled by the romance of fact; in which there are situations as dramatic, *dénouements* as sudden, plots as complicated, and characters as absorbing, as any that have been spun from inventive brain. Then, too, there is the added charm that in the memoirs of the reign of Louis XIII., XIV., XV., and XVI., one meets not with puppets and masks, but with breathing kings, live princesses, real cardinals, hot conspirators, fiery revolutionists, all actual figures on the ever-shifting stage of memorable events.

The earliest memoirs in France deserving the name are those of Sire Jean de Joinville, who, in the first half of the thirteenth century, raised an armed troop from his tenants, and accompanied his royal master, the virtuous though over-pious Louis IX., on his first crusade to the Holy Land. He proved his gallantry at the capture of Damietta; was made prisoner with the king at Mansoorah, and, after four years in Palestine, returned home with him. Though a great admirer and devoted

friend of Louis, he declined to join the second expedition. He survived the prince, and was faithful to his memory, writing, at the earnest request of Queen Jeanne of Navarre, his memoirs, accounted a most valuable chronicle, and remarkable for ease, simplicity, and grace.

Froissart's famous chronicles belong to the same order of literature. They are a breathing picture of the fourteenth century. He often journeyed on horseback, attended only by his greyhound. Going from court to court, he jotted down, without favor, even without patriotism, what met his eye, or what he had good reason to believe true. This light-hearted Frenchman, half priest, half soldier, was a born courtier, an admirer of feats of arms, a lover of banquets, pageants, and processions, who recorded only the things that interested him, and was in some sort a mediæval reporter of the personal and picturesque. His record is still fresh; it is a storehouse of knowledge; and when we want to find veritable portraits of that age we turn to the pages of Froissart.

Philippe de Comines was another accurate painter of his epoch. Although enjoying the signal favor of Charles the Bold, whose confidential adviser he became, he left his service for that of Louis XI., and grew to be one of the richest and most influential nobles of his day. He lost much of his power by the death of the crafty, cruel monarch; he had reverses, was accused of conspiracy by Anne de Beaujeu, and was imprisoned, but released on the accession of Charles VIII., and again made an officer of the government. His memoirs contain a complete account of the complex political affairs of his time—the latter part of the fifteenth century—and an excellent delineation of the singular and contradictory character of Louis XI. Candidly, pleasantly, and ably written, they evince deep insight into the motives of men and the nature of things. Macaulay considers Comines one of the clearest-headed and most profound statesmen of his day.

Montaigne might almost come under the head of a writer of memoirs, so vividly does he depict his own personality, and through that the characteristics of the latter half of 1600. He has all the ease, candor, freedom, and piquant detail, which lend such attractiveness to the more methodical authors who follow him. Styled a philosopher, he did not pretend to anything so high, but he was one in his own despite. He was ever prolific of opinions; he strung them without order on the thread of his delightful, rambling egotism, never exhausted, and never wearisome.

What a fertile field for memoirs had Lilly, Mattheu, Estrées, Jeannin, Tallemant des Réaux, and a host of clever scribes, in the tumultuous and glorious reign of Henri IV. ! They make the innumerable pages of history their canvas; they paint everything for us, from the hour when his grandfather, Henri d'Albret, taking the infant in his arms, rubbed the child's lips with a bit of garlic, moistened them with a little Jurançon wine, and exclaimed, with pride, "My ewe has brought forth a lion!"<sup>1</sup> until the fanatic Ravail-

lac plunged a knife into the king's heart. They tell where the regicide dined before he did the deed; where he stood when he struck the blow; how the incensed people clamored against the propitiatory prayer of the priests, and reveled in the torture of the poor wretch, dispatching him at last with their own hands. All Henri's quarrels with his wives—it must be confessed that he had ill luck in wives—are mentioned in detail, even to that one when Maria de' Medici would have struck him but for his chief minister's interference. We have all the frailties of Gabrielle d'Estrées exposed, all the fascination she exercised over Henri, the articles of dress she wore, the price she paid for her embroidered handkerchiefs, and every particular of her mysterious and dramatic death. We are made partners of the interview in which the Duke de Sully, the king's mentor, had the courage to tear the paper whereon the prince had written his promise to wed Henriette d'Entraigues, who afterward became his without the formality of marriage.

Our special historians take us to La Rochelle with young Henri and his mother, resolved to inure him to the hardships of war; to the battles of Jarnac and Moncontour, where he fought valiantly in vain; to Paris and the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which many of his Huguenot friends, who had gone to witness his marriage, were butchered in cold blood. We are made to sympathize with him fully when he abjures his faith, and affects levity to save his life and serve his cause. We cannot help feeling a personal satisfaction after Henri has triumphed over all his enemies, developed his kingdom, and made France what it had never been before, nor being righteously indignant at his assassination, and more than suspecting Duke d'Epemon and the Marchioness of Verneuil (Henriette d'Entraigues) of complicity in the murder. We need not be told, as we are so often, that his death was a national calamity; that his head towered above all the crowns which had preceded his; that he was the first in more than one sense of all the Bourbon princes. How could he have had such weak sons as Louis and Gaston, neither having the average courage of common men? A great man Henri, but a little weak about women. Is that the weakness of great men alone?

With the seventeenth century, the appointment by Louis XIII. of Cardinal de Richelieu as prime-minister, and the numberless intrigues of the court, we are introduced through the correspondence, biography, and reminiscence of the celebrities of that troubled reign to a vast picture-gallery of men and women, frivolous and splendid, affected and earnest, meretricious and gifted, cruel and generous, vicious and exalted. Before the wily cardinal has fairly got foothold, we see the Duke de Luynes acquiring an ascendancy over the young king, and, in conjunction with other nobles, assassinating the insolent and rapacious Concino Concini, who had gone to France in the train of Maria de' Medici. We see how the Italian's wife was sent to the block on the charge of

having little blue bells about their necks), had said, at the birth of his daughter: "A miracle! the cow has brought forth a ewe!"

<sup>1</sup> This was a reply to a pleasantry of the Spaniards, who, alluding to the arms of Béarn (two cows with mouths joined,

sorcery and high-treason, though she declared she had gained her power over the queen by the force of a strong mind always has over a weak one. The duke himself grows odious in time. Chosen Constable of France, he declares war against the Huguenots, and was about to tumble from his place when he died of disease.

Richelieu establishes a new order of things; with him begins strong, remorseless government, the despotic will of one mind thinly veiled by regal forms. The memoirs of Rohan, Motteville, Bassompierre, Brienne, show how he advanced firmly, step by step, to the attainment of the three great objects of his life; how he constantly overbore the weak king, and made himself necessary to the prince who feared and hated him, and, the greater his fear, the bitterer his hatred. They point out at an earlier day his crafty accompaniment of the queen-mother on her exile to Blois, his vain efforts at a reconciliation, his banishment to Luçon, his speedy removal to Avignon, where he wrote austere works on religion. With her recall comes his hour of triumph; he uses her once more as his stepping-stone to greatness, and, when he is flushed with power, both she and Anne of Austria turn against him. Maria de' Medici resolves to destroy the man she had elevated. He is informed of his dismissal. What a vivid picture is drawn of the delighted courtiers eager to fawn on the new minister, and to insult the fallen one! Richelieu, meanwhile, dashes off to Versailles, where the king had gone to hunt, and is restored to the royal graces. The report flies back to the Luxembourg, and the courtiers and the two queens, enraged with disappointment, are terribly humiliated in their moment of fancied victory. The detested cardinal rises superior to all machinations.

The Medici will not acknowledge defeat. He lays new plots with the vacillating, irresolute Gaston d'Orléans, and so achieves her ruin. Exiled from France, she takes refuge in Belgium; retreats to England, and, pursued by the implacable resentment of Richelieu, is driven from country to country, friendless, moneyless, helpless, until at last the queen of Henri IV., France's greatest king, dies at Cologne in extreme poverty, from exhausted energies and baffled hopes. She had pitted herself against Richelieu, and she had gone down.

How hard, pitiless, inflexible, totally depraved, some of the cardinal's contemporaries represent him! Was he, indeed, as Montesquieu says, one of the wickedest men to whom France has given birth? His plans were everything; humanity was not taken into account, if it lay in the way of their execution. It was politic in him to write his own memoirs. He needs justification—a justification which history does not accord him. With what streams of blood his power is marked! How many nobles fell under the greedy axe! He caused the young Count de Chalais to be butchered because he had been led away by a passion for a beautiful and ambitious woman. He sent De Thou and Cinq Mars to the scaffold for a conspiracy into which he had urged them. It is said that he glutted his revenge by

ordering his own barge to tow the boat (in which the two young men were) up the river Rhône to the place of doom. Plots and counterplots ever interlaced throughout his absolute rule. The figures move and breathe in the stirring pages as we read, and ever and anon the axe falls with hurtling sound.

There are comedy-scenes withal in the midst of these crimson tragedies. The cardinal has weaknesses like other men. He is in love with Anne of Austria, and Buckingham is his rival, and they are jealous, and Richelieu, it is intimated, declares war against England from his jealousy. He is captivated afterward by the lovely Duchess de Chevreuse; but she would rather conspire against him than be adored by him. The place where her heart ought to be is a nest of politics; she is a charming plotter, made doubly dangerous by her thrilling petticoats. Richelieu could compel the surrender of Rochelle; destroy feudalism; break the power of the house of Austria; but he could not overcome the inclinations or the disinclinations of the fascinating duchess. The greatest have limitations. He could not compel the theatre to applaud his comedy "Mirame," which he had so zealously toiled over; nor would the critics accept his "Grande Pastorale." One may be an illustrious minister without being a successful lover or a true poet. One may send grand armies to the field, and mighty Périgords and Montmorencys to the block, when one cannot send currents to the heart of woman, nor bring down laurels upon one's own brow. Richelieu, whatever his faults, loved France as a man loves his mistress, not wisely, perhaps, but intensely. He braved ceaseless danger; he bore agony of body and mind for his country; and when he lay dead at last, the people kindled bonfires in the street, and shouted themselves hoarse with joy. What savage though unconscious irony dwells in the popular heart!

Dainty, eloquent, piquant, are the descriptions in the books written more than two centuries ago, of the celebrated Hôtel de Rambouillet, so much ridiculed since, still so little understood. The supreme elegance, the perfect breeding, the grand air of the place and its frequenters, are reproduced. The Hôtel was the first French sanctuary of true refinement. Social wit was carried too far, perhaps; manners were apt to be superfine; but that extreme was far better than the looseness and licentiousness so prevalent at the court of Louis XIII. Richelieu began the contest for verbal purity and artistic form by founding the French Academy. The Marchioness de Rambouillet sought to do for society what the Academy should do for language. She was an Italian; she was born in Rome; her country had been enlightened by literature and the arts when her adopted land was but half civilized. Catherine de Vivonne, married at twelve to Charles d'Angennes, an accomplished gentleman, and, after his death, married again, at twenty-two, to the Marquis de Rambouillet, having a fine mind, carefully cultured, and a rare delicacy of nature, declined to be present at the assemblies of the Louvre, largely composed of titled courtesans. Under the circum-



stances she decided to make a society of her own; and her great fortune, her exalted rank, her distinguished connections, her brilliant accomplishments, and her personal charms, admirably qualified her for the undertaking. She herself directed the construction of the building which bore her name—it was situated in the Rue Saint-Thomas du Louvre—and contained, when finished, many improvements, external and internal, upon the architecture then in vogue. She planned the windows from floor to ceiling, which insured perfect ventilation, and furnished a superb view of the adjacent gardens. All the gifts of an accomplished hostess were hers; nothing was lacking in person, manners, disposition, training, or instinct, and her success was all that it could have been. With all her beauty and her graces, she was entirely free from coquetry—very rare in that age—or from the least suspicion of pretense. She not only esteemed, she was really devoted to her husband, though twice her age, and he—be not startled by the apparent anachronism!—was her lover to the last.

The marchioness made her society a source of liberal culture; she was the first to comprehend the social spirit of her time, the first to unite the aristocracy of mind with the aristocracy of birth. All who met under her roof were, and felt themselves to be, on a plane of perfect equality; the poet was the peer of the prince, the scholar of the prime-minister himself. In the heart of an absolute monarchy, she created the true republic of letters. Only he could be deemed superior who had the better breeding or the finer wit. Malherbe, Racan, Costar, Conrart, Balzac (Jean Louis), Godeau, Patru, Segrais, Sarrasin, and Voiture, were among the choice spirits of the blue-chamber of Arthénice, as the marchioness was called, from an anagram on her name. There, too, went Corneille to read, in the dawn of his reputation, his comedy of "Mélite;" there was to be found the good-natured, mocking, flashing Voltaire, and later the elegant and witty Rochefoucauld, Scarron, Benserade, Saint-Evremond, the genial and delightful Molière. Madeleine de Scudéry read there her endless romances, for which she was indebted to that charmed and charming circle for much of her dialogue and many of her characters. We can tell how taste has changed noticing the lofty praises bestowed on "Clélie" and "Artamène"—books which, in this day, no mortal, whatever his gift of patience, can struggle through. Still, with Marie de Sévigné, Geneviève de Longueville, Marie de Chevreuse, and other women distinguished alike for charm of person, mind, and manners, and the pick of the best and brightest men of the whole kingdom, the Hôtel de Rambouillet was an ideal *salon*, where one could forget its artificiality, sentimentalism, and *minauderies*, for the excellence it contained. It is a mistake to suppose that Molière intended by his "Précieuses Ridicules" to satirize the marchioness and her friends; he esteemed them highly, and was glad to be one of so good company. His object was to expose the affectations and insipidities of the imitators of the Hôtel de Rambouil-

let, which, in spite of many distractions and hindrances, remained open for fifty years, closing only with the death of the aged but still delightful hostess.

When the regent comes on and kills himself with dissipation, and Louis XIV. ascends the throne, what floods of diaries, correspondence, biographies, materials for history, we have! It is noteworthy that hardly one of the critics and writers—keen-eyed though some of them were, and removed from the influence of the court—should have been inclined to suspect that the Grand Monarch was a very considerable humbug. They detail his autopsy, but idealize the man. He must have had a remarkably adroit way of imposing a certain amount of character, which he had not, upon his blinded countrymen, just as he imposed upon them in respect to his stature by high heels and superabundant peruke. Even Montesquieu, clear-brained, sharp-sighted philosopher that he was, speaks with fervor of Louis, and puts him in the list of heroes. Doubtless the Marquis de Vardes uttered the thought of the nation when he said, "Sire, absent from you, one is not unhappy only—he is positively ridiculous."

Oh, well, let us comfort ourselves. It is a long time since the iconoclasts began to pull that grand puppet of Versailles to pieces, and to scatter the starch and sawdust, which so largely made him up, wherever the vulgar wind might carry them.

It may be that the modern image-breakers have gone too far. Louis was a sham chiefly in that he overmeasured himself, and his epoch overmeasured him likewise. He was so swathed in tradition, authority, and ceremony, that nobody could get at the real man: he needed to be dead a hundred years for a rational investigation of his limitless claims to be possible. His greatness was in kingship; he was a great monarch, but not a great man. He sapped his virility for his princehood; he neglected substance for form. Strong thoughts were his; but he could not translate them into deeds. Determined to be master, his masters were all about him in his illustrious subjects, who turned their radiance upon him, and he, like a sun-glass, drew it to the small focus of himself. But he was not weak. He did not shift responsibility; he was not anxious to avoid work, or trouble, or danger, if he could have it spiced with luxury. He made himself, according to his dictum, practically the state. He was an enormous and insatiable egotist; he viewed everything solely from its relation to himself, and all his subjects were sacrificed to his inflexible will. In manners and deportment he was unequalled; in demeanor he was a thorough artist. He understood the exact value of every word, glance, smile, gesture, and compliment, and to just what extent they were due. He was politeness embodied. A rudeness never escaped him. Almost uniformly he was pleasant as the sunshine. To all women he was courtesy itself. He never passed any member of the sex, however humble, even a servant, and knowing her to be such, without lifting his hat. This is what Saint-Simon says of him, and Saint-Simon told so many unpalatable truths that he ordered that his memoirs should

not be published until forty years after his death. The very close of Louis's life was the best of it. The death-bed scenes, as related by an eye-witness, are interesting. His disease was gangrene, caused by improper diet. When he saw that his end was near, he relinquished his multiplicity of worldly plans, and turned, as he said, his thoughts to God. He continued to work in bed, however, lifting himself up from time to time. August 24th he confessed to Father Tellier, and the day following, being very weak, he received extreme unction from Cardinal de Rohan. The next day he dined in bed, in presence of the few who had access to him, and gave them the good advice which he himself had not followed. He asked their pardon for the bad example he had set them; thanked them for their fidelity and attachment, and expressed regret at his inability to do for them what he should have been glad to do. He received afterward the princes and princesses of the blood, and had separate interviews with the Marshal de Villeroy, the Duke de Maine, the Count de Toulouse, and lastly the Duke d'Orléans, the future regent. He bade two pages, whom he had seen weeping, not to shed tears. "Have you thought me immortal? I have not thought myself so." Next he sent for the little dauphin, embraced him; counseled him not to indulge a passion for building, or for war, as he himself had done, but to be prudent, and live at peace with his neighbors. He told Madame de Maintenon he had always heard that it was very hard to die, but that he did not find it so. He lingered along for several days, in stupor half the time; about midnight of August 31st he was so low that the prayers for the dead were offered at his bedside. They aroused him; he recognized Cardinal de Rohan, and said, "These are the last rites of the Church." He spoke to no one afterward; but repeated several times, "*Nunc et in hora mortis*," and then murmured in French: "O my God, come to my aid; hasten to succor me!" These were his last words; he expired soon after—a piously exemplary end for a very unexemplary life.

Madame de Maintenon paints her own career in much brighter colors than her contemporaries have done. Her life was as romantic as she was unromantic. Born in Château Trompette, where her father, Constant d'Aubigné, was confined for killing his first wife and her lover—surprised in an indiscretion, as the French would say—her mother was the daughter of the governor of the prison, whom her father had induced to marry him secretly. D'Aubigné, having been released, went to Martinique, and died in utter penury. His widow returned to France with her daughter; the girl found herself at fifteen in a menial position in the house of her godmother, who, among many other unkindnesses, had converted her from Protestantism to Romanism. Scarron, the comic poet, living near by, saw the pretty Françoise, heard her story, compassionated her, furnished her money to enter a convent, and then persuaded her to be his wife. His house soon became a resort of the most brilliant minds of Paris, and she the centre of admiration from her beauty, grace, and wit. Her

husband died, and, his pension ceasing, she was left penniless. Going to court to secure its reversion, she attracted the attention of Montespan, who ere long made the young widow the governess of her children by the king. Louis liked her not at first; she was too staid and reserved. But Madame Scarron knew how to manage him from the outset. She won his confidence, his esteem, and such affection as absorbing selfishness would permit him to have. He made her a marchioness, and gave her the name of Maintenon from an estate he endowed her with. Holding out against all his blandishments, he married her privately—she being fifty, and he forty-eight—and fell completely under her influence, always exercised with wonderful discretion and consummate tact. She made him a bigot, caused him to revoke the Edict of Nantes, and to persecute the Protestants, doing the country incalculable harm in the name of religion. At the king's death she retired to the convent of St.-Cyr, which she had founded, and passed the remainder of her days in prayer and charity. Nature designed her for the cloister. She was brilliant, but cold; charming, but superstitious; devout, but ungenerous. Not so bad as she has been described, she was not so stainless as she has described herself. She ought to have atoned for many sins by the direful task she had to entertain Louis in the last years of his life.

Duclos and Saint-Simon relate that, hearing the king express the hope of meeting her in heaven, she said: "Behold the delightful rendezvous he has chosen for me! That man has never loved anybody but himself!" It is not likely that she said so: she had too much tact for that—tact mingled with her every fibre—but she must have thought it.

The letters of the Duchess d'Orléans, the regent's mother, are needlessly severe upon Maintenon, and Voltaire has pierced her with the arrows of his wit. She should have been pitied in her gilded, anxious state. At Marly, looking at the fish which languished in the clear water of the marble basin, she cried, "They are like me—they long for their native mire!"

The fellow-authors of Molière have left abundant records of the man, and it is curious to see how differently they regard him. Like all great geniuses he was modest and unaffected. The praise of princes did not harm him; neither the adulation nor the abuse of his generation warped his honest nature. He seems to have excited any number of animosities in his own guild; he was so eminent that other writers labored to pull him down. The son and grandson of an upholstery-valet to the king, he partially learned their trade, but showed his bent by the impression which the theatricals his grandfather introduced him to at the Hôtel de Bourgogne made upon his youthful mind. Eager for education, he was sent for five years to a Jesuit college in Paris, and then had the celebrated Gassendi for private tutor. He began to study law in Orleans, but the theatre and Madeleine Béjart drew him to the capital. Presently he was at the head of a company of amateurs, who in due season became professionals. Why

he changed his name from Poquelin to Molière, not one of his contemporaries tells us, though to change one's name was the custom of the time.

It must have been interesting to see him in his early days sitting in a barber's chair studying faces, and noting conversation of the barber's patrons. That was the beginning of his close observation sedulously continued through years. After many sketches and imitations, he produced "L'Etourdi," and it was enacted with success at Lyons; and "Le Dépit Amoureux" won him the favor of the Prince of Conti. At thirty-nine he presented an entirely original play, a study from life, "Les Précieuses Ridicules," at the Théâtre Français, when an old man heralded his fame by rising in the parquette and crying: "Courage, courage, Molière; this is true comedy!" After that each piece was an advance, and the enthusiasm of his audiences over "Le Misanthrope," "L'Avare," "Georges Dandin," and "Tartuffe," is glowingly described.

When he had gained solid fame and middle life, he married Armande Béjart (said by some to be the sister of Madeleine, by others to be a much nearer relative), and involved himself thereby in clouds of scandal.

But the dramatist told too much truth not to create powerful enemies, to whom, indeed, he was not averse in the line of his profession. Physicians and ecclesiastics took umbrage at some of his pieces, and circulated all kinds of libels against him and his wife, who seems to have given him good cause for jealousy, while he himself was not free from reproach. Scorning meanness and hypocrisy in every form, noble by nature, he was rendered more unhappy by facts than by falsehoods. Plainly he drew many of his situations from his own experience; he made his audience laugh with what had made him weep. "My own life," he says, "is a sad comedy in five thousand acts. It is very droll to the people in front; but it is bitter to the man behind the scenes."

The portrait of the great comedian has been preserved for us. He was neither too full nor too thin, rather tall than short, fine-limbed, and had a noble mien. His complexion was dark, his nose prominent, his mouth large with lips full, his eyes dark, expressive, and his eyebrows black and heavy, and capable of such a variety of movement as gave him extraordinary power of delineation. As a comic actor he excelled. He was a comedian, as *Le Mercure Galant* of 1673 says, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He seemed to have many voices; and yet no actor needed voice less for the interpretation of feeling. With a gesture, a smile, a glance of the eye, a movement of the head, he could convey more than most men could by talking an hour. He was always the chief actor of his company, and he acted with as much pleasure as success. He never shone in tragedy, however, on account of a chronic hiccough, which he tried ineffectually to cure. In private, he was very reserved and quiet, speaking little, that he might observe much. His mind was very active, and he did his work with

great facility. He earned an annual income of from twenty-five to thirty thousand livres—a large sum in his day—and was a model of industry. Like Shakespeare, he borrowed boldly and munificently, and yet was one of the most original of authors.

The first dramatic genius of France—the only man comparable with Shakespeare—was refused admission to the Academy because he was a comedian. A century after his death, it places his bust in its hall with the inscription: "Nothing is wanting to his glory; he is wanting to ours." He was refused burial in consecrated ground at first, on account of the theological hatred he had excited; and his widow, fired with indignation, exclaimed: "Refuse Molière burial? Call you Paris the modern Athens? Greece would have built temples in his honor!"

After Louis XIV., down to the present day, France was deluged with memoirs of every kind. We have Trublet's on the genial and eloquent Fontenelle, who held that everything is possible, and that everything is right; who said, when he handed his "Geometry of the Infinite" to the regent, "There is a book which only eight men in Europe are capable of understanding, and the author is not one of them." We have Marmontel's elegant reminiscences of the court of Louis XV. and its sybaritic sensualities, the triumphs of Voltaire, the horrors of the Revolution, and the extraordinary events and characters of the greater half of the eighteenth century. We have Barthélemy's secret memoirs of Claudine de Tencin, an unconventional and intellectual beauty with whom the Duke d'Orléans, Chancellor d'Argenson, Lord Bolingbroke, and other distinguished men, were successively in love. When her son, Jean d'Alembert, the philosopher, had arrived at distinction, she made herself known to him. As he had been exposed in the street in his infancy, where he had been found and reared by a glazier's wife, he looked coldly at the fashionable siren, and said, "I know but one mother—the good woman who protected me when my unnatural parents had deserted me." We have the letters of Madame du Deffand, whose house in Paris was for fifty years frequented by the most eminent men in society, politics, and literature. We have Madame Roland's passionate record of her life, written in prison, where she declared herself happy because she was free from the jealousy of her husband (he certainly had ground for jealousy), and relieved from the struggle between love and duty. We have even the memoirs of Vidocq, merry-andrew, soldier, duelist, smuggler, thief, manufacturer, detective, who entered into conspiracies with the criminals of Paris for his own assassination.

No want of variety here, surely. In the last hundred years in France, priests, adventurers, actresses, authors, statesmen, philosophers, princes, ministers, ballet-dancers, financiers, women of fashion, have turned to autobiography, prompted by the universal passion which in some form or other gives us the energy and courage necessary to live. What piles on piles of memoirs are there in that vast, rambling library in the Rue Richelieu! On those munificent

shelves lie the peculiar confessions of Louise d'Epina, the very dear friend of Jean Jacques and Baron Grimm; and next to them, the pompous egotisms of Chateaubriand, entitled "Memoirs from beyond the Tomb," which he sold, and lived on the proceeds thereof for years before he had made up his mind to leave this world. So the contrast runs, as it does in life—pleasure and worldliness here, self-denial and devotion there; impassioned prejudice on one hand, serene renunciation on the other; literary ambition below, earnest search for truth above; but humanity always and everywhere.

In that endless variety of published experience, we have strange and extremely interesting glimpses of the human nature which, though considered peculiar, is singularly like that of other people. We read accredited facts which are more curious than inventions, capital anecdotes, intensely dramatic incidents, distressing horrors, weird adventures, ludicrous stories; we follow persons of every grade through the circuitous paths sunlit and shadow-darkened that all end soon or late at the grave. We find our imaginings realized, our experiences repeated or anticipated, in the pages we turn with impatient haste to satisfy our curiosity or stimulate our interest anew.

The bitter satire of Owen Meredith's poem of "The Picture" may be discovered as a truth in some reminiscences of Voltaire. He was the lover of the distinguished Madame du Châtelet, and had a rival in Saint-Lambert. After her death her husband, finding a locket which she had carried in her bosom, opened it, expecting to see his miniature there. Voltaire, who was standing near, felt confident that it contained his likeness. The portrait proved to be Saint-Lambert's. Both were chagrined; but the restless wit could not refrain from saying to Châtelet, "Indeed, monsieur, neither of us has reason to boast in this matter."

What a bewitching jade Sophie Arnould seems to have been! Born in the very apartment where Admiral de Coligny had been murdered, she borrowed no gloom from the associations of her birth. On the contrary, she was the incarnation of bounding spirits and good-humor. Her father, an innkeeper, gave her a good education, and as she had a fine voice, a lovely face, a beautiful figure, a warm heart, and a sparkling tongue, she became a noted opera-singer and a prime favorite in the brilliant and unrestrained society of the last century. Diderot, Holbach, Duclos, Helvetius, Mably, and Rousseau, were among her admirers, and she was as liberal in her affections as they were in their opinions. Although her wit spared nobody, she made no enemies, so constantly did her kind act gainsay her severe speech. She lived to be nearly sixty, as happy as if she had observed all the commandments, and when the priest came to her dying bed to administer the last rites of the Roman Church, she said, laughingly: "Never fear for me, father. I am like Saint Magdalen: I shall be pardoned much, for I have loved much."

Claude de Crébillon, the novelist, had an unexpected marriage. His stories are very clever, but

rather indecorous, and so severe on women that a young English lady—Miss Stafford—who had read them, fell in love with their author, crossed the Channel, sought him out, and offered herself to him. As she was handsome, rich, and accomplished, he accepted her, and they appear to have been quite happy. Crébillon was unlike most writers: he put his immorality into his books, and omitted it in his life.

Prévost d'Exiles, who flourished from 1697 to 1763, and wrote any number of romances, the famous "Manon Lescaut" among others, equaled by his checkered career the plots and situations of his tales. After taking monastic vows, he tired of obeying them, and fled to Holland. He is said to have killed his father in his youth by accidentally pushing him down-stairs while he was vilifying a girl his son was enamored of. After wandering over Europe, and having a variety of adventures, he was stricken with apoplexy. A surgeon who had been called, believing him dead, began a *post-mortem* examination. When he had plunged his knife into the sufferer's breast, the poor man started and opened his eyes, only to expire from the fatal wound.

Rétif de la Bretonne, one of the most prolific novelists of his time (1734–1806), was an odd genius. He was wont to study his characters from common life: wandering about the streets at night, peeping into windows, getting up discussions with the people, and jotting down their phrases. He often wrote love-letters to pretty shop-girls, and delivered them in the disguise of a messenger, and, while they read them, watched the expression of their faces. The next day he would appear in another disguise, announcing himself as the person whose name he had signed to the billets. He made many conquests in this way, and, as he was a notorious libertine, this miserable business served him personally and professionally. He was ridiculously vain, fanatically democratic, extremely cynical, and generally unworthy. He had hoped much from the Revolution; but it did little for him. His books brought him considerable money; but he lost it, and his later works were so indecent and violent that he could not get them printed. He continued to write, however, his "Memoirs" being the last of his labors. His health, which had been for some time feeble, broke down, and he died in a wretched garret, friendless and forgotten. But, with all his mental peculiarities and moral defects, he was a man of unquestioned genius.

There is no end to the eccentric phases of humanity, the odd illustrations and droll anecdotes that might be reproduced from French memoirs. They are inexhaustible. Only an attempt has been made to convey an idea of their quality, and the vast amount of entertaining matter hidden between their covers. They are not history exactly, but in some sense better than history, because they have a freshness, a photographic accuracy, a freedom of treatment, which we vainly look for in other forms of composition. Let book-devourers take courage. There will always be something to read while French memoirs are written, and that will be as long as there is a Frenchman left to rehearse himself.



## CONSOLATION FOR THE NERVOUS.

**N**ERVOUSNESS in modern days, and especially in this country, has grown to be so severe and frequent a condition, that those who are subject to it, even though they may not suffer from any recognized special disease, are yet in need of whatever sympathy or consolation science and experience can offer.

Nervousness, in the sense of feebleness, or lack of stability of the nervous system as distinguished from the rest of the body, is a word of modern origin; neither the ancients nor the mediævals used this term in the modern signification: it is preëminently an American term, since the state or tendency of the constitution suggested by it abounds in the Northern and Eastern parts of the United States more than in any other part of the world. The number of those in the middle and higher classes of American society who, without ever being actually sick, yet never know what full, rejoicing health really is; who live constantly in a lower plane of being than is normal to man; who are weak all over, though not specially and constantly weak in any one organ; and who, although they may never experience piercing and grinding pain, yet suffer at times, if not always, that profound exhaustion which in many respects is far worse than pain—is very large, and is, or has been, apparently increasing.

Persons thus organized are unquestionably cheated somewhat in the game of life, shorn of at least a portion of their possible happiness and usefulness, prisoners of their own feebleness, with no certain hope of perfect and permanent liberation. There are those who come into life thus weighted down, not by disease, not by transmitted poison in the blood, but by the tendency to disease, by a sensitiveness to evil and enfeebling forces that seems to make almost every external influence a means of torture; as soon as they are born, Debility puts its terrible bond upon them, and will not let them go, but plays the tyrant with them until they die. Such persons in infancy are often on the point of dying, though they may not die; in childhood numberless physical ills attack them and hold them down, and, though not confining them to home, yet deprive them, perhaps, of many childish delights; in maturity and old age an army of abnormal nervous sensations is waiting for them, the gantlet of which they must run if they can; and throughout life every function seems to be an enemy. The compensations of this type of organization are quite important and suggestive, and are most consolatory to sufferers. Among these compensations, this, perhaps, is worthy of first mention—that this very fineness of temperament, which is the source of nervousness, is also the source of exquisite pleasure. Highly sensitive natures respond to good as well as evil factors in their environment, salutary as well as pernicious stimuli are ever operating upon them, and their capacity for receiving, for retaining, and for multi-

plying the pleasures derived from external stimuli is proportionally greater than that of cold and stolid natures: if they are plunged into a deeper hell, they also rise to a brighter heaven; their delicately-strung nerves make music to the slightest breeze; art, literature, travel, social life, and solitude, pour out on them their choicest treasures; they live not one life but many lives, and all joy is for them multiplied manifold. To such temperaments the bare consciousness of living, when life is not attended by excessive exhaustion or by pain, or when one's capacity for mental or muscular toil is not too closely tethered, is oftentimes a supreme felicity. The true psychology of happiness is gratification of faculties, and when the nervous are able to indulge even moderately and with studied caution and watchful anxiety their controlling desires of the nobler order, they may experience an exquisiteness of enjoyment that serves, in a measure, to reward them for their frequent distresses. In the human system, as in all Nature, everything is in motion, and all motion is rhythmical, and movement in any one direction is the more forcible and spontaneous when it follows movement in another direction; the motions that constitute what we call health are most delicious and satisfying when following quickly after debility or pain. Perfect health of itself is not a condition of positive happiness, and is not at all essential to happiness. The happiest persons I have seen, or expect to see, are partial invalids—not those who are racked and tortured with nameless agonies, or kept prostrate by absolute exhaustion, but who are so far under bondage to susceptible nerves as never to realize even approximate health; even in their slavery they were sufficiently free to indulge some, at least, of their higher faculties, and to that degree were capable of enjoyment all the more intense from contrast with the restrictions that disease imposes on the rest of their organization. I recall the case of a lady who, as an effect of severe functional nervous disorder, had become temporarily paralyzed, so that none of the limbs had power of self-motion, and yet she was apparently and really more joyous than the majority of those who have full physical liberty.

The mystery, long noted by physicians, that patients who are half cured of a severe malady are more grateful than even those fully cured, is explained by the fact that we need a certain degree of debility, a limited and bearable amount of pain or discomfort, to keep us constantly mindful by contrast of the pleasantness of our present state as compared with what it has been or might be. The physician who collects his fee before his patient has quite recovered, does a wise thing, since it will be paid more promptly and more gratefully than after the recovery is complete. Nervous organizations are rarely without these reminders—their occasional wakefulness and indigestion, their headaches and back-aches and neuralgias, their disagreeable susceptibility to all evil

influences that may act on the constitution, keep them ever in sight of the possibility of what they might have been, and suggest to them sufferings that others endure, but from which they are spared.

The most exquisite physical pleasure, it has been said, is sudden relief from violent pain. This pleasure is quite often the experience of the nervous: alternations of depression and vigor, of pain and the relief of pain, of wakefulness and sound sleep, mark the lives of thousands. While it is true that pain is more painful than its absence is agreeable, so that we think more of what is evil than of what is good in our environment, and dwell longer on the curses than the blessings of our lot, and fancy all others happier than ourselves, yet it is true likewise that our curses make the blessings more blissful by contrast; the bright colors of the picture seem all the lighter against the dark and stormy background.

I have heard of a prominent public man who, when governor of his State, once remarked to an acquaintance that he was suffering from a slight pain in his hand, and that it was the first real pain he had ever felt in his life. This statement was probably, in scientific strictness, untrue; he had no doubt experienced pains, perhaps many of them, that had been forgotten, but his life must have been, up to that time, unusually free from physical evils. A freedom from disease so absolute as that can be a source of negative pleasure only; it is not of necessity any positive mental possession; it may not be thought of from year to year, any more than the existence of sunlight or of oxygen in the air, save when we are shut out from them, and therefore can be but an uncertain element of consolation amid the struggles and disappointments of life.

In contrast with this painless life, there are in this land immense numbers who pass no day free from pain; who are ever conscious, unless diverted by mental or other employment, of disagreeable if not distressing sensations; and who, notwithstanding, are cheerful and, to a degree, in love with life.

Another and positive consolation for the nervous is, that they are comparatively free from acute febrile and inflammatory disorders. There is a decided though not precisely defined antagonism between the nervous diathesis, or the nervous constitution, and many of those severe and incurable maladies that rapidly and surely destroy life. The nervous are less likely to have fevers, and when they take them they have them less severely, and with better likelihood of recovery.

If two men, one nervous, the other phlegmatic and strong, are exposed to the influences that excite inflammation or fevers, the nervous man would, other conditions being the same, have the better chance of escaping; and, if attacked, would have the malady in a milder form. There is truth in the popular belief that fevers need something to feed upon; the thin, and pallid, and bloodless, do not furnish sufficient fuel to fevers and inflammations for combustion, and, whenever diseases of this sort are lit up in such constitutions, they soon die out. This was illustrated during the late war, when pale, exsangu-

guined youth in college and counting-house went forth to camp and battle, followed by the fears of friends lest they might prove too weak for the rough work of war, but who not only escaped fatal disease, but grew stout and hardy amid exposures that prostrated by thousands the lumbermen of Maine, and the sons of the plough and the anvil. I recall among my own acquaintances a number of illustrations on both sides—of the weak who became strong, and of the strong who became weak or died, through the experiences of army-life. In the hospitals—of which I saw much at that time—I observed that the strong seemed to suffer most, and in some cases, at least, perished through the very excess of their strength. In the contest with disease, strength, indeed, often becomes weakness, and weakness strength, we are sure, through debility; the nervous diathesis, or tendency to functional nervous diseases, acting medicinally, so to speak, on the burning heats of fever, and subduing or keeping down the worst of inflammation. When the poison of fever enters the strong, phlegmatic constitution, it at once intrenches itself and finds protection in its solid walls, and then is driven out only with difficulty; but in the nervous constitution there are no such means of defense—it is vulnerable on every side, and the intruder may be expelled with slight effort.

There are those who though never well are yet never sick, always in bondage to debility and pain, from which absolute escape is impossible, yet not without large liberty of labor and of thought; held by a long tether which gives them, within certain limits, free play, but never condemned to utter confinement; ignorant alike of perfect health and perfect prostration. Such persons may be exposed to every manner of poison, may travel far and carelessly with recklessness, even may disregard many of the prized rules of health; may wait upon and mingle with the sick, and breathe for long periods the air of hospitals or of fever-infested dwellings, and come out apparently unharmed.

Temperaments of this kind are sometimes benefited by an attack of acute disease; a course of typhoid fever, if it be not too severe, may prove the best of all friends to the nervous constitution, and may induce changes so radical and permanent as to be the nucleus of a fresh and more healthful body for all subsequent life. Through the whole range of pathology, one disease may be the antidote and cure for another, although certain maladies may and do reinforce each other; but between disorders of the nervous and disorders of the febrile or inflammatory type, the antagonism is oftentimes so direct and so severe that the appearance of the one invites the disappearance of the other as truly as though a poisonous dose of arsenic had been met by its antidote, iron. Dr. John Brown, author of "Rob and his Friends," states that his father was a severe sufferer from headaches, and he expresses the conviction that it would have been well for him if a course of fever could have cleared the system of its tendency to nervous symptoms.

The confinement of acute disease, likewise, may

be, in some cases, of the highest advantage to the nervous by giving them needed rest of muscle and mind, and of all the functions. There are those who go through life constantly out of breath; who except in sleep never know the luxury of repose; to whom it is organically impossible to be calm; who are ever eager, hasting, impetuous, even when nothing is to be gained by haste and impetuosity; who seem to have no power to stop or slow down the wheels of thought when the day's labor is over; and who, consequently, ever expending more than they earn of physical force, are kept constantly poor in vitality, and, without ever being ill, are yet the victims of nameless pains. To such temperaments a prolonged rest in bed without moving, without thinking, or planning, or forecasting, is of itself the best conceivable remedy, and their convalescence may leave them with a new hold on life.

The nervous may also find consolation in the fact of medical observation that nervousness, like other physical evils, tends to cure itself. After remedies, and even hygiene, have done their best, and have been foiled—after the wisest physicians have found their Waterloos or Sedans—time, coöperating with the natural growth of the constitution, may bring deliverance. This recuperative tendency of the nervous system is stronger, oftentimes, than the accumulating poison of disease, and overmasters the baneful effects of unwise medication and hygiene. Between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, especially, the constitution often consolidates as well as grows, acquires power as well as size, and throws off, by a slow and invisible evolution, the subtle habits of nervous disease, over which treatment the most judicious and persistent seems to have little or no influence. There would appear to be organizations which at certain times of life must needs pass through the dark valley of nervous depression, and who cannot be saved therefrom by any manner of skill or provision; who must not only enter into this valley, but, being once entered, cannot turn back: the painful, and treacherous, and agonizing horror, wisdom can but little shorten, and ordinary misdoing cannot make perpetual; they are as sure to come out as to go in; the health and disease want rhythm; the tides in the constitution are as demonstrable as the tides of the ocean, and are sometimes but little more under human control. I call up here the experience of a gentleman once under my care for profound and protracted disease of the nervous system, and whose life was but a series of alternations of ups and downs, which, though modified by treatment, could not be, at least were not, entirely broken up. One day, as I called to see him, he was much better than usual, and was clearly mending, and I made a remark to that effect. "Yes," said he, "doctor, getting ready for another relapse." His prediction was verified.

It is an important consolation for those who are in the midst of an attack of sick-headache, for example, that the natural history of the disease is in their favor. In a few days at the utmost, in a few hours frequently, the storm will be spent, and

again the sky will be clear, and perhaps far clearer than before the storm arose. The capacity of the system for bearing pain, like its capacity for pleasure, is limited: it is only possible to suffer, as it is only possible to enjoy, a certain measure of sensation; the power to appreciate disagreeable sensations is and must be restricted by the forces in the organism, and can no more exceed them than the drawing-power of the locomotive can exceed the measure of the latent force of the consumed fuel. Thus it is that nearly all severe pain is periodic, intermittent, rhythmical: the violent neuralgias are never constant, but come and go by throbs, and spasms, and fiercely-darting agonies, the intervals of which are absolute relief. After the exertion expended in attacks of pain, the tired nerve-atoms must need repose. Sometimes the cycles of debility, alternating with strength, extend through long years—a decade of exhaustion being followed by a decade of vigor. There are those also who pass entirely and permanently out of the stage of depression; whose constitutions, originally sensitive, capricious, untrustworthy, slowly acquire strength and endurance, and are able to transmit these acquired qualities to their children and children's children. There are those who pass through an infancy of weakness and suffering and much pain, and through a childhood and early manhood in which the game of life seems to be a losing one, to a healthy and happy maturity; all that is best in their organizations seems to be kept in reserve, as though to test their faith, and make the boon of strength more grateful when it comes. The early life of some of the world's best heroes was passed in debility and strife with maladies over which, in time, they became victorious. Not a few of the most useful and most honored, names in history were scarcely thought worth the raising—the question being, not whether they should be famous and laborious, but whether they could live at all; whether they must not early go down in the struggle for being. The fineness, the delicacy, the complexity of the highest organizations render them liable to manifold disturbance, to be more easily disordered in the play of the various machinery than those of coarser and simpler fibre; but, when once they have succeeded in adapting themselves to their environment, when the initial battle of the campaign of life has been won, they seem to be stronger for the oppositions and difficulties they have met and overcome, and may endure and achieve far more, and last all the longer. Changes in the constitution of the kind here described take place, as it sometimes appears, not through any regimen or care, but in obedience to inevitable development; they are signs of growth, which may, indeed, be modified but not radically changed by any degree of medical skill or practical wisdom, and only the most atrocious and persistent violation of the laws of life can avail to absolutely arrest their progress.

The nervous have yet another consolation—that they will live long in the land. Statistics and observations harmonize in the conclusion that the nervous temperament is the temperament of longevity.

Perfect health is by no means the necessary condition of long life; in many ways, indeed, it may shorten life; grave febrile and inflammatory diseases are invited and fostered by it, and made fatal, and the self-guarding care, without which great longevity is almost impossible, is not enforced or even suggested. "The only fault with my constitution," said a friend to me, "is that I have nothing to make me cautious." Headaches, and back-aches, and neuralgias, are safety-valves through which nerve-perturbations escape, and which otherwise might become centres of accumulated force, and break forth with destruction beyond remedy. The liability to sudden attacks of any form of pain, or distress, or discomfort, under over-toil or from disregard of natural law, is, so far forth, a blessing to its possessor, making imperative the need of foresight and practical wisdom in the management of health, and warning us in time to avoid irreparable disaster. The nervous man hears the roar of the breakers from afar, while the strong and phlegmatic steers boldly, blindly on, until he is cast upon the shore, oftentimes a hopeless wreck.

The familiar malady called writer's cramp, for example, does not usually attack the weak, but the comparatively strong; it is, in fact, the penalty for having a good constitution. Those who are sensitive, and nervous, and delicate, whom every external or internal irritation injures, and who appreciate physical injury instantly, as soon as the exciting cause begins to act, cannot write long enough to get writer's cramp; they are warned by uneasiness or pain, by weariness local or general, or forced to interrupt their labors before there has been time to receive a fixed or persistent disease. Hence it is that those who suffer from this disorder are surprised when the symptoms come upon them; they declare that they have always been well, and wonder that they do not continue so: had they been feeble they would have been unable to persevere in the use of the pen so as to invite permanent nervous disorder. As with this malady of writers, so with other affections not a few, some of which are of a more serious and directly fatal character. The nervous are frequently saved from incurable disturbances of the brain by a constant succession of symptoms that individually are trifling, but by their recurrence cause at first annoyance, then uneasiness, and then positive distress, and finally compel a moderation in labor, perhaps a suspension of employment, which at this stage is all that the system needs for complete recuperation. Without such warnings they might have continued in a life of excessive friction and exhausting worry, and never have suspected that permanent invalidism was in waiting for them, until too late to save themselves either by hygiene or medication. When a man is prostrated nervously, all the forces of Nature rush to his rescue; but the strong man, once fully fallen, rallies with difficulty, and the health-evolving powers may find a task to which, aided or unaided, they are unequal.

Yet, further, brain-work tends to prolong life—directly, by the conserving influences of the higher

modes of cerebral activity on the brain itself, and on the entire organism, by mental counter-irritation, or the relief of over-excited regions of the centres of thought through excitation of distant centres, by the diversion which intellectual employments afford amid the distresses, agonies, frictions, anxieties, and passions of daily life; and, indirectly, by bringing one into healthful associations and environment, where sanitary laws are recognized and instinctively obeyed.

For all these manifold reasons nervous brain-workers are longer-lived than muscle-workers, despite the baneful effects of protracted in-door toil and the carking jealousies and thronging competitions of literary, professional, and social relations. The history of the world's progress from savagery to barbarism, from barbarism to civilization, and in civilization from the lower degrees toward the higher, is the history of increase in average longevity, corresponding to and accompanied by increase of nervousness. Mankind has grown to be at once more delicate and more enduring, more sensitive to weariness and yet more patient of toil, impressible but capable of bearing powerful irritation; we are woven of finer fibre, which, though apparently frail, yet outlasts the coarser, as rich and costly garments oftentimes wear better than those of rougher material.

The tendency to live long runs in families; mental discipline also, the result of opportunities for education and intellectual society, becomes a family inheritance, and thus favors family longevity. Even in this young country there are not a few well-known families in which longevity is an heirloom, many of whose members have passed by a number of years the highest average age of brain-workers.

If these consolations are based on sound science, then men of large and active intellects should live longer than those of but ordinary powers; their mental resources are freer and more varied; and hence they are capable of many changes in the modes of their activity; they work with greater ease and less friction; consequently their cerebral operations go on with less expenditure of the nerve-tissue. The history of genius is, therefore, the history of longevity, far surpassing that of the average even among the intellectual. Occasionally a famous poet, or artist, or man of science—as Byron, or Mozart, or Bichat—dies young or in early manhood, and the world, looking only at one side of a many-sided subject, declares that the brain is the enemy of the body; that mind and muscle are at eternal war; and that the triumph of the one is only purchased at the price of the destruction of the other. Always, or almost always, it is the incomplete, restricted, partially-developed genius, a large fraction of whose brain is starved that the rest might be over-nourished into luxuriance, that is cheated out of life. Genius of the fiery, passionate order, unchecked by conscience, or even the best powers of reason, like a badly-made and badly-tended engine, is liable to destructive explosions, which, when they occur from the eminence that genius gives, attract notice, while



around them the stupid and the obscure are quietly passing away by thousands and tens of thousands.

Among our educated classes there are nervous invalids in large numbers who have never known by experience what it is to be perfectly well or severely ill, whose lives have been not unlike a march through a land infested by hostile tribes that ceaselessly annoy in front and on flank without ever coming to a decisive conflict, and who in advanced age seem to have gained wiriness, and toughness, and elasticity, by the long discipline of caution, of courage, and of endurance; and, after having seen nearly all their companions, whose strength they envied, struck down by disease, are themselves spared to enjoy, it

may be, their best days, at a time when to the majority the grasshopper becomes a burden, and life each day a visibly losing conflict with death.

I have known many who have survived a youth and manhood of wearisome nervous invalidism to an old age of comparative vigor and freedom from physical vexation; until past fifty, or even sixty, they have never known what it is to have no sense of weariness or pain; the irritability, the sensitiveness, the capriciousness, of the constitution between the ages of fifteen and forty-five have in a degree disappeared, and the system has acquired a certain solidity and steadiness; after a long voyage against opposing winds and fretting currents, they enter the harbor in calmness and peace.

## THE CSARDAS.<sup>1</sup>

THE *csárdás* is the national dance of Hungary.

The general character of the music is known to our concert-rooms—the two-four time and a certain wildness and abandon in the *motif*—but given by a band of Hungarian gypsies, who play with marvelous skill, fire, and grace, the *csárdás* is a revelation in harmony and rhythm. George Sand, who was a thorough musician, in a conversation with Gottlieb Ritter, said in that extravagant diction of hers: "I love the music that is full of feeling, fantasy, conception—*wild* music, if I may call it so—because, though rich in harmony, it knows no convention. During the Exhibition of 1867 I spent almost every evening in a little beer-house where a band of Hungarian gypsies performed. Oh, the *csárdás*! Those gypsies, following, like the birds, their own instincts and caprices, played exactly to my mind. Those grand floods of tone that now swelled out in wild power, now languished and died away in a blessed sadness, seemed to open up all earthly and heavenly joy and sorrow, seemed to speak all the secrets of the destroying and restoring strength of Nature." But even a cooler judgment—an English writer's—is led into enthusiasm over the dramatic quality of their playing. He says: "They are lost in a kind of dreamy inspiration, and abandon themselves to the caprices of imagination. Their themes are often some legend or story related in music, and so they find scope for their talent in improvising. Sometimes they grow so excited they seem actually going through the scene they depict, and end by firing the audience with their own ardor. I have seen a performer work himself up to a sort of frenzy, and when he has, at last, given the final note, he sinks back in his chair literally exhausted." It is only fair to show that others, too, have had reason to assert that among no people, among no affluence of musical cultivation, no inspiring surroundings of Nature, can be found anything that approaches the fervor, the originality, the daring, in the dramatic use of harmonies, that are not uncommon among

players of this vagabond, thieving, unclean Bohemian blood. Whether the Hungarian music made the gypsies musicians, or the gypsy musicians made the Hungarian music, might seem a question, so inseparable now is the singular style from the singular performer. In no other place where these mysterious tribes are living have they displayed any such conspicuous genius. As the enthusiastic Hungarians assert, the gypsies probably touched the original barbarous music of the country with the fire of their Eastern nature, and so it kindled up, under their hands, in this blaze of fervor; and the weird and martial old themes they interpret so strongly, develop so wonderfully, are the very numbers that delighted the ear of Arpad, and perhaps of Attila himself, in his luxurious hours. The first account of a *Czigány* colonization dates back to 1423, in the reign of Sigismund, who gave protection to some tribes from Egypt and Hindostan; and the gypsies, according to the chronicles, were known as musicians certainly in 1525, for they figured in the Diets held at Rakos and Hatvan, by Louis II., when, as now, they were highly esteemed for their peculiar talent.

Of course the *Czigány* are not technical musicians. The people are, as in all other countries, wandering tribes, generally plying the calling of blacksmiths and rude workers in metals, and the women often fortune-tellers. They are, as a class, dishonest, ignorant, and cunning. Even the flower of the tribes—those who play so well as to be in demand in large towns and among the upper classes—are unfitted, from a long heritage of vagabond and degrading associations and habits, to receive the rigorous training that alone secures the highest excellence in any art. Nature has simply been good and given them the great germ, the very life-principle of art, the divine spark, the *feu sacré*, without which technicality is deceitful and facility is vain. They may be said to have ear, skill, and soul, but not brain. The feat of repeating a composition after one hearing is common among them. They never play by note, rarely even understand notation,

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced *char'dash*.

and often have rude instruments, sometimes a sort of large zithern (*cimbalé*) of their own manufacture, and the sounds are harsh and unpleasing enough. Many, even on better instruments, perform very rudely, but never tamely, always with fire and spirit. That not all Czigány musicians play well we found, to our cost, a few years ago, when a band of them appeared in New York at Steinway Hall. Their manager had evidently made an injudicious selection, believing, perhaps, that mere novelty, not excellence, was the point; for there are many Czigány bands, particularly in and about Pesth, that would have done service here in suggesting life and fervor to some of our musical sentimentalists. Companies occasionally travel through Europe, but the Hungarian gypsy has imbibed the traditions of his adopted country, and is not inclined to seek his welfare out of it; and with the clannishness, too, of his people, likes to herd with his own tribe, and has small ambition for personal distinction.

Liszt, a Hungarian himself, highly appreciated their wild but matchless genius, and, when he visited Pesth, would have the Czigány play for him, and did not disdain to draw inspiration and borrow bold combinations from their true but untrained instincts. He once even tried the experiment of education on a promising Czigány lad. Beyond a certain point, he said, he found his pupil utterly incapable of progress; and, though "above all competition in the exercise of his own unique and native genius, in no way amenable to the ordinary process of development."

Strauss, too, had a young gypsy brought to Vienna, and commended his talent warmly. It seems, however, he didn't remain long at study. Some English travelers speak of being entertained at Füred, a watering-place just below Pesth, by a fine gypsy band led by this very boy—only fourteen years old—who not only managed the music excellently, but further entertained his audience by a most perfect but mischievous imitation of those convulsions and contortions of the body peculiar to Strauss when he is conducting. Though the little Czigány received applause and roars of laughter, that feature of the programme was probably not in Strauss's plan of education.

The favorite instrument of these natural musicians is, of course, the one that most nearly satisfies the keen ear—the violin; and as violinists, those who have become distinguished in Hungary are best known. About fifty years ago, a gypsy named Biháry was famous at Pesth; and, in the last century, Barna Mihály and a woman called Zinka Panna, were much esteemed. Some of their music was written, and may still be heard, but very little is preserved in this way, for their best efforts were the inspiration of the hour.

In Hungary all classes have a passion for music and dancing. Among the lower orders this popular taste is taken advantage of shrewdly by the Austrian Government. They manage recruiting by appealing to it. Preceded by stirring music—generally the inevitable Czigány—some hussars execute a spirited

dance, interest and excite the idle men who look on, draw them into the amusement abuse their senses, and skillfully enlist them.

When the "Rákóczy March"—the "Marseillaise" of Hungary—is given by a good gypsy band, the effect upon a Hungarian crowd is most inspiring; and when the musicians pass, as they invariably do, into the seductive *tempo* of the csárdás, using the old martial themes, whose very numbers are a history of a proud and unfortunate race, employing the songs dear to the people, improvising new melodies, appealing to every sense with a barbaric richness of musical expression, the listeners become fairly intoxicated. There rises a wild cry for the dance, and, in such an hour, one may see the csárdás in all its native grace and vigor. It is not, in its character, a drawing-room dance, as the very name indicates (being derived from *csárdá*, a tavern), though neither its unconventional features, nor the long Austrian rule, has shut the old favorite out from polite society, and it finds favor even at court, among the French waltzes and quadrilles, though it is performed in a modified style, to suit the fastidiousness of fashionable taste.

It is the peasant who really dances the csárdás—the Hungarian peasant who has, perhaps, more dignity, more natural grace, more appreciation of beauty and fitness, than any other untaught creature of his class in the world. For personal comeliness, too, the peasantry are rather remarkable; and for pride in their country, not unmixed with a passion of sadness, perhaps, they exceed belief:

"Extra Hungariam non est vita;  
Et si est vita, non est ita."

Outside of Hungary there is, in their devout minds, nothing worth considering or desiring—an outcome of ignorance, of course, but most happily preservative of their traditions and customs in an age when traditions and customs are suffering violation. The peasants are almost always picturesque, and come nearer to the ideal, artistic, picture-book peasant than those we are used to see in Italy, Spain, Greece, Russia, or on any of the beaten routes of travel. For instance, the *csikós* (those herdsmen who tend horses on the plains) are stalwart, handsome, courageous, and bear themselves in the saddle like princes, and are generally of good, pure Magyar blood, too. They wear a peculiar hat, with a sort of turban brim; large, heavily-fringed *gatyá* (great linen trousers), and plenty of bright tassels and braidings disposed in an ornamental way. Over all is a wonderful great embroidered cloak, and it is a striking bit of artistic study when one of these swart Apollos, gracefully yet negligently draped, leaning his chin upon his staff, stands spellbound for an hour, looking with his intense gaze at the wonders of the *Fata Morgana* that lies so often upon those flat lands. One need not count too much upon finding just the polite standard of refinement inside this romantic exterior, for the untrained human animal, even with certain naturally gracious traits and instincts, is always better in a picture than in social

contact; and the woman who married an Indian brave, trusting in the savage grandeur of his nature, felt disgusted when he coolly bargained her off to a brother brave for two ponies! But, not to be too didactic, the peasantry, in their vigor, their freedom of movement, and that childlike unaffectedness (that so nearly approaches the best breeding), are the true interpreters of the *csárdás*. The dance is pantomimic to the last degree, and national, belonging by its character to Hungary, and Hungary alone. It has too much of languor for the north, too much sustained action for the south, and requires more grace, yet more impetuosity, than any other people's dance. In short, as a Hungarian said of it, "No foreigner could take one step of the *csárdás*, for the dance must be in the very blood." And in the blood it is—in a blood so mercurial that it leaps or languishes at command of the wild-eyed, eager musicians, who send out the very soul of meaning in their strains.

A *csikós*, perhaps, who has come to the village for his Sunday holiday, throws off his great embroidered cloak, and leads off the *csárdás* with some hearty girl. Then couple after couple fall in, obeying the music, not servilely, but each, as it were, opening its own little comedy. The variety of dress enhances the effect of the scene, for not only do the costumes differ of the fifteen peoples known under the name of Hungarians, but those settled out of their own province retain their distinctive dress. There are the Wallachs, whose women wear the chemise without corsage, a great, curiously-wrought leathern belt, silver medallions, bright strips of embroidery, and white-linen head-covering; the Slavs, who are more light and delicate in form, and affect a less elaborate style of dress; the Servian men, with their half-Turkish costume; and the German, whose picturesqueness is of a more quaint and heavy sort. But the true Magyars are the highest type—the most Hungarian of Hungarians, having the blue blood of the ancient race who occupied a part of the country (according to some historians) both before and after Attila.

Every day the Magyar man wears his *gatyá*; but, if he can afford it, he has the conventional tight trousers, worn among the upper classes, for Sundays and holidays, when, whether he can afford it or not, he dances. Laying aside all anxiety for the intellectual advancement of humanity, it is a refreshing sight to see a lithe, handsome, ignorant European peasant dance—not as the Italian women give the *turantella* for two francs, but as the peasants dance among themselves for enjoyment. After an experience of our careworn, ambitious lower classes, it is good to see a fellow, not drunk, not a loafer, but innocent as a babe, without an ounce of meat in his cabin, or a shilling in his pocket, literally fling up his heels at Fortune, and make the hour all his own. The Magyar will walk barefoot every day, but go booted and spurred for this holiday sport. The boots come up over the tight trousers, which are elaborately embroidered. He wears a high vest, to match the trousers—jacket (*mente*) slung from the shoulder (like the Cossacks); this and the vest deco-

rated more or less profusely with cords, braiding, and metal buttons. A round hat, with wide, turned-up brim, trimmed often with bright ribbons, and long streamers at the back, completes the costume. A young girl wears her hair in a braided tress, tied with a gay ribbon; a white chemise, fastened at the throat; low corsage; and over that a *fichu*, crossed and tied behind, of material to match the muslin of her wide, full apron. Especial pride and pains are bestowed upon the arrangement of the skirt. It is generally of dark cloth, and just leaves the ankle exposed, but the abundance of petticoat to sustain this skirt at the required angle is a matter of emulation. No less than ten full petticoats can tranquilize the mind of a peasant-girl on a holiday; and, according to her means, she increases the number, and ascends to a serene acme of satisfaction. The sway from the hips of a large mass of material is esteemed especially graceful in the dance. The foot-gear is also a matter of importance and anxiety, and with fair reason, too, for the Magyar girl has a singularly delicate foot, and loves to display it to the best advantage. She wears, often, a curious rude slipper, with a sole and monstrous heel, but no upper except just across the toes. She can even navigate through the stormy dance on these crank contrivances, but she ordinarily has boots like the men's, with solid high heels, that give out a sounding click, and with the ring of the men's spurs mark the time, and make a not unpleasant accompaniment to the music.

The *csárdás*, once begun, lasts for hours—often three or four. Like all dances of the people, it allows a wide license in the use of steps and figures. The truth is, with only the general dramatic idea, and certain steps that are consonant with the time of the music, each couple moves differently, and each tells "the old, old story" in its own way. The *csárdás* is—

". . . a varying dance  
Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,  
Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit;"

and it has such wonderful interpretation that it goes on with the interest of a drama. First comes the *lassu*, or slow movement. Partners, holding lightly each the other's hand, sway slowly two steps to the right, two steps to the left; then, the ceremony of meeting over, begins the coquetting. They part; the girl looks archly over her shoulder, takes dainty steps, poises on the tips of her pretty feet, bends and sways, falls into little languid, conscious poses; the man looks on admiringly—he himself steps with a fine dignity, moves with a sustained strength. She keeps time to his motions, but as he approaches her she coyly retreats, or they "turn partners" with much ceremony. This stately courtship comedy goes on as long as the time is *lassu*; but when the change comes to the *friss*, or quick movement, then the pursuit begins. Opening with a sort of jig-step, as the music grows wilder and more inspiring, they introduce all sorts of feats and antics, sometimes even a headlong chase, and the often-repeated "turning

partners" is done in a hundred graceful and ingenious ways, according to the skill and taste of the couples. Sometimes they hold by one hand, sometimes by both, sometimes clasping by the waist, sometimes dexterously eluding and coquetting, or dashing off to other dancers for a while, before the turn is accomplished, but never losing sight of the dramatic idea they are working out. They "turn partners" at last with less and less formality, whirl together wildly for a moment, part, and over and over again approach and recede with graceful, bold, picturesque attitudes and gestures—the man, perhaps, with a grand, martial air, waving his handkerchief gayly over his head, as if in token of victory. It would seem the climax at last, when the strong peasant-fellow seizes his partner and lightly spins round, while he holds her in the air—no easy feat with a robust Hungarian girl. But no, these people have muscle and endurance, imagination and enthusiasm, and when even the gypsies are exhausted after two or three consecutive hours of playing, the amusement seems ever fresh, and the peasants are

still clamorous, and eager to repeat and repeat their bewildering, feverish pastime.

The display of elastic strength, the varied movements, the interlacing of color and costume, the streaming of bright ribbons, the sway of skirt, the ever mounting and untiring zeal, the cries of the men, if the musicians seem to flag, of "*Hogy volt?*" (How was it?) and "*Harom a tancz!*" (Three's the dance!), and, above all, the dramatic character of both dance and music, so fire the imagination and impress the memory that it is no wonder the bare word *csárdás* quickens the pulse of a Hungarian, and sends a thousand pictures of these rude, bright scenes dancing through his brain. Then take from his lips his own enthusiastic words, full of the sympathy of kindred blood, hear him grow eloquent about his people, their virtues, their gracious customs, their fiery yet sensitive temperament, and such an account as this, drawn from a cooler observation and tamer fancy, will show as no exaggeration, or stand probably as a mere temperate analysis rather than a worthy description.

## TO CERTAIN BIOGRAPHERS.

### I.

SIRS,

Go ye where the artist limns the mountain :  
Though he give the gray of clefted scars  
Storm-made in the conflict with the ages,  
Fissures, woundings, marks of Titan wars—  
Doth he dwarf his eye and brush to picture,  
At their feet, the chance-left barren spots,  
Furze-rings hid among the pine-tree drapings  
Here and there, or peer for gnarled knots  
Through the serried oaks, and paint their seamings  
With a hair-breadth microscopic care—  
Seek out rough-edged, garish little clearings  
In their homeliness, and blur the air  
With the smoke from out their rude-built chimneys,  
All his picture blackened ?

### II.

Ah ! not so

Doth he use his skill. Yet ye are working  
Ever thus, and we are forced to know  
Smallest spot upon the royal purples  
Worn by leaders of our kind, who rise  
Up from men as mountains lift their foreheads  
To the empyrean of the skies,  
From the range of lower hills. We give you  
Scanty thanks for all your labors ; yes,  
Doubtless ye write truth, for barren places  
Are upon the mountains ; none the less  
Are they mountains, and their silent grandeur  
Scorns your petty skill, and rises far,  
Far above you still when all is ended,  
And your picture done.

### III.

Despite, we are

Vexèd by your pen-points ! The remembrance  
Of misshapen knots ye drew and held  
Close beneath our eyes, we cannot always  
Banish, though we would, ay, though there swelled  
In our hearts a passionate protesting  
'Gainst such work as yours ; for, ever those—  
Born with souls near-sighted—gather gazing  
At the inch your microscopes disclose,  
And, to our hot scorings, slow they answer,  
"Is it not the truth ?" They cannot see—  
Born near-sighted—how the mountain towers  
Far above them in his majesty,  
And—we cannot make them.

### IV.

Go ! false workers,

Rend your half-truths that are worse than lies—  
Give us all our mountain ; not the veinings  
That your close-wrought detail magnifies  
Till the gazer sees naught else. Go study  
In the distant sky the mighty peak,  
Leave a shadow where his shadows slumber  
O'er the barren places ; do not seek,  
Curious-eyed and near, to find the outlines  
Only seen, through largeness, from afar ;  
Leave his hidden valleys where they nestle  
Far up on his bosom, for they are  
His ; nor could ye reach them. Do ye rather  
Strive to show his height, his greatness ; bring  
To *this* work all powers that God gave ye,  
Till the blindest recognize—a king !



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

A SOMEWHAT startling announcement recently appeared in a Naples paper, to the effect that "the theatre of Pompeii, after having been closed for eighteen centuries, and being fully repaired, will soon be opened by Signore Luigni with a performance of 'La Figlia del Reggimento.'" The new manager at the same time bespoke the favor of the public, which had so generously patronized his predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius; and assured it that there was no reason to fear a repetition of the deplorable accident by which that enterprising *impresario* had lost his vocation, and his audience their lives. It is, of course, quite possible to give a performance in the hoary old amphitheatre where the people of Pompeii had crowded to witness a contest of gladiators, when the showers of Vesuvian lava-dust overcame them. The edifice was so well preserved by the lava that, having now been excavated, it is still almost intact; and the modern Neapolitans may as easily throng upon its long, semicircular rows of stone seats as did the contemporaries of Sallust, Pliny, and Diomedes. Indeed, it is a wonder that Pompeii was not discovered centuries before it actually was, by reason of this very theatre; for a portion of its wall always projected above the mounds of ashes that buried the rest of the city. There it was, a sure hint of what lay beneath; yet the people thereabout took no more note of it than if Pompeii never had been suffocated at all, or been known to have stood somewhere, at least, in that vicinity. It is yet more wonderful that, three centuries ago, a famous engineer of that period, named Fontana, actually pierced a channel for an aqueduct right under Pompeii, directly beneath the Forum and the temples, and sank air-shafts for more than a mile over its surface, without getting the faintest inkling of the subterranean city, the buildings of which must at some points have proved obstacles to his workmen.

That "times have changed," indeed, will be very strikingly shown when we contrast Martius's last performance in the old theatre with Luigni's first, succeeding him at an interval of eighteen hundred years. We know little or nothing of Signore Luigni, in truth, except that he is beyond all cavil a wit. Whether he is the manager of one of the brilliant Italian troupes who regale the vast and fashionable audiences of the San Carlo and La Scala with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Rossini, Verdi, and Cherubini, or whether—as is more probable—he is simply the chief of one of those wandering companies of singers who murder the music of the masters in groves and open booths throughout Italy, is not told us. But even if "La Figlia del Reggimento" is to be performed by a "daughter" on the shady side of fifty, with a rasping, saw-like voice, supported by a goggle-eyed and red-nosed Tonio, and a decrepit Ortensio, with a five-cent admission-fee and a chorus incorrigibly discordant, it will be a far more moral and reputable entertainment than that to which it succeeds. It will at least be

bloodless, and unattended by human suffering—by the desperate appeal of the vanquished gladiator, imploring the pitiless audience not to turn their thumbs back as the signal of his doom. As we think of the old theatre of Pompeii once more alive with a throng of pleasure-seekers, attired for the most part in the homely and unnoticeable every-day costume of our time, with here and there an oasis of brilliant color afforded by the showy dress of a Neapolitan peasant, we cannot help conjuring up the last scene witnessed there in the olden time: the white, looped-up togas and the narrow fillets of the patricians, Diomedes in his sandals and with his big gold rings, and the rows of dark-eyed, dissolute matrons and daughters, in their waistless robes and daintily coiled tresses. The *opéra-bouffe* and the pantomime, which one may see now and then in full career in the very tomb of the imperial Augustus at Rome, and which will, perhaps, replace the legitimate lyrics at Pompeii, are, indeed, the descendants of very ancient dramatic performances; but very different are they from the fierce and barbaric pastimes which made the fairest women of Southern Italy scream with delight from the Pompeian tiers eighteen centuries ago. The "Tragic Theatre," as it was called—and tragic, verily, it was!—was the favorite resort of the rich Romans who flocked to Pompeii as a summer watering-place. Its audiences will now consist of the motley throng of foreign tourists who go to see the most impressive ruins in Europe, and of the not less motley gathering of Calabrian peasants, who, thoughtless or ignorant of the historic memories of the spot, will go simply to be amused and laugh.

IN that book of effluent satire and ingenious thought, "The New Republic," there occurs in one place a defense of inferior books—the novels specially of amateurs, "who write but a single book during their whole lives, and that one with the simple aim of pouring out their own feelings for themselves to contemplate, or of explaining to themselves or to others their own histories. We too often forget," the utterance continues, "that a very silly book may evidently be the work of a very clever person, and may show its author possessed of every gift except that of literature; and in many of the poor novels I am speaking of, the utter failure of the expression often calls our attention more strongly to the depth, the delicacy, and the refinement, of what the writer has struggled to express. I was reading a girl's novel on the train the other day, called 'Love in a Life.' The long spasm of ungrammatical verbiage, the utter want of knowledge of the world, would have turned the dullest reviewer, in spite of himself, into a caustic wit. But there was something all through it that its authoress was trying—trying to utter, that reminded me of Ariel trying to escape from his tree."

This recognition of a certain significance in the vast bulk of tentative and unheeded literature is eminently

just, and goes far to explain the reason of its being. Whatever the mind broods upon is sure to seek an outlet; the experiences that are full of suggestion, the ideas that germinate and expand in the secret recesses of the mind, the longings for utterance and sympathy, that so keenly agitate all sensitive natures—these are at the bottom of hundreds of books which are poor and dull only because the training and literary art of the authors thereof have been unequal to the task attempted. The books are weak and foolish even while the authors are earnest, and for all ordinary requirements wise and sufficient. We have all of us a very profound contempt for poor books; and all books that are products of conceit and vanity deserve just this judgment; but too often we scoff at works that, however unskillful in literary form, have at heart a world of feeling, of passionate effort, of earnest struggle for adequate utterance, of rightful guesses at high ideas imperfectly comprehended.

Should such works be written? They serve one purpose—as outlets of pent-up feelings and dreams. Have they any public value? More, we imagine, than is commonly supposed. These tentative books are of use to students of social phenomena, for the truly great or artistic book is not nearly so accurate an index to current thought and average culture as the crude work of an amateur, who, however unequal to his task, bears yet a certain faithful relation to the men and women of his class. Whether wisely written or not, we may be sure that books of this kind will increase in number; and, what is odd enough at first thought, their numbers will multiply in proportion as education is diffused and culture advanced. In early or primitive periods, no one writes books but those who enter into literature as a profession; just as no one ventures to practise medicine, or expound philosophy, or dabble in law, or work in the arts, except those regularly trained to these pursuits. But as society advances and education extends, everybody gets a little knowledge of law and medicine, can do a few things in the arts, and knows how to write grammatical English. The result is, a host of amateurs in all the arts and sciences, some of whom have very respectable talents. Everybody feels that he might write a book if he gave the time to it, and a great many of steadfast resolution find this time to do it. We thus have this paradoxical condition of things—increased education, spread of knowledge, and intellectual advancement, greatly lowering the level of performance, and proving the stimulating cause of inferior execution. That is to say, in crude and ignorant periods, literature falls exclusively into the hands of those with exceptional opportunities—scholars who have special aptness and resource—and thus a high order of mind characterizes the productions of that period. Whereas, whenever the whole body of the people become partially educated, with a wide-spread taste for reading, a host of half-equipped men rush into the field, who, while feeble and foolish enough—empty, and vain, and sentimental, and weak—are yet near to the pulse of the community, reflecting its tastes and expressing its ideas with an ac-

curacy which mere scholars never attain. For this reason inferior books have a certain value and significance, and are inevitable in all active-minded, hopeful, and aspiring communities. Perhaps, however, they are characteristics only of transitional periods. When education becomes self-instructive as well as general, when it becomes profound enough to teach the people distrust rather than over-confidence, it may be that we shall return to first principles, and surrender book-making into the hands of those specially trained for the work.

THE almost universal employment of a middle initial letter in American names has for some time excited the satirical humor of our English brethren. Both Trollope and Edmund Yates have held up to laughter this peculiarity of American appellations, the former in the character of a doctress in his last novel under the name of Olivia Q. Fleabody, and the latter in an American named Rufus P. Croffutt—the humor in each case being to repeat the name as frequently as possible, in every instance with the middle initial in full force. This method of signature is by no means exclusively confined to Americans, but in England the more general custom, where one has two Christian names, is either to write them both in full or both with initials only. Mr. Mill, for instance, sometimes signed his name John Stuart Mill, and sometimes J. S. Mill, but never, we believe, John S. Mill, as an American would be tolerably sure to do unless consciously imitating the English custom. We do not mean to say that names with middle initials are not to be found in England; it is simply the almost invariableness of the custom with us that excites the risibilities of English humorists and satirists. Mr. Richard Grant White has something to say on this topic in the last *Atlantic*, but he seems to have somewhat mistaken the point of the English satire. An Englishman asking him how it is that Americans have always triple names, he replied, according to his own account, banteringly, in this wise: "Yes, I've remarked it myself; there are those well-known Englishmen, Washington Irving, and George Bancroft, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, and his son Julian Hawthorne, and Jefferson Davis; and then there are those Yankees, William Ewart Gladstone, and Thomas Babington Macaulay, and William Makepeace Thackeray, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Walter Savage Landor, and Percy Bysshe Shelley." Mr. White might have gone on multiplying instances almost indefinitely—George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, James Buchanan, Horace Greeley, being simple double names on the American side that will occur to everybody; and, on the English side, James Anthony Froude, Thomas Noon Talfourd, Thomas Henry Buckle, Henry Crabb Robinson, Thomas Haynes Bailey, occur off-hand as additions to Mr. White's list. It is certainly obvious that Americans have no exclusive fondness for triple names. But this is not the point. It is the fondness for a middle initial in our names that is peculiar with us, and which, not

without reason, appears so grotesque to Englishmen—this middle letter being not only always written, but repeated whenever the name is used, even in familiar conversation. Mr. White is of opinion that the middle letter is inserted solely "for the sake of making a clear and sure distinction between persons of the same surname," but to our observation it seems generally not to be based on so good a reason as this, being usually nothing more than a fashion. The average American seems to think that a name is not complete without a middle letter—we say *letter* rather than *name*, for with us the name is so rarely written or spoken in full that people will often remain for years in ignorance of anything more than the initial of the middle name of their most intimate friends. We cannot think our custom in this particular a graceful or tasteful one. Daniel Webster and Henry Clay are names that have a large and simple dignity; how fairly grotesque and belittled they would become as Daniel P. Webster or Henry Q. Clay! We almost doubt whether Napoleon G. Bonaparte could have conquered the world; and Charles F. Dickens would have been uncomfortably handicapped in the race for fame had his name been disfigured in this fashion.

A CERTAIN learned and inquisitive professor in Germany has been for some years investigating the phenomena of sleep and dreams, with what result the world has yet to learn. His experiments, however, are mainly those which he makes upon his own person. Disposing himself, after dinner, for a quiet nap, he tries to keep his mind intent while his body relapses into the torpor of slumber, observing as he can the manner of the approach of that confusion and irregularity of thought which just precedes mental sleep, and from which he hopes to deduce the philosophy of visions. At other times he falls fast asleep, and orders an attendant to wake him suddenly, at intervals of fifteen minutes, half an hour, and an hour; and, as soon as he feels the jostle of the attendant's hand, tries to catch the fast-fleeting impressions of the mind just as it is arousing into activity again. It would be hasty to say that the good professor's curious investigation can only result, at best, in interesting speculation and the useless discovery of the causes of the strange pranks of the human mind when the body is in the torpor of sleep. An unhappy event which recently took place in Scotland indicates that, should he really find the key to brain-action at such times, it may be of high practical use to mankind. An honest and kind-hearted mechanic, subject to frequent periods of somnambulism, rose from his bed one night, took his young child from the crib where it was quietly sleeping, dashed its poor little frame against the floor and walls, and ere he awoke the little thing had ceased to live. The poor man was, of course, acquitted of murder; but he must, as long as he lives, lament with the most poignant sorrow his fatal infirmity. It is fortunately true that somnambulism rarely leads men or women to the unconscious commission of dreadful deeds like this. Probably not half a dozen such cases occur in the civilized world in

the course of a century. Yet it often endangers the life or limbs of its victim himself; and if the erudite German can find out, by his patient experimenting and note-taking, what are the springs in the brain which set men to walking and acting in their sleep, it may well be a step toward learning how to regulate, control, and perhaps even cure, what is, to most of those who are subject to it, a real calamity.

Somnambulism, however, has not always proved an unmitigated misfortune. We have heard of speeches being composed, plays, poems, and operas written, and stubborn mathematical problems solved, in a sleeping condition. Coleridge has seriously told us that "Kubla Khan" was composed while he was dreaming, though it was in the daytime. Condorcet unraveled, while in a profound slumber, calculations with which he had vainly coped for days together. Tartini, the *maestro*, thought out his famous "Sonata du Diable" in a sleeping state; and Condillac relates how, on retiring late at night wearied with a train of intricate thought he had been pursuing for some hours, its thread was resumed in his dreams, and carried to a striking conclusion. These are not, however, strictly cases of somnambulism, which combines bodily with mental action in sleep. We need not say that the capers and caprices of the real somnambulist or sleep-walker are often at once perilous and amusing. The story is told, with credible guarantees of truth, of a sturdy Irishman who was in the habit of getting out of bed in the middle of a dark night, walking two miles along a rough and dangerous road, plunging into a rapid river, swimming a mile and a half, and then crawling up on the bank, where he had his nap out comfortably till morning. Dr. Abercrombie speaks of an English officer who lived a century ago, and who was very susceptible to external influences when asleep. Once a brother-officer, "by whispering in his ear, caused him, though fast asleep, to get up from his bed and to quarrel with an imaginary person; and, placing a pistol in his hand, arranged a duel, in which the dreamer fired off the weapon at his non-existent adversary. The report of the pistol aroused him to consciousness." Is somnambulism susceptible to scientific or medical treatment? This is a question of no small importance to men of science, and, should it be solved in the affirmative, it would be of valuable service to mankind. There are at least some data from which medical science may start, such as the abnormal activity of certain senses in the somnambulist state, and their high susceptibility to external influence; and it would seem to be a task as interesting as it might be useful to seek a solution of the mystery.

ALTHOUGH it would be too sweeping an assertion to declare that poets' married lives are unhappy as a rule, it is certainly true that a remarkable number of famous bards have been subjected to domestic infelicity. Poets often have the singular power, too, over their most ardent readers and worshipers, of making them the champions, not only of their genius, but of morals, habits, and conduct, in private life. The utter blindness of

these worshipers sometimes may be seen in the "gushing" book recently published by an estimable American lady, who, having met "La Guiccioli" in her serene old age, and having heard her side of the Byron episode, represents that patrician but certainly wayward poet as a model of nobleness and virtue, and describes him as uttering heavenly precepts to his early love from the spirit-world. So it is that, in the historic family quarrels of poets, sentimental people—who form a very large proportion of the poetry-reading community the world over—are irresistibly inclined to take the part of the conspicuous genius, against his more obscure better or worse half. Yet it is very likely that in many of these cases, at least, the domestic misery of poets is due to their own fault, or, at least, is the result of their own defects.

It is not every poet, indeed, who is so fortunate as to have as comfortable a spouse as did the German poet Richter, and who is so well balanced as to be content with homely domestic virtues. Richter's wife would sit and listen with angelic patience to his rhapsodies, every now and then interposing a gentle exclamation of well-timed praise; then, when the flow of inspired sentences paused, she would mildly interrupt him with the wifely suggestion that his "left sock needed darning." Nor is every poet who finds, after a certain amount of marital experience, that there is an incorrigible lack of congeniality between his partner and himself, so sensible as to take leave of her with such charming grace as did recently a French bard of considerable note. M. Catulle Mendis is well known as the writer of light and popular lyrics, which, if they have not the fire and spirit of Béranger, or the surpassing tenderness and passion of Heine, are at least full of a true Gallic vivacity and neat-

ness in "putting things." He married a daughter of Théophile Gautier; but it would seem that her literary parentage did not endow her with qualities that enabled her to live in harmony with her literary husband. Happily, the incompatibility between M. and Madame Mendis did not bloom into any startling social scandal, nor into throwing open of the gates of a domestic bear-garden that all the world might enter and gaze at the family jars. Quietly the lady sought a separation; and as quietly the poet accepted the decision of the court in her favor. Then came a master-stroke of politeness and true gallantry, which perhaps none but a Frenchman could so gracefully have betrayed. Writing to her who was to be his wife no more, M. Mendis said, "Permit me, madame, despite the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed, to assure you that I shall not cease to entertain for you personally the most cordial feelings of sympathy, as well as the highest admiration for your great abilities." How much pleasanter this is than to indulge in fierce mutual recrimination and in public recitals of domestic wrongs! M. Mendis, like a man of sense, recognizes his wife's virtues, at the very moment when she is vanishing from his household; and, like a Frenchman of ready wit and indomitable politeness, sends a parting shaft more cruel to bear, perhaps, than the most extravagant vituperation. A separation, moreover, can scarcely be regarded as hopelessly perpetual which is attended by a bow so gracious and words so full of friendly appreciation. The heart that could dictate them cannot be wholly uncompanionable; and should Madame Mendis return to the household of her husband, it might prove that his letter was as skillful a stroke of diplomacy as it was a curious exhibition of self-restraint.

## Books of the Day.

DELIGHTFUL as good biography always is, and especially such works as Boswell's "Johnson," Forster's "Goldsmith," and Lockhart's "Life of Scott," there can be no doubt that the number of their readers is growing less every day, relatively if not absolutely, and that those whose taste for letters would naturally invite them to the study of the lives and careers of the best men who have made them a profession are no longer ashamed to confess that they are unacquainted with even the few great masterpieces in this department of literature. This is doubtless partly owing to the bewildering copiousness and superior obtrusiveness of current literature—the number of new books that are constantly claiming attention is enough of itself to intimidate the most omnivorous of literary gormandizers—but it is due primarily to the fact that, with the increasing exactingness of life, those whose aptitudes and capacities would enable them to appreciate what is best and finest in literature have become too busy to possess themselves of the contents of memoirs of which each one extends to hundreds and even thousands of pages. It is a melancholy truth, but none the less true because melancholy, that the time has come when men must be allowed to read as they run, or they will not read at all; and, if the so-called standard

literature cannot adapt itself to the changed conditions of life, it must be content to play a constantly-diminishing rôle in the minds of intelligent men, and possibly to be superseded altogether by those species of literature which, whatever their defects, will possess the essential merit of conforming to the new conditions—newspapers, weekly and monthly magazines, abridgments, compilations, and the like. We may justly pity the man or woman who has remained ignorant of the charms of Boswell's "Johnson," or who cannot find enjoyment in a second, third, or fourth perusal; but if those who wish to know and ought to know about Johnson will not or cannot seek the knowledge in the ample pages of Boswell, then we must condemn them to remain in ignorance, or provide them with such a survey of Johnson's life and works as shall meet their opportunities and requirements. If the choice of the latter alternative involved the suppression of Boswell, one might well hesitate to gratify the curiosity of the many at such an expense as depriving the appreciative few of one of the great masterpieces of our literature; but Boswell will remain even when his successors shall have filled their little buckets at his copious and inexhaustible fount, and there is always the chance that they who have tasted his quality will be in-



duced to seek the fountain-head for a more ample and satisfying draught.

Briefly and roughly outlined, this is the *raison d'être* of a series of small and inexpensive volumes entitled "English Men of Letters," just begun under the editorship of Mr. John Morley, of the *Fortnightly Review*.<sup>1</sup> "An immense class is growing up," says the prospectus, "and must every year increase, whose education will have made them alive to the importance of the masters of our literature, and capable of intelligent curiosity as to their performances. The series is intended to give the means of nourishing this curiosity to an extent that shall be copious enough to be profitable for knowledge and life, and yet be brief enough to serve those whose leisure is scanty." The books are addressed to the general public, and are designed primarily for popular use; but a very high standard of excellence is aimed at, and the preparation of each volume is confided to a writer of all others, in England, who is supposed by the editor to be most capable of doing justice to the man and period of which it treats. Some of the most eminent scholars and writers have promised their coöperation, and the number of volumes already arranged for is sufficient to lift the series from the plane of an experiment to that of assured success.

The first volume issued is "Samuel Johnson," by Leslie Stephen, and this may be taken as the crucial test of the entire undertaking, for, if any one can traverse Boswell's ground without being dwarfed into insignificance by the inevitable comparison, little apprehension need be felt as to the feasibility of the rest of the scheme. That Mr. Stephen has achieved an unqualified success can hardly be conceded, and he himself would not claim to have done so—no one could be more alive than he to the extreme difficulty of his task, and to the necessity of allowances being made in judging of his performance of it. His pictures of Johnson and his friends are, in spite of the remarkable skill displayed, mere outlines in chalk in comparison with Boswell's elaborate and delicately-shaded portraits; and the social background has had to be indicated by a few broad and rapid dashes instead of entering into the structure of each picture, and forming, as it were, the very atmosphere of the work, as in Boswell's wonderfully realistic and vivid pages. Moreover—and this is a fault for which Mr. Stephen is more distinctly responsible—a knowledge of Boswell is almost constantly presupposed in essential portions of Mr. Stephen's work, especially in the two otherwise admirable chapters which abridge Boswell's narrative, and bring together the more brilliant gems of Boswell's anecdotes. No one, for example, without a previous acquaintance with the Boswellian version, can catch the point of the anecdote about Irene on page 37; and in numerous instances that might be cited the local coloring is omitted to an extent which seriously impairs the value of the anecdotes as revelations or illustrations of character. On the other hand, by omitting minor details, and concentrating attention upon the salient features, the narrative portion of the record has gained greatly in animation and vigor; and it cannot be denied that a more rounded and complete idea of Johnson's character may be obtained from Mr. Stephen's monograph than from all the detailed profusion of Boswell. The latter saw in Johnson little more than the "wit" and the irresistible gladiator of the conversational arena; and, though he depicted

these characteristics with vividness and fidelity, he has but faintly indicated that humane, generous, and tender side of Johnson's large nature which Mr. Stephen delineates with such moving force and effect. The chapter on Johnson's writings, too, is clear gain. Boswell was not competent to describe, much less to measure or criticize, Johnson's literary performances, but Mr. Stephen is here in his element, and the chapter will henceforth be indispensable to all students of Johnson. Nor should we overlook Mr. Stephen's characterization and analysis of Boswell himself. It is wonderfully keen, penetrating, and yet appreciative—far more just and discriminating than Macaulay's and as much more lucid than Carlyle's. On the whole, we may say that Mr. Stephen's work is a really valuable supplement to Boswell, or would serve admirably as an introduction, but as a substitute for Boswell it is less adequate and satisfactory than might have been expected.

In Gibbon, Professor Morison had a much more tractable subject, and in his treatment of it he has produced a work which the editor might well present as a model to his remaining *collaborateurs* in the series. It contains as full a record of Gibbon's life as any reader would find interesting—is much fuller of details, in fact, than the incomplete "Autobiography and Memoirs" compiled by Lord Sheffield—and it abounds in acute and helpful criticism. The training of the scholar is favorably exhibited in his dealings with such episodes as Gibbon's love-affair with Mademoiselle Curchod, where the marshaling of a few previously-known facts, and the application of plain common-sense to their interpretation, suffice to discredit at a stroke the "spiteful gossip" of which it was made the subject at the time, and the malicious comments which it has drawn from later writers who ought to have been better informed. The two chapters on the "Decline and Fall" are splendid examples of the critical faculty operating on its highest plane, and will prove profoundly helpful not only to the student of Gibbon but to the student of history at large. The conditions of the historian's work and the standards which can fairly be applied to it have seldom been set forth with such luminous clearness and precision, and one would seek elsewhere in vain for so exact and comprehensive an exposition of the distinguishing merits and defects of Gibbon's great work.

Among the volumes to follow are "Scott," by R. H. Hutton; "Spenser," by the Dean of St. Paul's; "Hume," by Professor Huxley; "Bunyan," by J. A. Froude; "Goldsmith," by William Black; "Dickens," by Thomas Hughes; "Milton," by Professor Mark Pattison; "Wordsworth," by Goldwin Smith; "Swift," by John Morley; "Burns," by Principal Shairp; "Shelley," by J. A. Symonds; "Byron," by Professor Nichol; and "Defoe," by W. Minto. The reader will probably agree with us in thinking that no literary enterprise of recent date promises a larger measure of entertainment and profit.

THE latest collection of Mr. Swinburne's poems<sup>1</sup> raises very pointedly the question which was recently discussed at some length in these pages—whether a mere melodious conjunction of words is sufficient to constitute poetry, or whether beneath the music there must lie some definite thought or process of reasoning. If we may infer his creed from his practice, Mr. Swinburne would maintain the former proposition. He has always insisted that there is no relationship whatever between moral-

<sup>1</sup> English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. No. 1. Samuel Johnson. By Leslie Stephen. 12mo, pp. 195. No. 2. Edward Gibbon. By James Cotter Morison, M. A. 12mo, pp. 124. New York: Harper & Brothers.

<sup>1</sup> Poems and Ballads. By Charles Algernon Swinburne. Second Series. New York: R. Worthington. 12mo, pp. 296.

ity and art; and we think we do him no injustice in saying that he would probably supplement this doctrine with the dogma that, as between rhyme and reason, the poet should always choose rhyme. Except on this ground we are at a loss to account for much that is to be found in this second series of "Poems and Ballads." Of at least half the volume it can only be affirmed that the pages consist of a rhythmical, metrically-arranged, and melodious collocation of words; and in those few instances in which an intelligible thought or sentiment underlies the words, it can only be discovered by an effort and strain of attention which, though the reward is usually adequate, is none the less wearing and wearying. It would seem, in fact, that Mr. Swinburne deliberately tries to put his conceptions into the most baffling, intricate, and involuted form possible to them; and he has certainly taken seriously to mind the saying of Talleyrand that language is useful not to express but to *conceal* our ideas.

We are all the more reluctant to write this because we think that, judged by the totality of his work, Swinburne's position among contemporary English poets is much higher than that commonly assigned him, and because in this present volume there are several very beautiful and touching poems. "A Forsaken Garden," "The Complaint of Lisa," "In Memory of Barry Cornwall," "A Birth-Song," and a child's song of "Winter in Northumberland," should all be specifically excepted from any condemnation passed upon the remaining contents of the collection. These exhibit in a high degree the characteristic merits of Swinburne's best verse—his almost unrivaled opulence and flexibility of language, his mastery of rhythm and cadence, his fertility of fancy, and his power of ringing an infinite variety of changes upon any theme which he adopts as his key-note. In "A Forsaken Garden," too, he touches a tenderer chord than in his previous poems; and in many of the pieces there is a plaintive minor key, which receives expression in the line—

"Sing while he may, man hath no long delight."

Nor, in marshaling the good qualities of Swinburne's verse, should we overlook the large mental hospitality which it displays, and nowhere else more conspicuously than in the volume under notice. Marlowe, Villon, Gautier, Victor Hugo, Barry Cornwall, and even so obscure a man as the late James Lorimer Graham, receive his cordial tribute—nor tribute only, but just and discriminating appreciation.

In the case of Villon, his own warm and admiring tribute, twice expressed in different forms, is supplemented by translations of ten of Villon's most characteristic poems. These translations are unexpectedly successful, and form, perhaps, for the general reader, the most enjoyable section of the book; while for those of another taste there are several original pieces in French, and an ode, "Ad Catullum," in Latin. To these the American publishers have appended Mr. Swinburne's version of the old story of Tristram and Iseult, which, though interesting, must be ranked among his least happy efforts.

THE literature of any subject which awakens a wide popular interest is usually found to pass through at least three gradations or stages: 1. Learned and technical treatises in which the minutiae and details of the subject are explained to the apprehension of specialists; 2. Popular expositions addressed to those who, without being specialists, are willing to take the trouble to acquire complete and systematized information; and, 3. Sketches, essays, and tales, in which the instruction plays a strictly

subordinate part, and designed to furnish "easy reading" for those who must be seduced, as it were, into partaking of the tree of knowledge. Recent as is the origin of the present china-mania (for there have been several distinct attacks of the epidemic), the literature of ceramics has already reached the third of the enumerated stages. The elaborate works of Chaffer, Marryat, and Jacquemart, may be taken as representative of the first stage; Mr. Elliott's and Dr. Prime's books are happy illustrations of the second; and the era of the third is most successfully ushered in by a little book entitled "The China Hunters' Club,"<sup>1</sup> and written by a young lady who, we venture to predict, will not long be suffered to remain anonymous. Dr. Prime bears testimony to the fact that "the little book contains a large amount of valuable information not to be found elsewhere, and which lovers of old pottery and its associations have in vain sought heretofore to obtain." The information referred to pertains chiefly to the history of English ceramic art, as exemplified by the china and pottery found in American houses. The entire history of this art in England embraces less than two hundred years (it began with Dwight's gray stone-ware, made at Fulham, about 1680); and the "finds" of the China Hunters' Club, chiefly in New England, prove that specimens of the very earliest as well as of the later productions found their way to America. In fact, according to Dr. Prime, these "finds" (which are vouched for as veritable discoveries) "illustrate the origin and advance of the general use of decorated pottery as one of the embellishments of advancing civilization in both the Old World and the New." The chapter devoted to American history as illustrated in pottery supplies a hitherto missing link in the records of the ceramic art, and is, of course, of special interest and value to its devotees in this country.

But the most noteworthy feature of the book is not the information which it contains, but the literary skill with which that information is imparted. The account of how the club began, and how it ended, is an admirable bit of comedy, which of itself would vindicate the author's right to be heard; yet this is far surpassed by the stories and sketches in which rustic character is delineated and the rustic dialect reproduced. The dialect is as rich and racy and full of local flavor as anything in Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Stories," and the character-sketches are fine examples of a humorous but kindly realism, which moves irresistibly to mirth without degenerating into satire, or overstepping in any respect the modesty of Nature. Quite remarkable, too, is the dexterity with which the author manages to work such information as she wishes to convey into the substance of her stories and sketches. In reading them we escape the painful sense of a forced union between materials that were never designed to be joined together, and the animation and vivacity of style are an unfailing source of pleasure.

The illustrations (for the fidelity of which Dr. Prime also vouches) are numerous and useful, and the entire volume is gotten up in exceptionally dainty and tasteful style.

LIKE many other explorers in the vast field of religious and theological literature, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child has been struck with the substantial concurrence of sentiment and opinion among the best men of all ages and nations concerning the most essential facts of human life, human obligations, and human destiny. Opinion

<sup>1</sup> The China Hunters' Club. By the Youngest Member. With an Introduction by Dr. W. C. Prime. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 274.

and dogmatic beliefs, as she says, have always divided mankind, but in feeling, in aspirations, in common hopes and fears, they have been and are united. From the earliest extant Egyptian papyrus, dating from 2200 B. C., to Theodore Parker and Dr. Channing, there has been a surprising unanimity of opinion regarding those most profound of all questions connected with the existence of a God, his relation to the world as creator and judge, and the immortality of the human soul. This she rightly regards as a deeply suggestive and even consoling fact, and with the object of emphasizing and illustrating it she has brought together in an attractive little volume a very great number of pertinent passages gleaned from an extensive course of reading in ancient and modern literature.<sup>1</sup> The plan and the arrangement are similar to those of Mr. Conway's "Sacred Anthology," and the lessons conveyed are substantially identical; but Mrs. Child draws her material from secular literature as well as the sacred writings, and finds a passage from Plato, Epicurus, Marcus Aurelius, Cicero, Bossuet, Wordsworth, or Carlyle, as useful for her purpose as the similar ones drawn from the Vedic Hymns, the Bible, the Zendavesta, the Koran, and the traditional utterances of Confucius. The selections are classified under such heads as "Life," "Death," "Immortality," "Judgment," "Duty," "Honor," "Faith," "Charity," "Benevolence," etc.; and with the limitation that points of agreement are insisted upon while equally obvious differences are ignored, the collection is a fair and representative one, as it is certainly profoundly significant for every thinker upon the mysteries and problems of life.

Not the least valuable and interesting feature of the book is the elaborate and carefully-reasoned introduction, in which Mrs. Child points the moral of her selections, traces the evolution of belief, and inculcates the lessons of tolerance, of mutual concession, and of the utterly fruitless and frivolous but rancorous controversies into which the *odium theologicum* has in all ages plunged the world. The influence of the now venerable poetess has always been a wholesome and elevating one upon the minds of her readers, and of this ripest and latest product of a calm, meditative, and studious old age, it may be said without any exaggeration of praise that *finis coronat opus*.

A STEAMER-VOYAGE from Venice to Athens, a few sight-seeing excursions about the latter city and its environs, and a return-voyage from Athens to Corfu, would seem to offer but a slender basis for a book; but in "Greek Vignettes"<sup>2</sup> Mr. James Albert Harrison shows that he is oppressed by no sense of poverty in dealing with such materials. He is gifted with an exuberance of language, the flow of which is wholly independent of the inherent interest or importance of the topic, and he writes with equal facility and at equal length of cloud-forms on the horizon or of the storied ruins of the Parthenon and Acropolis. To say this, however, is not to express an unfavorable opinion of his book. It is essentially a record of travel, written *currente calamo* in order to catch the first vivid impressions, and dealing with no abstruse questions of archaeology, race, or language. The number of Greek sentences in the text would convey the impression on a casual examination that it at least touched upon learned topics; but these are mostly

attempts to illustrate the modern conversational language of the Greeks, and are generally interpreted to the reader. Incidentally more or less suggestive remarks are dropped regarding the history, character, and politics of the Greeks, the apparent causes of their decadence, the curious contrast between their passionate appetite for politics and their hopeless incapacity for administration, and the points of difference and relationship between the ancient and modern forms of their language; but, with these comparatively rare asides, the author simply aims to reproduce those momentary and infinitely-varied impressions of social life and external Nature which would catch the attention of an acutely-interested and well-informed traveler. In the descriptive passages—especially those which attempt to depict the evanescent scenic effects that are observed from shipboard along a broken and luminous coast—the style is polychromatic to a degree which may serve as an example of what the lately-developed appetite for "word-painting" is leading us to.

It is said that Turgeneff has pronounced Count Tolstoy's "The Cossacks" the finest and most perfect production of Russian literature; but, basing our own opinion of it upon Mr. Eugene Schuyler's version,<sup>1</sup> we should be inclined to except at least every one of Turgeneff's own stories that we have had the privilege of reading. "The Cossacks" abounds in delicate touches and discriminations of character, in acute reflections upon human life and conduct, in vivid and doubtless faithful pictures of Cossack life and customs, and in simple but impressive descriptions of natural scenery; but into that higher walk of constructive art in which Turgeneff's novels are so preëminent it does not even pretend to enter, and, where Turgeneff delineates a complete human being, Tolstoy offers a few hints which, if luminous as lightning-flashes, leave many essential details to be filled in by the reader's imagination. It is a pleasing device to carry a rich and nobly-born young man, sated with the luxury and dissipations of Moscow, to the remotest outposts of the Cossacks when first brought under the Russian yoke and in their primitive social state, thus securing the most effective possible contrast; but it is almost too ingenious to work in harmoniously with the otherwise studied simplicity of the story, and there is a lack of coherence among the several parts which, as we have said, seriously impairs the merit of the book as a work of constructive art. It seems to us, indeed, that the pictures of Cossack life which form the *raison d'être* of the story are less adapted for a novel than for such a series of semi-detached sketches as those which Count Tolstoy wrote about the siege of Sebastopol, and which first brought him into notice. But, in spite of all defects, the story is profoundly interesting; and, once begun, the end will probably be reached before the reader pauses for curious questionings as to its quality.

As to the translation, it shows unmistakable evidences of haste and lack of careful revision; in regard to its fidelity, which Mr. Kennan has challenged, only a familiar acquaintance with the Russian would enable any one to pronounce upon it.

A COMPLETE contrast to "The Cossacks," though the scene of the story is also laid in Russia, is "Ariadne,"<sup>2</sup> from the French of Henry Gréville. This

<sup>1</sup> Aspirations of the World: A Chain of Opals. Selected and arranged, with an Introduction, by Lydia Maria Child. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 316.

<sup>2</sup> Greek Vignettes. A Sail in the Greek Seas, Summer of 1877. By James Albert Harrison. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Little-Classic Style, pp. 258.

<sup>1</sup> The Cossacks: A Tale of the Caucasus in 1852. By Count Leo Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian by Eugene Schuyler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, pp. 313.

<sup>2</sup> Ariadne. From the French of Henry Gréville. Collec-

author's skill lies chiefly in depicting the manners and modes of life of "good society," and nothing less than the highest nobility can fill all the requirements of her *dramatis personæ*. It is true that Ariadne, the heroine of the present story, is low-born and poor; but the divine gift of song rescues her from companionship with the *canaille*, and places her in the circle of the Princess Orline and other lords and ladies of high degree. Only the accident of birth links her with the people, and throughout the story she is the friend, associate, social equal, and almost rival in love, of the Princess Olga. In an English novel of similar character the reader would be apt to be offended by a display of flunkeyism and toad-eating on the part of the author, but it is due to Henry Gréville to say that she apparently delineates high society simply because she is most familiar with its ways, and is aware of the pictorial and striking effects to be obtained from luxurious surroundings. "Ariadne" is a simple and affecting love-story, diversified with a charming picture of schoolgirl life in a Russian *pension* and a few vivid glimpses of the operatic stage and green-room, the whole written in that exquisitely easy, graceful, and polished style which we remarked upon in reviewing "Doria" by the same author.

UNDER the plausible title of "Play-day Poems" Mr. Rossiter Johnson has collected a volume of poetical pieces ranging in kind from *vers de société* to the grim humor of Bret Harte and John Hay and the broad burlesques of Hood and Barham, and in quality from the exquisite miniatures of Austin Dobson and Frederick Locker to the "pigeon-English" translation of Longfellow's "Excelsior." Mr. Johnson does not pretend that his collection is adequately representative of the humorous poetry of the language—the limitations of his book as to size would have been sufficient to prevent that, even were he not still further fettered by the fact that previous collections (one in the "Leisure-Hour Series") have encroached somewhat upon his field. "The primary object has been to gather from recognized sources and from fugitive publications as many pieces of this character as can be put into a convenient volume." A fair proportion of the contents has been taken from authors who have become classic in this department; but the greater portion is derived from the new school of wits and humorists that has arisen within the last dozen or twenty years, so that the book will serve as a sort of supplement to Mr. Parton's "Humorous Poetry of the English Language." The editor's standard is flexible, as perhaps it should be; but, if there is no uniformity of merit in the pieces chosen, the collection is certainly varied enough to present something for every taste. Besides an alphabetically-arranged "Table of Contents," there are an "Index of First Lines" and an "Index of Authors" containing sufficient biographical and bibliographical data to serve the purposes of the reader "who desires to extend his acquaintance with any of the writers selected from."

COLERIDGE, we believe it was, who said that civilized life touches its highest point in the homes of the English

rural clergy, and the saying might very well have formed the motto to Mrs. Molesworth's "Hathercourt,"<sup>1</sup> the latest issue in the "Leisure-Hour Series." It is a singularly pure, graceful, simple, and pleasing story, with an air of refinement and high-breeding about it which will prove very grateful to appetites jaded with pictures of so-called high life, which are only less vulgar than the companion-pictures of low life. Not that the book is in the slightest degree "goody," or that it attempts to portray people of unattainable and undesirable perfection: Mrs. Molesworth knows too much of human nature not to have realized that it is "of a mingled yarn, good and ill together." She takes men, women, and things, as she finds them, and all she attempts to show is that the life and possible experiences of two young ladies in the quietest of country rectories are adequate and attractive materials for the novelist willing to make the best of them. The chief interest of "Hathercourt" lies in the delineation and development of character, and in this the author has been remarkably successful. Each of the personages in her story is clearly and firmly drawn, distinctly individualized without being exaggerated, and, if the female characters are more satisfactory as portraits than the male, it is because the author has purposely concentrated her attention upon them. The narrative never becomes exciting, but the interest is steadily maintained throughout, and if the reader speedily discovers the inevitable *denouement*, he is none the less willing to follow the regular and easy steps by which the author leads him up to it.

THE twenty-third number of the "International Scientific Series" is a handsomely-illustrated volume, containing "Studies in Spectrum Analysis,"<sup>2</sup> by Professor J. Norman Lockyer, who is perhaps the most eminent worker in this department of scientific investigation. In it he explains by analogy and illustration the physical laws on which spectrum analysis is based; describes the origin of the spectroscopic, the structure of the different kinds, and the methods of using them; summarizes the important results that have already been achieved by spectroscopic research, and points out the directions in which further investigations promise to be fruitful. It is evidently the opinion of Mr. Lockyer that the telescope has accomplished substantially all that can be hoped for from it in penetrating the mysteries of the stellar universe, and that the spectroscopic is destined speedily to supersede it as the great instrument of astronomical discovery. His book, as the first popular and yet thorough account of the subject, was much needed; and the author's skill in exposition has enabled him to render a peculiarly difficult and intricate subject easily intelligible to all who are familiar with the elementary principles of physics and mathematics. To the reader not familiar with these principles, no really adequate exposition of spectrum analysis is possible. The illustrations, it may be added, are mostly reproductions of photographic spectra, and are very fine and delicately rendered.

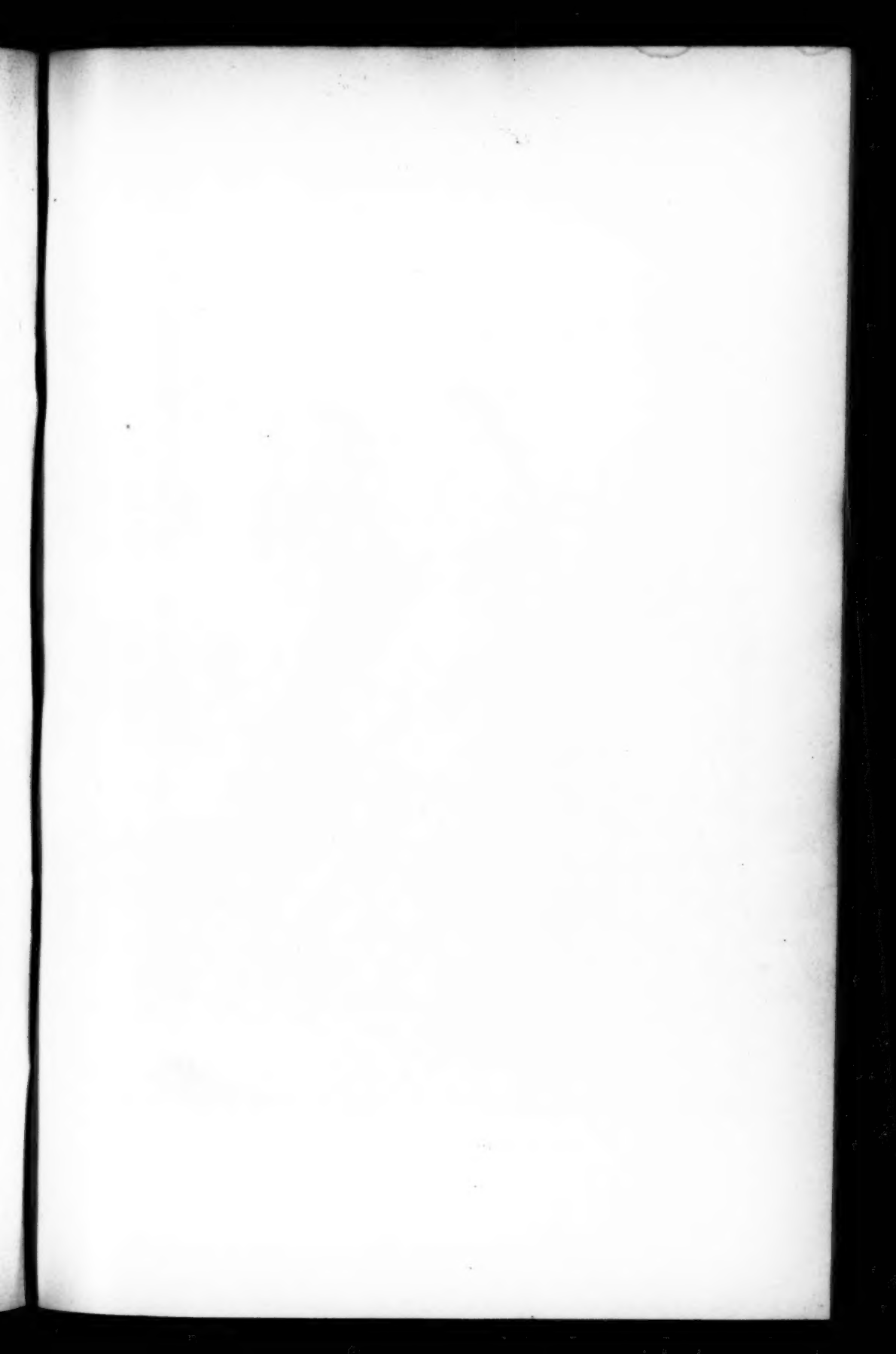
<sup>1</sup> Hathercourt. By Mrs. Molesworth (Ennis Graham). Leisure-Hour Series. No. 56. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 380.

<sup>2</sup> Studies in Spectrum Analysis. By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. Illustrated with Plates and Engravings. International Scientific Series. No. 23. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 256.

tion of Foreign Authors, No. 10. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 229.

<sup>1</sup> Play-day Poems. Collected and edited by Rossiter Johnson. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 309.







"She was moaning Lawrence's name over and over to herself."

"Bro," page 424.